PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

15¢

November

JUDY GARLAND
BY PAUL HESSE

BOB WALKER
TALKS ABOUT
JENNIFER JONES
to
Louella O.
Parsons

©M-M 2/47 3Y R
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS

He's far more apt to find you fair  *If you have lovely, shining hair!*

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos . . . letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!



THE GAYLY COLORED woolen "weskit" is new and smart. Wear it with an equally gay shirt, in contrasting color! And try this smart new hair-do, with the very low side part which starts 'way out at the end of the eyebrow. For glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✔ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✔ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✔ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

After Hours—

all eyes admire a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE CLICKING like clock-work, helping to speed Victory on. Hard work, yes—and you love it. But after hours belong to you. For laughter. For dancing. Romancing.

So step up to your mirror and start primping. Garnish with a smile and—*hold it!* Is it bright and appealing, that smile? Dazzling enough to capture hearts?

Remember, a radiant smile holds more magic than mere beauty. You know plenty of *popular* girls who aren't beautiful at all. But we'll bet their smiles are lovely!

So let your smile be sparkling, irresistible. And don't forget how much a smile like that depends on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush" is a warning!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* He may say your gums are tender — robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more appealing smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools — as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

In Collier's, Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, American Magazine and Cosmopolitan, the Picture of the Month is "An American Romance".

★ ★ ★ ★

The Picture Company of The Year is—but why say it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Getting downright serious, M-G-M has put a lot of laurel on this leonine mane in this Anniversary Year of 1944.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor directed "An American Romance". One of the first pictures made by the company was his "The Big Parade". That was in 1924.

★ ★ ★ ★

"An American Romance" is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a "must" picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent "musts" "The White Cliffs of Dover", "Dragon Seed" and "The Seventh Cross".

★ ★ ★ ★

We're not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming

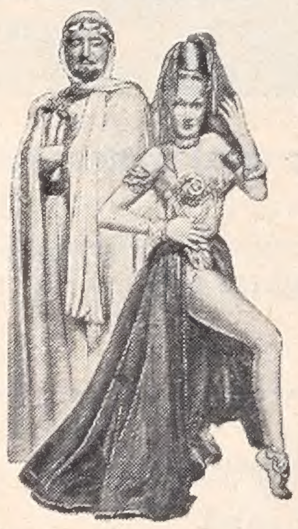


"Mrs. Parkington" which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We're going to leave this expansion to kismet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Did you know that kismet means fate in Arabic? Well you will when you see the dazzling romance, the swirling orgy of panoramic color that stars Ronald Colman.

★ ★ ★ ★



"Kismet" is about the biggest eyeful that has ever happened on the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page, Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

We think you'll have a swell time at this moon-drenched escape fromreality. You'll come out of the theatre singing an Oriental chant—



★ ★ ★

"Leo be praised".

Leo—

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S FIRST MILLION MOVIE-GOER

Presents for November

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Fred R. Sammis, Editorial Director
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Elaine Osterman, Western Manager
Adele Whiteley Fletcher, Associate Editor
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Sara Hamilton, Associate Editor
Edmund Davenport, Art Director
Ruth Waterbury, Contributing Editor
Hymie Fink, Staff Photographer

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M-G-M's glorious story
Of two lovers—
Steve who had great dreams—
Anna who believed in them!
He fought his way
Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman's tender courage!
Theirs is a romance
That you will remember forever!

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

KING VIDOR'S
PRODUCTION
IN
TECHNICOLOR

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"A Love Story On Your Lips"



the dramatic lipstick

CORINTHIA is "the lipstick you've dreamed of" come true! It gives your lips silken-softness, siren-smoothness and glowing color . . . with "stay-on-ability" such as you've never known before!

All these heavenly assets . . . yet CORINTHIA is priced only 59 cents (plus tax) in its smartly modern plastic case. There is no better lipstick made! At drug and department stores.

A Flattering Shade For Every Type

Send for Booklet: "A Love-Story on Your Lips"
CORINTHIA, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

P
M
M

"Regular trouper and wonderful person" is the Army's size-up of Carole Landis



Speak FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
"A Regular Trouper"

AFTER reading a paragraph in a letter from my brother in the Southwest Pacific regarding film star Carole Landis I just had the urge to have others read it. So here goes:

"Several days ago Jack Benny, Martha Tilton and Carole Landis paid our patients a visit. Benny is much older looking than pictures of him would indicate—very grayish but still very funny even without Mary. He said that he would have liked to bring her along but that one of them had to stay home and have the baby. Carole Landis was the one, though. A regular trouper and a wonderful person. She spent all of her time with the wounded speaking to each patient individually. Not just saying hello and passing on, but stopping and sitting on the edge of each patient's bed and chatting for some time. This was on a Saturday afternoon and as she hadn't the time to see each and every one of the battle casualties, before leaving she promised she would be back 'tomorrow afternoon.'

"Sure enough, Sunday noon she came—not with Benny and Tilton, but alone—and stayed until six o'clock talking, joking and doing all that she could, which was a great deal, to cheer up the blind, the limbless and the sick. To come overseas to entertain the soldiers is doing a lot. To do what Miss Landis did is doing infinitely more."

Pauline Landry,
Franklin, N. H.

$5.00 PRIZE
Hollywood

THE "big little city" where talent scouts reign,
The town full of "Cecil De Milles,"
Where Taylor and Turner and Grable and Payne
Turn out all the romance and thrills!

Where Garbo begs boy friends to "leaf her alone,"
While Bing to his thoroughbreds croons,
And Disney sprawls out in the sun on a stone
And sketches away on cartoons!

Where brown becomes red hair and gray becomes gold,
And life is très gay, so it seems,
Where spotlights entrance both the young and the old,
"A playhouse of dollars and dreams!"

Mary Elizabeth Shirley,
Merchantville, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Cheer For Crosby

THOUSANDS and thousands of moviegoers have seen and enjoyed Bing Crosby's latest picture, "Going My Way," but to me it was more than just a picture. It symbolized all the hours of happiness he brought, not only to our fighting men, but the folks here at home. He has a way of singing that touches the hearts of his vast audience. It is my sincere wish that one of Bing's children will have the gift of bringing as much happiness to the next generation as his father brought to me and thousands like me.

God Bless Bing Crosby!

L. Smith,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(*Continued on page 95*)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarisms will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

"Paramount's 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN'

is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your soldier boy in France this very minute!"—*says* Melisse



"A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautiful young French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthly temptations and dangers . . . risking her life to save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife."

"Till we meet again"

starring

RAY MILLAND *and*

BARBARA BRITTON

with WALTER SLEZAK • LUCILE WATSON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE

Meet Barbara Britton in "Till We Meet Again"



"Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and blossomed her into a beautiful leading lady . . . Some people have all the luck —but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break.

• • •



"This young lady is something to write about . . . Remember the pretty girl in 'So Proudly We Hail' who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries? . . . Well, that's HER!

• • •

"She starts out in this picture wearing a nun's robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty . . . soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the *longest* eyelashes —and they're *real!*



"It's no wonder that in this past year she's been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women's magazines!"

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Good-time date: June Allyson with John Hodiak on Mocambo dance floor

Reunion—with love: Greer Garson dances at Ciro's with on-leave husband Ney

This-is-it table at Mocambo: Lana Turner, new swain Turhan Bey



MOVIE DATE: When Claudette Colbert attended the pre-premiere showing of "Since You Went Away," she practically relived the role of *Anne Hilton,* the woman she portrays in the picture. She was very unhappy that night and, though she'd made plans to go to the event with some friends, had almost called it off at the last moment. She hadn't heard from her husband Lt. Com. Joel Pressman for weeks—and she knew he was somewhere in the S. Pacific on an aircraft carrier. Then, just as she was dragging herself out of the door, the phone rang. It was Joel—who had just that moment arrived in this country after months at sea! Guess who had the best time at the movies that night!

Question Mark: Hollywood has a tidbit to wonder about and gab about—though you haven't yet and probably won't see a thing about it in the papers: Why were Barbara Stanwyck and Mary Livingstone a little on the cool side to Ginger Rogers at a large and lavish party at the Jack Warners? Though these three have never been particularly friendly or unfriendly nobody could figure out a reason for the good-natured "ride" Mary and Barbara gave Ginger.

Romance: Anne Shirley, out of the hospital after a long siege there, is far from well. She says she's not even thinking about marriage until she's really on her feet again—but don't be surprised if she marries Adrian Scott even before she's really herself again. This romance flowered on the sets of the studio where Anne toils. Adrian is a producer there (*Continued on page* 8)

No matter where you start to read, the answer is the same



All the facts of life but one.* Too bad Pat's Mother didn't tell her that one, too. It might have made her first party a wonder instead of a washout with all the boys giving her the "go by". We hope Pat is wise to herself by this time.

She'd rather lose her right eye than pass up those almost daily bridge parties with the gals. But that was just what was happening. Perhaps some of the gals should have told her but; after all, the subject* is too delicate even for a bridge player.





"He certainly gave us the 'brush-off'." After trying for weeks to get in to the big boss, their meeting was far from satisfactory. Every time they'd lean over to explain a point the big boss would back away. Every minute they talked they affronted him, but they didn't know why.*



It put the frost on his furlough. HOLY JOE! How he'd counted on those wonderful ten days . . . those swell gals . . . those nifty places . . . the fun he would have. And here he was—the forgotten soldier getting the silent thumbs-down. All his own fault,* too. Better smarten up, Soldier!



Heaven won't protect the Working Girl. Gert's off for the week-end with the cream of Camp Grogan to pick from . . . so she thinks. She doesn't know it, but she's going to be the dame the doughboys duck. Gert's not very bright about some things.*



They had to be nice to him in the office, but outside, on his own, he got the "works." Baby has seen enough of him already—good for Baby!—and the big lug doesn't even suspect the reason.*

*This was their trouble

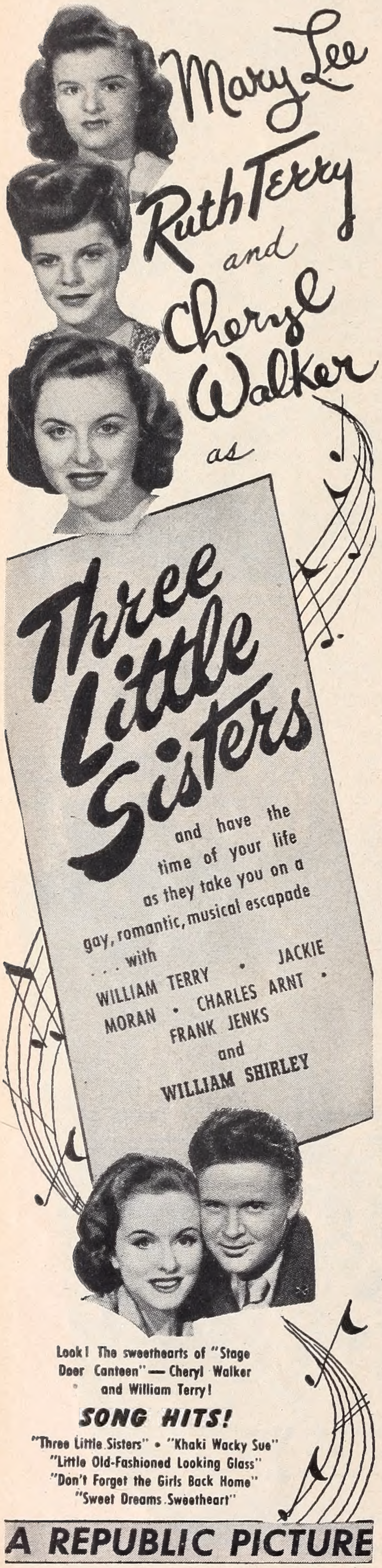
There's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to put you in wrong. Don't make the silly mistake of taking your breath for granted; everyone can offend some time or other *without realizing it*. Rather than gamble, so many clever people, popular people, use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It is a delightful, simple precaution that makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are of systemic origin, many noted medical authorities say the principal cause is the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation . . . quickly overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

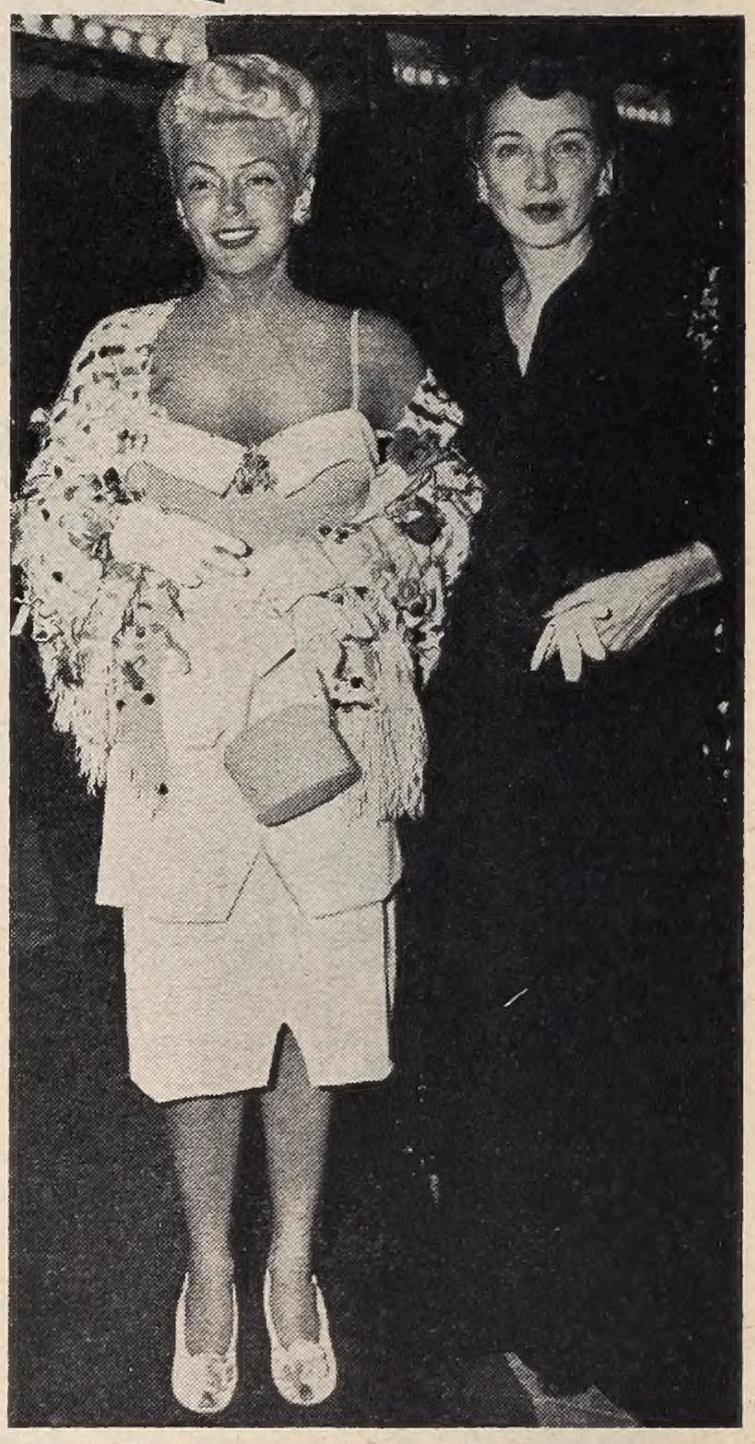
Let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath

Make a date with





Faithful trio: Van Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn at the "College Inn." Below: Long shot of a "shortie"—Lana Turner in a new short dinner dress sees a show with her mother



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 6) and from the moment they first met some months ago, it's been serious with both of them.

Linquist: Everyone knows how Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini jabber away in French to each other when he's around the house. But Gene really did herself proud in the language department when, as guest-of-honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, she addressed a Committee for French Liberation and about fifteen hundred guests. She made her entire fifteen-minute speech in French!

Odds and Ends: The marriage bark of the Dan Dailey Jrs. is rock-bound . . . When Jackie Coogan was in town he said that the boys in Burma had named their first glider-plane there the "Darnell Dart"—after Linda because she's so booful . . . Martha O'Driscoll may not be able to get her divorce until the war is over because her Navy husband is refusing to sign the waiver which would make it possible. He is angry about all the publicity about their troubles. . . .

The radio gag writers are tearing their hair—Frankie-boy is putting on weight! . . . Has anyone noticed that Ida Lupino has positively the purtiest shape in all Hollywood? . . . John Hodiak, who took Anne Baxter to the "Wilson" premiere, is telling everyone he's crazy about her.

Our Boys In Service: Farley Granger has been transferred from Camp Farragut, Idaho, to a point of embarkation.

Sabu, an aerial gunner, refused a sinus operation lest it ruin his chances of going overseas with his outfit.

Robert Stack was in Hollywood several weeks making a training film and looking a dream boy in his uniform.

Pvt. Red Skelton does double duty at Camp Roberts. He not only goes through boot camp duties but puts on shows for the fellows, in which he acts himself. On his tent, as a gag, Red has a sign that reads, "Nominal Fee to See the Home of a Movie Star."

Lt. Richard Ney spent a farewell leave with his wife Greer Garson before taking off on submarine duty.

Coast Guardsman Cesar Romero took an active part in the invasion of the Marianas and dished it out like the man he is.

Capt. Gene Raymond is stationed in Yuma, Arizona, as instructor in navigating those flying fortresses.

Pvt. Mickey Rooney completed his

(*Continued on page* 10)

History waits while

HEDY LAMARR
AND
PAUL HENREID
make
LOVE!



WARNER BROS.'

THE CONSPIRATORS



WHILE THE LAW WAITS, THEY MAKE HISTORY!

with

SYDNEY GREENSTREET · PETER LORRE VICTOR FRANCEN • JOSEPH CALLEIA

CAROL THURSTON • Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO • Screen Play by Vladimir Pozner & Leo Rosten • Additional Dialogue by Jack Moffitt • From the novel by Frederic Prokosch • Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Produced by JACK CHERTOK

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M

9



In a minute...

MINIT-RUB begins 3-way action on cold distress

SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub *hurries* relief from cold distress *three fast ways!* Rub it on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That *swiftly* helps relieve surface aches!

2. QUICKLY Minit-Rub's *pain-relieving action* soothes raspy local irritation.

3. IMMEDIATELY Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* ease that nasal-stuffiness feeling. Mother, it's amazingly quick relief for *both* children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won't harm linens! *Get it now —at your druggist's.*

MINIT-RUB

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS



with **Bathasweet**

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:
1. *Before* bathing, add *Bathasweet* to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. *While* bathing, use Bathasweet *Soap*. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use Bathasweet *Talc Mitt*. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

1 BATHASWEET

2 BATHASWEET SOAP

3 BATHASWEET *Talc Mitt*

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:— Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



From hand to mourn: Grownup Shirley Temple helps bolster service man's morale at Joan Crawford's home

(*Continued from page* 8)

basic training at Fort Riley, Kansas, and after a ten-day furlough in Hollywood headed toward another camp for further training.

Navy Captain Gene Markey has been appointed assistant to Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and all Hollywood rejoices at the honor.

Captain Burgess Meredith of the Air Corps is stationed at Indianapolis. His wife Paulette Goddard is off again to the fighting fronts.

Actor Alan Ladd's scheduled re-induction into the Army delayed, Army officials report.

Lt. (j.g.) John Shepperd of the Navy took part in the invasion of Southern France.

Pvt. Peter Van Eyck is a member of the counter-espionage division, stationed at Ft. Bliss, Texas.

When his 340 flying hours are completed at Cherry Point, Va., Lt. Tyrone Power expects to be shipped overseas.

Yeoman second class Richard Denning received his shipping orders the very week his baby was born to his wife Evelyn Ankers.

Around Town: Think back over Cal's column for the past month or two and you'll recall we hinted strongly of Cary Grant's unhappiness that has now developed into a marital separation from Barbara Hutton. Hollywood, who loves Cary, was hoping they'd be able to save their marriage.

It's sad really to see that young star guzzling champagne at lunch time in her dressing room and having a large bottle of it brought to her set every day at four.

We think Clark Gable's statement about not making any more movies was a little confused or misunderstood, for his studio, who has him under contract, has never been notified of such a decision.

(*Continued on page* 12)

Laughs HO on the Horizon

Tropical islands, treasure, Adventure, and
Pirates too, beautiful Goldwyn girls, and
Hope with a cargo of roaring comedy !

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

BOB HOPE

in

"The PRINCESS and the PIRATE"

in TECHNICOLOR

with

VIRGINIA MAYO

and

WALTER SLEZAK

WALTER BRENNAN

VICTOR McLAGLEN

Directed by DAVE BUTLER

Screen Play by DON HARTMAN
MELVEILLE SHAVELSON and EVERETT FREEMAN

Released thru
R. K. O. RADIO PICTURES, INC.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX luxuriously soft - dependably strong!



In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations,* we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!



There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Famous faces in a now-famous picture: Geraldine Fitzgerald (Mrs. Wilson) and Alexander Knox (Wilson) line up for the photographer at the premiere

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 10)

Ginny Simms now announces she won't marry seaman Pat Nearney after all. As if Hollywood didn't know that all along, despite the many wedding rumors that have been floating around town during these past months.

It was win and lose for Esther Williams. Her work in "Bathing Beauty" was so excellent the studio decided to star her, but she shed her husband, Dr. Leonard Kovner, through divorce. Cal hopes the gain compensates for the loss, for Esther is a really grand girl who has already made a host of friends in Hollywood.

Dietrich's dance in "Kismet" will do much to lose her that most-beautiful-gams title. They look positively careworn.

Bill Eythe's voice over the phone has that same almost-out-of-breath quality it sometimes achieves on the screen. Cal knows, for Bill always telephones to say thanks for the kind-words department.

Swing Around the Studios: We considered well our gas coupons, figured out the number of miles to be covered and finding everything came out about even, we set off blithely on a gay jaunt to the motion-picture studios.

First we scooted down Motor Avenue to M-G-M, had lunch and set forth for the "Music For Millions" set. "If you don't visit my set first I'll pout," Junie Allyson had warned us at lunch, so over we went . . . We found June in her dressing room all done up in her red band uniform (it's one of those girl orchestra things) and looking cuter than a cupcake. Several other girls in uniform and an awe-stricken lad from another set were crowded inside cueing

(*Continued on page* 14)



In your heart... a love song.
In your hands... smooth feminine magic.

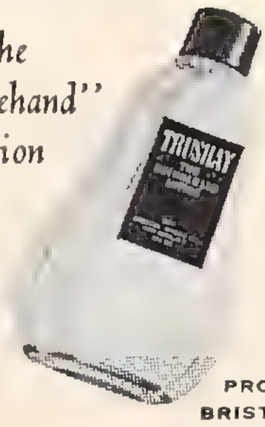
Keep them lovely, all through these busier days. Before every household task, smooth on Trushay.

It's a new-idea lotion. The "beforehand" lotion. So lush... so creamy-rich it guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

You'll love Trushay... its fragrance ...the way it helps keep your hands romantic. Try it today.

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It's the path of sunlight on calm, shining hair . . . the crook of a smile, the pitch of a laugh. It's a scent, in memory's album, carrying your image to the outposts of the earth. Beauty is the sum of many small perfections. And, to sum them all up, "Bond Street" by Yardley . . . a great perfume whose own perfection inspired this famous series of accessories-to-charm.



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FACE POWDER: 8 "English Complexion" shades, $1
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ADV. BY N. W. AYER

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Looking at a lovely: Margaret Sullavan goes to a movie, gets caught by the Fink camera

(*Continued from page* 12)

Junie on her lines.

"Have you gone out of your mind?" June recited.

"Well, she was probing into my things," another girl read from the script.

June then went on to the next line, "Did you get hurt, darling? By the way, do you know Nils Asther?"

"Is *that* in the script?" we demanded.

"No," June laughed, those twinkly eyes alive with fun, "I asked you that on the side. He asked me for a date and I just wondered if you knew him."

"Robert Walker is ill," they warned us as we stepped onto "The Clock" set. But we weren't prepared for the fact that a doctor was necessary on the set because Bob, who is afraid of missing out on his first co-starring film, wouldn't remain in bed. We watched Bob and Judy Garland start a long walk down a tree-lined path beside a lake built right on the stage. They rehearsed their lines in soft tones and looked mighty cute together. But we realized Judy's spare time is right now given to Alexander Knox, that serious-minded lad who plays "Wilson," and Bob has his mind set on little Diana Lynn over at Paramount.

Van Johnson was lolling in his dressing room on the "Dr. Red Adams" set.

We were almost to Van's door when we realized we'd been urging you fans to try to let Van kind of find himself and decided we'd better practice what we preached. So we tiptoed off and waved a hand to Gloria De Haven combing and recombing her golden hair, getting ready for the camera. She waved at us with her comb and, not quite knowing how she meant it, we fled. We'd caught a glimpse of Gloria the night before at the Hollywood Bowl with that cute kid from Boston, Russ Randall, who looks enough like Lon McCallister to be his brother. Quite a

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Catching up with a comer: Jeanne Crain, star of "Home In Indiana," sight-sees at Ciro's

romance—Gloria and Russ.

Back up Motor Avenue we drove right through the gates of Twentieth Century-Fox and popped onto the "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier" set. The minute we looked at John Hodiak we realized why, in our recent brief glimpses of him, he had seemed so changed. The lad has dieted away half his masculine strength and appeal that registered so strongly in "Lifeboat." His eyes kept wandering over to Anne Baxter who was rehearsing her lines in a corner. "I'm in love with Anne," Hodiak recently told a member of the cast, "and frankly I'd like to change her mind about marrying an actor."

We thought about Bill Eythe who had cared so much for Anne but knew marriage was impossible.

Outside, we paused to get our bearings and in that moment almost ran into the very situation all Twentieth has been waiting for. Coming out of the wardrobe was Betty Grable and out of the commissary was George Raft. Knowing how really bitter George was over Betty's turndown for Harry James, we held our breath. They missed running into each other by a second when George turned toward the "Nob-Hill" set. Cal mopped his brow with relief and, deciding he'd had enough set-hopping for one day, headed homeward.

News About Carroll: Captain John Carroll invited us to lunch. His usual gusty greeting bade us be at his mother's home in Beverly Hills by twelve, and noon it was when John, an old friend, opened the door for us.

The thirty pounds he has shed since that plane accident in the Mediterranean area invalided him home gives him that ten-year-younger look; a mere juvenile; a slim, tall, dark, St. Elmoish Carroll just as volatile and explosive as ever.

"I'm a crack steno— why bury me in the file room?"



Claire: "I don't get it, Nan! I start off as a stenographer—a darned good one, too! Then—they do this to me! I certainly don't belong in this file room!"

Nan: "Look, Cherub, you're too smart to stay in the background. Light up that cover-girl face—maybe I know what's got you cooped up. Listen, honey . . .



Claire: "Underarm odor? Can't be, Nan! I bathe every day—and you know it!"
Nan: "But baths fade, honey! Be smart, Claire. Use Mum—and *keep* dainty!"



Claire: "Nan's tip hit home all right. I should have known a bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor!"





MUM

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Product of Bristol-Myers

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

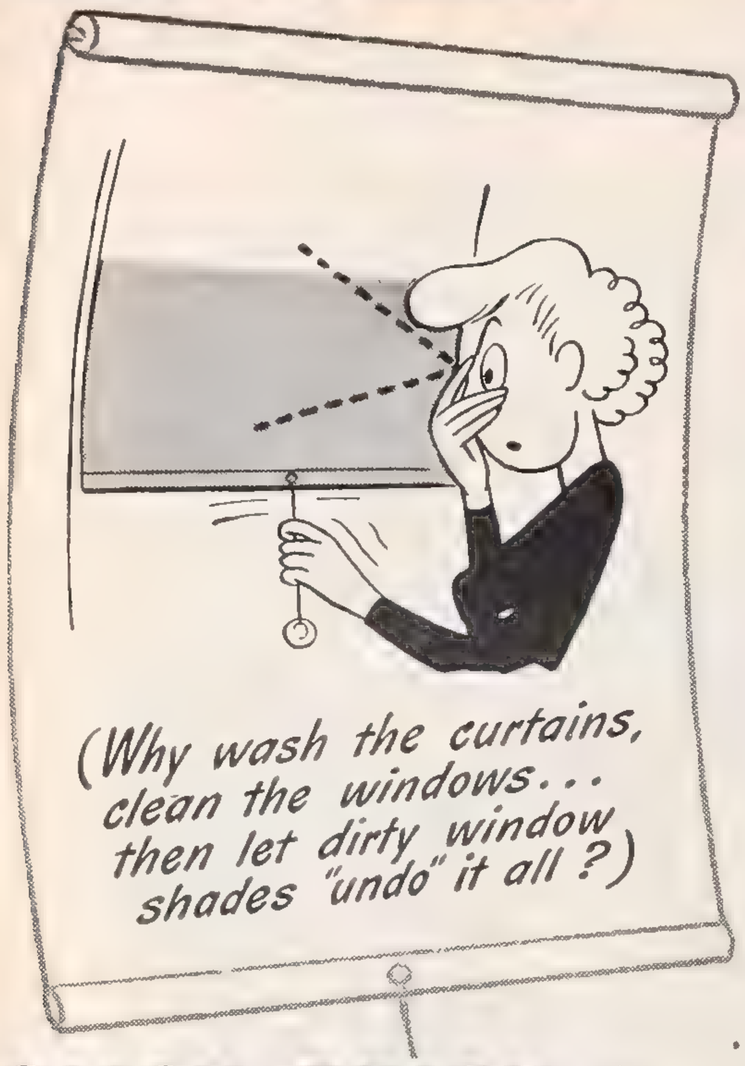
It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

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For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

DIRTY TRICK:



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SLICK TRICK:*



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● **CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES** are made of magical, cloth-like cellulose fibre. Won't pinhole, fray or crack. Inexpensive "refills" attach to old rollers as easily as sealing a letter. Cost only 15c-29c. A great step forward in modern housekeeping. Get them at your 5 & 10, hardware or variety store.

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America's largest selling brand of window shades

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Doubling up for two perfect-couple pictures: Mr. and Mrs. Gene Kelly (above) and (right) Mr. and Mrs. Dick Haymes

He never stopped talking in the two hours we were there and never failed to say, "This is off the record." What a show—and what a front seat we had with John pacing, scowling, gesturing, predicting—and loving it.

John went into the Army two and a half years ago as a private and in that time has held every rank except warrant officer up to his present captaincy. From Utah, to Denver and Miami, from gunnery to armory school, he covered them all and finally ended up a general's aide overseas, and a good one from all reports.

When his plane crashed in the Mediterranean theater area (and the Captain isn't giving forth any details) his back was so badly injured he was sent from an overseas hospital to Birmingham Hospital in Van Nuys, but has sufficiently recovered to report only for treatments, spending his spare time with his mother.

He enlisted under his screen name John Carroll because he feels it more emphatic than his own name, Julian Lafaye. The things he has seen, heard and listened to in this horror have added to the confusion of his soul and are reflected in his eyes—though he rants on in the same old swaggering manner.

After his convalescence he expects to return either to Burma or India and, at the war's close, back to Hollywood, a writer as well as actor. And if his promises hold true, what a homecoming that will be for some unfortunate people. Fact is, Cal wouldn't miss it for the world.

Glamour Girl's Birthplace: Over the doorway of Macy's, New York department store, about the middle of 34th Street, is a tablet. On this tablet is the answer to the question, "Where and when did the motion picture begin?"

The tablet reads thus:

Here the Moving Picture began.
On the night of April 23, 1896, on this site, Koster & Bial's Music Hall,
THOMAS A. EDISON
with the Vitascope
first projected the moving picture.
In commemoration of this event this tablet is here affixed by the Motion Picture Industry.
October 4, 1938.

Now—does anyone know the name of that picture?

Post-Marriage Item: Susie Hayward and Jess Barker tied the knot in spite of her ma's objections to the match. Even though at this writing each is still keeping his own apartment, it's only because they haven't yet found the house they want to live in together. There really isn't room in either Susie's or Jess's apartment for all the personal belongings of both. While they're looking like mad for a dream cottage, Susie has a cookbook on her mind. Swears she's going to call it, "Thirty Ways to Prepare A Wolf." She says she doubts if anyone will publish it but is determined to write it anyway. How in the world can a bride have a cookbook on her mind—especially when she doesn't even have to cook!

On the set for "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" at M-G-M Studio

A Wac gets an intimate glimpse of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture production and visits with Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter, who play Capt. and Mrs. Ted W. Lawson, Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Hal Rosson, the director of photography.*

*Women's Army Corps urgently needs you. Join the WAC now!



TOM KELLEY

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP originated by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

Remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake", the original, created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for Technicolor Pictures and the Hollywood screen stars, and now the make-up fashion with millions of girls and women.

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VERONICA LAKE
star of the new Paramount picture,
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"BLACK MAGIC"
for the spell-binder, the girl who causes constant hearts to falter.

"INTRIGUE"
for the sultry sophisticate with the knowing glance.

"LIVELY LADY"
for the little lady with the bewitching twinkle.

"Just a little thing..

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

"Ex" Equals the Known Quantity: Lana Turner, her blonde hair reaching halfway to her waist, strolled into Mocambo on the arm of her friend and escort, Peter Lawford. The waiter seated the handsome couple who looked about inquiringly to the right and stared straight into the eyes of a former Turner husband, Artie Shaw. Quickly they looked the other way and found themselves staring at an even more recent ex, Steve Crane.

Lana and Peter took to the dance floor while customers watched, intrigued at the situation.

Next day columnists made a great to-do over the situation and even radio gossipers took it up, stressing the romance between Lana and Peter.

But what they didn't know or forgot to mention was that the man Lana really cares for more than any other wasn't with her and therefore the triangle meant little to Lana, for the man of her heart seldom attends night clubs, cares nothing for them and was at that moment with his mother at the Bowl listening to a symphony.

His name—Turhan Bey

Here and There: Hear tell Steve Crane is now telling anew he's not turning over custody of their child to its mother, Lana Turner, without a battle. Claims something new has come up.

Not all producers can be so nonchalant as Bing Crosby who, before he left for overseas, advised his unit shooting "'The Great John L.' to take all the time they needed . . . Only the persistence of his friend John Wayne saved Ward Bond's leg from amputation at an emergency hospital after Bond had been struck late at night by an automobile. Wayne forbade doctors to remove the almost severed limb until the best bone specialist could be summoned. And then it was nip and tuck for several days. Hollywood is cheered to learn the actor's leg has been saved through the use of penicillin . . . Those famous Allbright twins have departed M-G-M studios, leaving behind their painting of *Dorian Grey*—and is it gruesome!—but taking with them their other works of pure art. And now guess who occupies their old studio? None other than Petty, creator of those famous Petty girls that adorn Esquire pages . . . No matter what you read you can take our word for it, Alice Faye and Betty Grable will not appear in another picture together. Both girls feel it's best that way . . . Turhan Bey is one lad who is terrifically loyal to his own country—Turkey. Most of Turhan's friends in Hollywood are young Turks who are attending school here, so it wouldn't surprise Cal, if Turkey throws in her lot with the Allies, to have Turhan go back to his own country and join the army, or join the American Army. In fact, over the telephone recently, Turhan informed Cal that this was his intention.

To Keep You Posted: Two nights after Mrs. Artie Shaw, daughter of composer Jerome Kern, announced a possible separation, the musician appeared at Romeo's, Hollywood's famous Italian restaurant, with a beautiful Vogue model. Now that musicians are supplanting male movie stars in popularity, they seem to reap all the unpopular publicity.

The Charles Chaplins have named their baby Geraldine.

Twentieth Century-Fox studios are pleased to discover that Richard Greene, Tyrone Power and John Payne are still tops in the fan-mail department.

At the premier of "Wilson," Lana Turner appeared with her mother, and Steve Crane came alone after dating June Allyson for the event. But June switched to Dave Rose at the last minute.

Martha Raye and Nick Condos have named their baby girl Melodye after Martha's sister who died last year.

Now It's Frankie's Turn: It's been told around town but we want to make sure you've heard it, too, for it certainly throws a revealing light on that Sinatra and proves he's a guy with a sense of humor. It seems a friend took "The Voice" to a studio preview of "Janie" and suddenly a crowd of bobby-sockers came onto the screen whereupon Frankie let out a loud squeal and pretended to swoon.

It threw the audience into such a panic of laughter no one could hear the dialogue on the screen.

Good Times—Hollywood Style: Peggy Ryan who is not quite twenty at this writing, goes nightclubbing with Charles Martin, one-time suitor of Joan Crawford and fiance of Betty Hutton (as announced from Madison Square Garden). Sometimes and just for a change Peggy goes to the ball games with Maxie Rosenbloom.

Van Johnson arrived at Mocambo one evening for dinner with his constant companion, Eve Wynn, wife of his best friend Keenan Wynn, and had to eat in the owner's office, so rabid were his fans. So where's the fun? What's more, when Van and Evie decided to take in the beach concessions one evening, the fans practically tore him off the merry-go-round and he had to go home without once riding on the roller coaster. Like Andy on the radio, he was regusted.

"But it was a wonderful feeling just the same," he grinned.

Lon McCallister thinks Nancy Walker, the plain little comic of "Best Foot Forward," the cutest thing in town. Lon goes over to Nancy's house for dinner (she can cook too) and then the two take off to the beach pier and the shoot-the-chutes—with popcorn, of course. Cal has a feeling that Lon, deep down, is a little hurt at Jeanne Crain's sudden popularity with older men—Paul Brook, for one. Anyway, his eyes always seek her out in the Fox dining room, we notice.



Portrait of a Famous Beauty

—in Dreamflower "Natural"

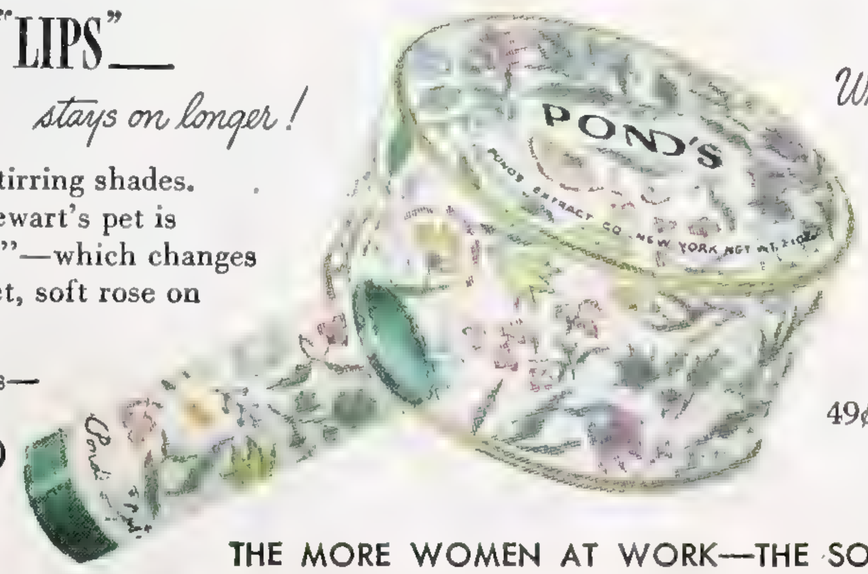
Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart is one of those rare women beautiful enough to be able to ignore the changing whims of fashion. Ever since her debutante days she has worn her honey-gold hair softly knotted at the nape of her neck.

Always she dramatizes the fragile charm of her fair skin with a Natural powder shade. "Never have I tried a powder that I loved as well as Pond's Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Stewart says. "The color is simply perfect—just enough soft pink to make a blonde complexion look very blonde, very clear, but never powdery. And the Dreamflower texture is soft as mist!" If *you* wear a "Natural" powder, be sure to try beautiful Mrs. Stewart's favorite—Pond's Dreamflower "Natural."

Pond's "LIPS"—
stays on longer!

6 heart-stirring shades. (Mrs. Stewart's pet is "Natural"—which changes to a sweet, soft rose on her lips.)

Two sizes—
49¢, 10¢
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Which is your Dreamflower shade?

NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
RACHEL—creamy ivory
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DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing
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49¢, 25¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

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THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN! TAKE A JOB!

"Hooray! My Beauty Secret worked for Betsy!"



Cousin Betsy was bored 'n' blue!

Always *selling* wedding presents—never *getting* any. Then one day 'Mommy 'n' me stopped in at the shop. "That baby's luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet," sparked Cousin Betsy. "Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?" Mommy winked at me. "Try our doctor. He'll put you wise!"





So she saw the nice man

who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. "You see," he went on, "Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That's why it's so safe even for baby's tender skin!"

Now see who's getting gifts ...

wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that "Ivory Look" now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant's heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says *my* beauty tip is still the best gift she's had. Bet she'll always think so—if she always sticks to Ivory!

99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

Look lovelier with Ivory — the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



Military secret! DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water. Keep it in a dry soap-dish. Use up every last sliver.

The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Hilarious mystery: Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane in "Arsenic And Old Lace"

✓✓ Arsenic And Old Lace (Warners)

A HILARIOUS screenplay that starts off at high tension and maintains a pace that catapults audiences from shrieks of laughter to screams of fright. There's no middle ground, so buy your ticket and prepare for a riot.

Cary Grant plays the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunts on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. The bride is forgotten in his desperate wild-eyed attempts to extricate his relatives from their peculiar predicament.

And there's Peter Lorre as the intimidated little doctor-friend of Raymond Massey made up as Boris Karloff. What must Karloff think of this?

Jack Carson as the cop and would-be playwright is just as confused over the whole thing as Edward Everett Horton who plays *Mr. Witherspoon.* Even James Gleason as a police lieutenant is glassy-eyed before it's over.

The film is the first to give us Priscilla Lane in a blue moon and, gee, she's pretty and cute and everything.

Lorre gives as polished a performance as you'll see. And Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, along with John Alexander, simply make the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Promise you'll see it!

✓✓ The Princess And The Pirate (Goldwyn)

BOB HOPE attempts to establish a bleachead named Virginia Mayo and is counterattacked by the most amazing strategy this side of Gen. Patton. If you don't roll on the floor, brother, it's because you can't get down, that's all. However, it's a climax we promised not to reveal and it comes at the very end of a pretty silly and not too comical picture, but it's Hope, so who cares about that?

Miss Mayo is a whistle-getter. What a beauty and what a future for this golden-haired dream girl! But Bob, who plays a friendly enough coward back in the days of the pirates, really doesn't seem to notice her charms until—but there we go, almost spilling the beans.

Vic McLaglen plays the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the nitwit pirate who steals the map to the hidden treasure and then tattoos it on Hope's bosom. Marc Lawrence is one of the pirates and Walter Slezak is the villain.

Everybody seemed to think it a scream, but for our money it could have been much funnier.

Your Reviewer Says: That finish—we're still howling.



It's Hope: Fabulous Bob and Virginia Mayo in "The Princess And The Pirate"



Modern moral: Lana Turner and John Hodiak in "Marriage Is A Private Affair"

✓✓ Marriage Is A Private Affair (M-G-M)

A LIGHT treatment of a serious subject—marriage among our young and indifferent moderns—emerges mighty entrancing entertainment due mainly to Lana Turner who can act rings around most of the younger group. There's an authority and certain sincerity about the kid's work, plus plain old sex appeal, that gives the picture an importance.

John Hodiak to our notion is hopelessly miscast as the Boston blueblood whose roots grow deep in tradition. If ever there was a guy cut out for robust Gableish roles it's this one. As it is, he throws the picture off balance through shortsighted casting. James Craig's performance, as the suitor-friend who almost succeeds in shattering Lana's maybe-this-will-work-and-maybe-it-won't marriage to Hodiak, is solid in its delineation.

Frances Gifford gives a fine performance as the out-of-bounds wife and Hugh Marlowe is a newcomer worth noting. Natalie Schafer as the mother and Paul Cavanagh, the husband, register strongly, but it's Miss Turner who lifts the picture into the hit class for our money.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophistication with a moral.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 131
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 26



Now I know why they say Evening in Paris is made for Romance

EVENING IN PARIS face powder, touching the skin with silken bloom ... faint flush of feather-light Evening in Paris rouge ... a sweet mouth glorified by the satin flame of Evening in Paris lipstick. Yes, truly Evening in Paris is the make-up for Romance ...the reason why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris."

Face Powder $1.00
Lipstick 50c
Rouge 50c
Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(*Plus tax*)



Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Larry Douglas with guest stars —Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris

DISTRIBUTED BY BOURJOIS NEW YORK

✓✓ Kismet (M-G-M)

A FANCIFUL fairy tale so wondrously beautiful it wins a Best of the Month. Ronald Colman plays the King of the Beggars who keeps his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page, behind stone walls so that only a prince may win her. And only a prince does when James Craig, the Caliph of all Bagdad, disguised as a gardener's son, wins her love unbeknown to her father who promises to kill the Caliph if Edward Arnold, the grand Vizier, will wed the daughter.

Great is her grief when Joy Ann learns the awful truth but all ends well as Colman and Dietrich ride off together. Now as to Dietrich. It seems she was a little something loaned to Arnold by Macedonia, a country hard by old Bagdad's back door, but Arnold tires of the tempestuous beauty. Anyway Dietrich prefers Colman and that's how she comes in and how she goes out, too.

Craig with his Frogjump Tennessee accent isn't our idea of an oriental caliph but he surely looks glamorous in Technicolor. The color really steals the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Lovely to look at, delightful to see.

✓✓ The Impatient Years (Columbia)

COMEDY built around a vital problem of today and enacted by that duo of favorites, Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn, with Lee Bowman initiated into the magic circle, emerges important and vitalizing entertainment. One is aware of a little straining to be funny, but in spite of this shortcoming it's still a socko picture.

On a convalescent furlough after eighteen months overseas, Sgt. Lee Bowman

Best Pictures of the Month

Kismet

Arsenic And Old Lace

Marriage Is A Private Affair

The Impatient Years

Best Performances

Cary Grant in "Arsenic And Old Lace"

Peter Lorre in "Arsenic And Old Lace"

Josephine Hull in "Arsenic And Old Lace"

Lana Turner in "Marriage Is A Private Affair"

Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years"

Lee Bowman in "The Impatient Years"

returns to find his wife he has known only four days too embroiled in household duties and the care of their child to recapture a single spark of their romance. So the two fly to the divorce courts. Jean's father, Charles Coburn, begs the judge not to grant the divorce but instead to order the pair to relive, moment by moment, their meeting and courtship.

Downright comical is the idea of the boarder, Phil Brown, who considers the husband a rank outsider. Miss Arthur is still the best farceur in the business and Lee Bowman leaps right into big time with his swell performance as the Sgt. husband.

Your Reviewer Says: Something to think about while laughing.

✓ Atlantic City (Republic)

SO many, many people crowd their way into this story it's hard to tell which is who—story or people. But one feels at the conclusion it's been a pretty satisfying little dish.

Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. Miss Moore certainly knows how to put those old tunes over.

Music is provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak. Personally we like old favorites in new settings. How about you?

Your Reviewer Says: A new dress for an old timer.

✓ Greenwich Village (20th Century-Fox)

THIS has a cast as big as Miranda's fruit-salad hat and production numbers bigger than Sidney Greenstreet. There's Bill Bendix in a tuxedo yet, as operator of a Greenwich Village cafe, speak-easy style. And there's Don Ameche as a midwest professor of music who comes to New York to sell the concerto he's composed and who wanders into Bendix's cafe to meet beautiful Vivian Blaine who sings a very nice ditty. A huge costume ball, put on by Bendix, raises sufficient funds to finance a show in which Miss Blaine stars and Ameche with his music achieves fame.

Talented people such as Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally De Marco and many others take the spotlight for your enjoyment. It's tuneful and gayful.

Your Reviewer Says: Such to-do!

✓ Maisie Goes To Reno (M-G-M)

THERE are three good reasons for seeing this latest *Maisie* yarn—one is Ann Sothern at her *Maisiest* best, one is John Hodiak as her he-man beau, and the other is young Tom Drake who is bound to be next year's heart-throb.

The story has *Maisie*, overtired from a double shift of war plant duties, ordered to take a rest. She joins a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves for Reno *Maisie* undertakes a mission for a soldier, Tom Drake, whose wife Ava Gardner is about to divorce him.

In Reno, *Maisie* becomes suspicious when Marta Linden passes herself off as the soldier's wife and enlists the aid of card-dealer John Hodiak in getting to the bottom of the affair, and you know *Maisie* when she attempts to get to the bottom of anything—it's more fun and more people get killed!

Your Reviewer Says: Coziest kind of fun.



"Kissing You is a lovely habit," you said



YOUR FOREHEAD SERENELY SMOOTH

Help erase "worry lines" (so quick to appear with dry skin). Every night . . . cleanse your face with Jergens Face Cream; remove cream; smooth on a film of fresh Jergens Cream in direction of arrows; leave on overnight.

"*Your little face is so excitingly smooth,*" you said.

Why! My skin really tends to be dry.

But one new cream—Jergens Face Cream—gives me such all-round expert skin care, it's like a daily "treatment." My lovely "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment. I use Jergens Face Cream:

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Dry-skin lines soon smooth out! Helps prevent that *old look* of dry skin. A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Already popular! Do use Jergens Face Cream yourself.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

✓ In Society (Universal)

AFTER a year's absence, Abbott and Costello return to the screen in a comedy that proves either the boys or their studio are resting on their laurels. They'd better do something about it.

However, there are moments that click, and for these we are grateful. The story has the boys a pair of plumbers summoned to the home of a wealthy matron to fix a faucet. After practically destroying the home and drowning the guests, the matron writes them a note of complaint, but by mistake sends them instead an invitation to a week-end party. Now the boys are really in society and the riot goes on from there.

Marion Hutton (Betty's sister) and Kirby Grant romance through song, and Arthur Treacher buttles away for dear life.

Your Reviewer Says: Try to be funnier next time, boys.

✓ Sweet And Low-Down (20th Century-Fox)

A WHOLE great big bunch of music, loud and good, crowds this story right off the sidewalk. It centers around Benny Goodman and a young trombonist James Cardwell whom Benny promotes to the kid's detriment. When approval comes Cardwell's way, he gets a nasty swelling in the head and, with a little persuasion on the parts of singer Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Joslyn, steals Benny's boys and starts his own band. He flops, of course, and has to be rediscovered all over again.

Linda Darnell is the socialite who loves Cardwell for some reason beyond us. Jack Oakie tries to inject a shot of humor.

Your Reviewer Says: Take away the music and where would everybody be?

The Climax (Universal)

WE don't care how elaborately they dressed the sets, lighted the affair with Technicolor, or cast the leading roles, it's still a B picture.

Turhan Bey in a tight collar loses a little of his sex appeal and as for Thomas Gomez in red sideburns—we had nightmares with those sideburns chasing us all over Hollywood. Susanna Foster looks beautiful; her singing is as pleasing as ever.

Most of it takes place in an old opera house with one of those mad doctors running around hypnotizing people and hoarding beautiful corpses in his spare bedrooms. Gale Sondergaard was swell; Boris Karloff (who is a doll, just a doll in Technicolor) plays the ever-loving madman.

Your Reviewer Says: Boo, you big bad old picture!

✓ Till We Meet Again (Paramount)

AN American aviator, speaking with a decided English accent because he's Ray Milland, is forced down in France and eventually makes his escape through the help of Barbara Britton, novice in a nearby convent.

Suspense and tender appeal is woven into the time-worn tale that could have been more cleverly constructed.

Konstantin Shayne turns in a swell job as the German major. Walter Slezak is the collaborationist village mayor who realizes death is his fate if the pair escapes. Lucille Watson is very good as the Mother Superior who defies the Germans. Both Milland and Miss Britton do the best they can with the material.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

Oh, What A Night (Monogram)

HERE are those jewel thieves back again and all ready to snatch the "gawjus" hunk of ice belonging to Marjorie Rambeau, burlesque queen.

Edmund Lowe is the most charming of the thieves, with Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis, Claire DuBrey and Olaf Hytten, rival crooks. Jean Parker is cute as the girl Lowe loves but gives up.

Your Reviewer Says: Anybody want to steal me?

When Strangers Marry (Monogram)

A "B" murder mystery that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she has met only a few times, on a chase from the police. The husband, Dean Jagger, is suspected of murdering his hotel roommate.

A former suitor, Robert Mitchum, tips off the police but it's Kim who finally discovers the real murderer. Neil Hamilton is excellent as the chief of the homicide squad and both Kim and Jagger override the inadequacies of the material.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a bad little whodunit.

Barbary Coast Gent (M-G-M)

IN this one Wally Beery's an old buckeroo of the 80's who skinflints one and all out of their dough while promising to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal who loves him.

Finally a shooting scrape precipitates him out of town and into a Nevada boom town, where he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, after usurping Meek's private car. Well, this time Wally really



strikes gold and when John Carradine, who follows him, swipes his backing, Wally reverts to his old profession of stagecoach robbing to get the necessary funds together.

Binnie Barnes is swell as the gal who loves Beery. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg carry on the brief romantic interludes.

Your Reviewer Says: This one is strictly for Beery fans.

Seven Doors To Death (PRC)

JUNE CLYDE, pert, cute and pretty, inherits a busy little shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in to make the whole thing a mystery chiller. It doesn't, of course, but Chic Chandler as the solver of the crime steps in and wins June, which isn't bad.

George Meeker and Casey MacGregor do neat bits of helping out.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, as we were saying—

Gypsy Wildcat (Universal)

THOSE two Technicolor tomboys are back again, Maria Montez and Jon Hall, romping around in one of those whimsy-pooh things all about a gypsy girl who turns out to be the missing heiress to lands and fortune held by Baron Douglas Dumbrille, a villain who is foiled by Jon Hall, messenger of the king.

The fight that eventually ensues never even touched the Jon Hall-Tommy Dorsey brawl. No reason you customers should pay for something we can see out here for nothing, and see on a bigger and better scale at that.

Peter Coe, Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around for a couple of bouts.

Your Reviewer Says: You say you stepped in *what?*

Moonlight And Cactus (Universal)

WHEN the crew of a merchant marine ship loses all its dough to one of their men, Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the gang to his ranch which, to Carrillo's dumbfoundment, has been taken over by women.

Beautiful Elyse Knox is the foreman with the Andrew Sisters running in and out singing like mad.

Naturally, in a setting like this, the boys have a wonderful time; but do you? That's what we want to know.

Your Reviewer Says: We're the one that sat on the cactus.

Storm Over Lisbon (Republic)

VERA HRUBA RALSTON is that inevitable beautiful spy who poses as a dancer and turns out to be a heroine. Richard Arlen is the American secret agent carrying secret films coveted by Eric von Stroheim in whose cafe Miss Ralston dances and Mr. Arlen is held captive.

Of course, she eventually helps Dick to escape to America while she stays behind to complete the work.

Miss Ralston is beautifully photographed and gives an outstanding performance. Otto Kruger, Eduardo Ciannelli, Mona Barrie and Robert Livingston add intrigue to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: This kind of story will soon be n[illegible]dles

(Continued on page 125)



"CHIC" IS AMERICA'S MOST WIDELY PRAISED COLD PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT BECAUSE:

- It takes beautifully on all types, textures and shades of hair . . . even bleached or dyed.
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★ ★ ★

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BRIEF REVIEWS



Romance over a coffee cup: Lee Bowman, Jean Arthur in "The Impatient Years"

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓*ABROAD WITH TWO YANKS*—Edward Small-U.A.:Bill Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe, Marines, come into Australia for some fun after a battle in the Pacific and both promptly fall for Helen Walker. They then proceed to break every law known to military regulations in their effort to outrival each other. It's corny but a lot of fun. With John Loder.

ALLERGIC TO LOVE—Universal: A lot of nonsense about Martha O'Driscoll's not kissing Noah Beery Jr., until after they're married. Then, of all things, she discovers she's allergic to him and sneezes violently every time he comes near her. So violently, in fact, that their mutual friend David Bruce must cart her off to the hospital.

✓✓*AN AMERICAN ROMANCE*—M-G-M: This is a rare combination of romance and beautifully presented information about the iron ore industry, the making of steel, the automobile and plane industries. Brian Donlevy plays superbly the immigrant who marries schoolteacher Ann Richards, raises his family, and progresses through these industries to the peak of success. With John Qualen and Walter Abel. It's a truly American epic.

ARE THESE OUR PARENTS?—Monogram: This attacks the juvenile delinquency problem from the angle of delinquent parents and as such takes on importance, although the story of a girl who is denied the love of her mother when she needs her most and so plunges into trouble is rather poorly developed. Helen Vinson is outstanding as the mother and Noel Neill and Richard Byron are the neglected offspring.

✓✓*BATHING BEAUTY* — M-G-M: Beauty, comedy, melody and aquatic perfection combine with Red Skelton to make this a great big bouncy musical that you'll love. Red's a song-writer who marries Esther Williams only to have her leave him at the altar and return to her job as swimming instructor in a girls' school. Red, of course, follows her and you'll laugh like mad at the trouble he gets into. With Harry James, Xavier Cugat and Basil Rathbone.

✓✓*BETWEEN TWO WORLDS*—Warners: Intelligently directed, beautifully played, this remake of "Outward Bound" is one of the month's outstanding pictures. Sydney Greenstreet is the *Examiner*, John Garfield the unhappy newspaper correspondent, Eleanor Parker the girl who commits suicide to join her husband in death, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson are also among the passengers on the phantom ship.

✓*BRIDE BY MISTAKE*—RKO: A right cute little movie, with Laraine Day as the heiress who has Marsha Hunt impersonate her in public in order that Laraine may be sure the man who marries the real heiress will marry only for love. Alan Marshall is the man in the case and Allan Joslyn, Edgar Buchanan and Slim Summerville add a lot of fun and frolic.

✓*CANTERVILLE GHOST, THE*—M-G-M: The charm and astounding versatility of little Margaret O'Brien sustain this fantasy of a group of American raiders who find lodgings in an English castle that is haunted by a cowardly ghost, Charles Laughton. Margaret is the last of the *Cantervilles* until it's discovered that American Robert Young is actually a descendant of the ghost. Laughton is superb.

✓*CASANOVA BROWN* — International: When professor Gary Cooper discovers he's a father on the eve of his wedding to Anita Louise, things begin happening all over the place. And when he discovers the baby's mother, Teresa Wright wants to give it out for adoption, he finds a unique way to stop that little idea. Frank Morgan, Patricia Collinge and Mary Treen help keep things rolling.

✓✓*CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY*—Universal: This is a strange story and a great departure for its star,

(*Continued on page* 127)

SHADOW STAGE

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Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

19___

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19___

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios . . . crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene —disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

19___

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

19___

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19___

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



19___

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together!

**T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.*

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The company that has *everything* in entertainment!



THE MOST ACCLAIMED PICTURE IN 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT!

Directed by
HENRY KING

Written by
LAMAR TROTTI

Darryl F. Zanuck's
WILSON
in Technicolor

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" in Technicolor

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor

A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"

"WINGED VICTORY"
by MOSS HART

BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

"This Is Cecil B. De Mille..."





IN Hollywood, an institution can be anything from the Grable legs to an Academy Award "Oscar."

As you walk toward the massive, iron-wrought main gates of the Paramount Studios, you pass by a half-block-long section of buildings labeled De Mille Productions.

It is visible evidence of another Hollywood institution, the institution known as Cecil Blount De Mille. Bald, far past those young years so essential to ordinary Hollywood success, he has an income that would automatically make him a J. P. Morgan partner, for his movie epics, never heralded as "the year's best," are attended by long queues of movie-goers who build up the gross of each De Mille picture into the stratosphere of millions.

The De Mille label since 1913, when he directed his first film, has been puttees, production on such vast scale that his corps of assistants has been said to equal the entire Swiss Army and a common touch that guarantees for his films an instantaneous reaction of pleasure from audiences.

The De Mille label has also become affixed to another medium of entertainment. Since 1936, radio audiences each Monday night have been told, "This is Cecil B. De Mille speaking to you from Hollywood," with a flourish on the last word that has made the speaker the butt of every radio comedian in search of a gag.

His Radio Theater, like himself, is now an institution. On October 16 De Mille's weekly radio presentation celebrates its tenth anniversary. By then it will have presented four hundred different movie stars to radio audiences, from Alan Ladd, when he was so little known he played a role for the Guild rate of $59, to Cary Grant and Bette Davis, whose fame and popularity earn them the top salary of $5000 for appearing on this program.

Dealer in film cliches on a scale so huge that movie-goers are content to believe they are watching genuine drama, De Mille is a shrewd, polished businessman, confident enough to answer direct questions directly. I asked him point-blank what young actress he thinks has the greatest potentiality for becoming a top star.

"Margaret O'Brien," he replied.

What young actor?

"Van Johnson."

Asked what was the most moving event that ever happened to him in his career of picture-making, he said:

"We were filming 'King Of Kings' years ago. It was at twilight on Christmas Eve in Hollywood and the outdoor set was filled with more than a thousand extras. The scene was the Crucifixion. The figures of Christ and the two thieves on the three crosses were illuminated by the set lights, all else was in gloom. It was such an impressive scene that before I gave the order to begin filming, I asked the crowd of extras to gaze at the scene and to take five minutes to think of anything they wished to think about. An organ began to play softly. Most of the extras were hard-bitten characters who had seen the rough side of the picture business. At the end of this silent period of meditation, not only the extras were sobbing, but I myself was so overcome by emotion that I called it a day for everyone making the picture. It was the greatest emotional impact of my life."

Ask him about the effect of his fame on his personal life and he might tell you this amusing incident: "Recently my granddaughter Cecilia celebrated her seventh birthday. Wonderfully stuffed with her birthday cake, Cecilia refused to say her prayers before getting into bed. Her mother insisted, but Cecilia wasn't to be budged. I listened to the argument for a few moments and then spoke as the director of sixty-seven pictures: 'Let me handle this situation.'

"Cecilia was in her bed, quiet and serious.

" 'Why won't you say your prayers tonight?' I asked.

" 'I just don't feel like it, Grandfather,' she replied.

" 'Then I shall say them for you:

" 'Our Father who art in Heaven . . .' I began.

" 'This is Cecil B. De Mille saying good night to you from Hollywood,' Cecilia concluded."

Fred Sammis



Camera scoop: Bob and Jennifer meet at a party after their separation

About Jennifer Jones

Does Bob hope to get his wife Jennifer back? Everyone in Hollywood has been asking that question, but this famous reporter dared to put it to Bob directly. This is his answer

BY

[illegible] PARSONS

I SAID, "Bob, do you want Jennifer Jones back as your wife?"

Somewhere in my house a clock struck ten. Dinner was long since finished and the others had wandered away to gin rummy games.

Across from me, in the candlelight, sat young Robert Walker. He was in "civvies" but he still looked ridiculously like "Private Hargrove." He looked even more like the sensitive young soldier in "Since You Went Away."

Even as I asked the question I was amazed at my own audacity. Everyone in Hollywood, of course, had been wondering the same thing, but so far, to my knowledge, no one had dared put it in words to Bob. If I could get a frank answer from Bob tonight, it would certainly be a scoop—plus!

Ever since he and Jennifer played those poignant love scenes together in "Since You Went Away" Hollywood has been sold that they are still in love—that, at least, the flame still burns in Bob's heart and that he is carrying a torch that any number of other "dates" cannot put out. I had even heard that after the preview he went to pieces.

"Is it true," I asked him, "that after the premiere you went back of the theater by yourself and wept?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," exclaimed Bob, "are people saying that? It's ridiculous. I *was* standing back of the theater, very upset—but for an entirely different reason. I was waiting for my manager who also handles Ward Bond. We had just learned of the terrible accident that befell Ward when his leg was almost torn off in an auto accident after he left the theater. I suppose I was doing a lot of nervous pacing back and forth. But as for being overcome by seeing myself with Jennifer—"

He hesitated a moment. His face looked very boyish and very serious. It was as though he had taken a mental sigh and decided to plunge into something he had not heretofore talked about. When he spoke he looked at me very straight and very honestly.

"I won't deny I felt pretty upset at first," he said, "when we broke up. We nad had such a happy marriage. And there were the kids. But you can't go on forever being sad and unhappy even where children are involved. After the definite break came between us it was something of a relief—like knowing that an axe hanging over your head has finally fallen."

"And are you happy now?" I asked.

Bob's young eyes crinkled. "I would say that I am content—or I would be if I could get a cook! It's no fun to live in a house all alone and do your own housework. You see, I stayed at Jennifer's house with the two boys while she was in the East on a Bond tour and, believe me, it was wonderful having my meals prepared!"

I smiled, as I suspected my young guest of getting me slightly sidetracked. But I'm not a girl to be put off. "There was a very special quality about those love scenes, Bob," I persisted. "Even to my professional critic's eye they seemed to be played with a great deal of heart."

He said, "Perhaps that is because I would rather act with Jennifer than any other actress. I think that she is a great artist—and she thinks I am good, too," he said with that shy, little-boy manner that has captivated so many women and made them want to mother him.

"After Jennifer and I have had our success in motion pictures we want to go back to Broadway and appear in important plays just as Lunt and Fontanne have done. I want to be her director and to see her become the greatest dramatic actress on the stage."

"Oh, then," I said quickly, "you plan to reconcile?"

"Not necessarily," he was as quick as I to reply. "We are still the best of (*Continued on page* 83)

IF MY DAUGHTER



CBS
Photograph

Sinatra with Nancy, his "Little Miss Moonbeam,"

about whose future he has some pretty definite plans

WERE SEVENTEEN....

Idol of today's teen-agers, Frank Sinatra now draws a deftly sharp picture of his ideal of the average American girl

BY

Frank Sinatra

(As told to Maxine Arnold)

WHEN I look all around me at teen-age kids today, I wonder what Little Nancy will be like when she is their age; what she'll want to do, and I find myself hoping I'll be able in some way to help her do it. I think about it quite a bit: What my own daughter will be like when she is seventeen.

Although she's only four there are times when she looks a little grown up—some quick turn of her head, some look in her eyes. Then she jumps up and reaches for a doll, or starts looking for her favorite pink barrette, and I settle back . . . relieved that she's just a baby again.

I never settle long . . . for I know it's always going to come. "Daddy . . . come help me find my pink barrette."

Little Miss Moonbeam, I've always called her. I guess because she's always so bright and shiny-looking. Mothers do have priority, but dads have their share of responsibility, too. That's why I keep watching Nancy when I'm with her. Wondering what I'd want for Little Miss Moonbeam . . . if she were seventeen.

If my daughter were seventeen now, I think more than anything else I would want her to realize how young that is and how important being young is. I would tell her that the twenties come soon enough, show her how wonderful it is to be seventeen—hamburgers at midnight . . . last row seats in the balcony . . . swapping the latest steps in jive. I would try to make her realize that those are the happiest years of her life.

It has always been a disappointment to me to see girls fifteen and sixteen years old trying to grow old so fast in their make-up and manner of dress. I sometimes blame their parents for letting the kids grow old in such a hurry. This happy carefree period lasts five, six years, at the most. They should live every year of it—and with none of the responsibilities of marriage.

I know that the subject of love is a pretty touchy one at this age, but I honestly think seventeen is away too young to really be in love, or to even think of marriage.

Nancy's mother and I went together for five years before we were married. By that time we knew each other very well—our real sides and our "Sunday best" sides. I would want Little Nancy to remember that at seventeen, when fellows and girls are first falling for each other, they're both putting on the best show of their young lives to impress each other. I would ask her to wait a few more years until the main feature came on.

I've always admired very much the teen-age girls who keep their wide-eyed, clean-scrubbed, innocent look. I've never liked young girls who are blasé.

There's a little girl named Diane whom I see at the broadcast every week now. She's about fifteen, and usually wears a starched pink pinafore with one of those white peasant blouses. She always has such a fresh scrubbed look. I've been watching her for some time now and usually try to see that a seat is saved for her each week backstage at the show. She reminds me an awful lot, somehow, of little Nancy. I catch myself watching her there in the wings and hoping that little Nancy will be like her at her age.

Talking with Diane one day, I was surprised to learn that she is just getting over infantile paralysis. She has had three operations and until a year ago she couldn't walk.

I said, "Gee, that's too bad. I'm so sorry to hear about it."

"You shouldn't feel sorry, Mr. Sinatra," she said, leveling those candid clear eyes at me. "I don't mind. Lots of people suffering from it will never get well. Lots of them can't be fixed. And they take it so wonderfully. You should see them. Don't feel sorry for me. I'm a very lucky girl."

Teen-agers like Diane give you an awful lot of faith in the American girls of today. More and more I have the feeling that I wouldn't be afraid for my own daughter to be seventeen. True that in a speeded-up wartime world, where everything is happening "on the double," some of our American kids are naturally upset emotionally. But talking to them gives you reason to believe that their own good common sense will pull them through.

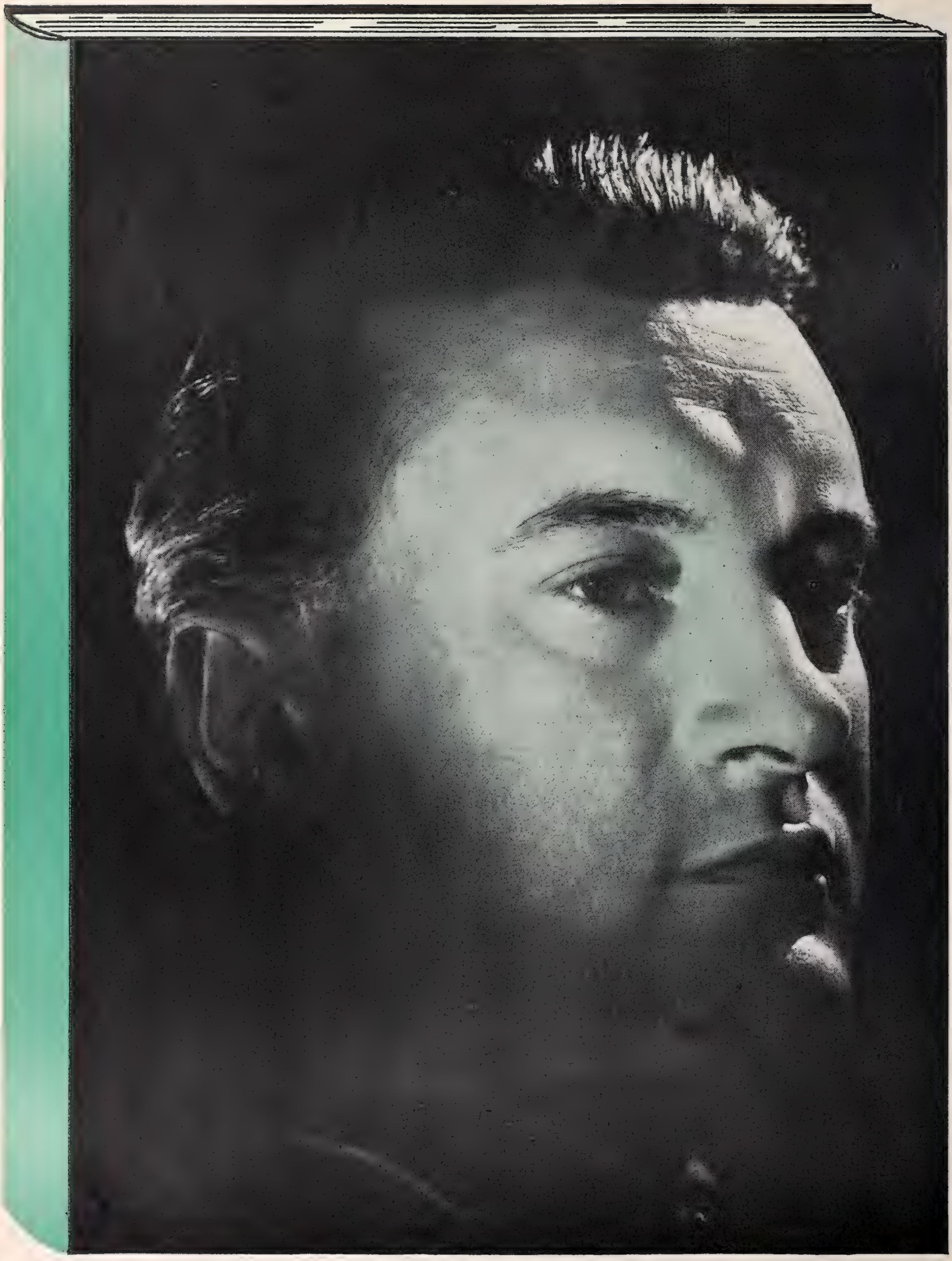
I admire most of these girls of today a lot. They're pretty intelligent kids. When they talk to you it usually makes sense. A lot more sense than many people give them credit for. They usually talk to me about music and from these discussions you can tell they know whereof they speak. I find that nine out of every ten of them are studying some kind of musical instrument and it makes me extremely happy.

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As one of the "older" girls (sixteen) said to me the other day. "Gee, Frank, we don't squeal any more at all. It's the new converts who do it now. And when they know you like we do and become (*Continued on page 66*)

CRIME



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An Inner Sanctum Mystery published by Simon and Schuster

IF MY DAUGHTER



CBS
Photograph

Sinatra with Nancy, his "Little Miss Moonbeam,"

about whose future he has some pretty definite plans

WERE SEVENTEEN....

Idol of today's teen-agers, Frank Sinatra now draws a deftly sharp picture of his ideal of the average American girl

BY

Frank Sinatra

(As told to Maxine Arnold)

WHEN I look all around me at teen-age kids today, I wonder what Little Nancy will be like when she is their age; what she'll want to do, and I find myself hoping I'll be able in some way to help her do it. I think about it quite a bit: What my own daughter will be like when she is seventeen.

Although she's only four there are times when she looks a little grown up—some quick turn of her head, some look in her eyes. Then she jumps up and reaches for a doll, or starts looking for her favorite pink barrette, and I settle back . . . relieved that she's just a baby again.

I never settle long . . . for I know it's always going to come. "Daddy . . . come help me find my pink barrette."

Little Miss Moonbeam, I've always called her. I guess because she's always so bright and shiny-looking. Mothers do have priority, but dads have their share of responsibility, too. That's why I keep watching Nancy when I'm with her. Wondering what I'd want for Little Miss Moonbeam . . . if she were seventeen.

If my daughter were seventeen now, I think more than anything else I would want her to realize how young that is and how important being young is. I would tell her that the twenties come soon enough, show her how wonderful it is to be seventeen—hamburgers at midnight . . . last row seats in the balcony . . . swapping the latest steps in jive. I would try to make her realize that those are the happiest years of her life.

It has always been a disappointment to me to see girls fifteen and sixteen years old trying to grow old so fast in their make-up and manner of dress. I sometimes blame their parents for letting the kids grow old in such a hurry. This happy carefree period lasts five, six years, at the most. They should live every year of it—and with none of the responsibilities of marriage.

I know that the subject of love is a pretty touchy one at this age, but I honestly think seventeen is away too young to really be in love, or to even think of marriage.

Nancy's mother and I went together for five years before we were married. By that time we knew each other very well—our real sides and our "Sunday best" sides. I would want Little Nancy to remember that at seventeen, when fellows and girls are first falling for each other, they're both putting on the best show of their young lives to impress each other. I would ask her to wait a few more years until the main feature came on.

I've always admired very much the teen-age girls who keep their wide-eyed, clean-scrubbed, innocent look. I've never liked young girls who are blasé.

There's a little girl named Diane whom I see at the broadcast every week now. She's about fifteen, and usually wears a starched pink pinafore with one of those white peasant blouses. She always has such a fresh scrubbed look. I've been watching her for some time now and usually try to see that a seat is saved for her each week backstage at the show. She reminds me an awful lot, somehow, of little Nancy. I catch myself watching her there in the wings and hoping that little Nancy will be like her at her age.

Talking with Diane one day, I was surprised to learn that she is just getting over infantile paralysis. She has had three operations and until a year ago she couldn't walk.

I said, "Gee, that's too bad. I'm so sorry to hear about it."

"You shouldn't feel sorry, Mr. Sinatra," she said, leveling those candid clear eyes at me. "I don't mind. Lots of people suffering from it will never get well. Lots of them can't be fixed. And they take it so wonderfully. You should see them. Don't feel sorry for me. I'm a very lucky girl."

Teen-agers like Diane give you an awful lot of faith in the American girls of today. More and more I have the feeling that I wouldn't be afraid for my own daughter to be seventeen. True that in a speeded-up wartime world, where everything is happening "on the double," some of our American kids are naturally upset emotionally. But talking to them gives you reason to believe that their own good common sense will pull them through.

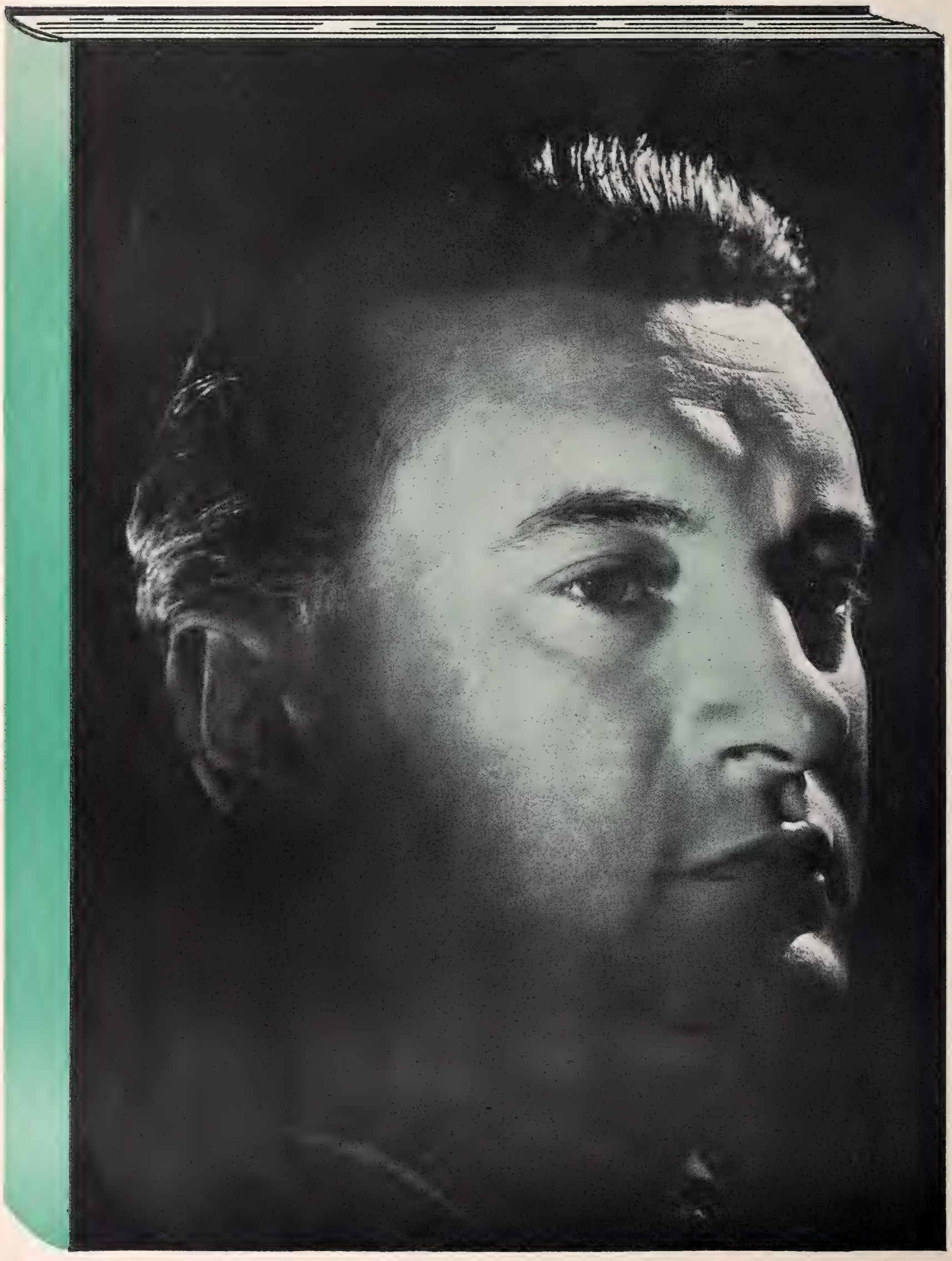
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Riegleman halted. "You're kidding."

"I wish I were."

"How in the hell," he demanded, "will we ever find who fired the shot?"

"Someone in that moil of beards probably fired it," I suggested. "But I'm not sure that determining who did it will be necessary, provided that we can prove it was accidental. First of all, however, we'll have to get the authorities out here."

"There goes my shooting schedule!" Riegleman scowled in accusation at the corpse. "Just a young fellow," he said.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Never saw him before. Maybe Sammy knows him." He beckoned to Sammy

Sammy said, "George, about your pistols—" but fell quiet as the director waved a hand.

"Oh, Lord!" Sammy moaned. "He's dead!"

"Who is he?" Riegleman snapped.

"I don't know. Maybe Paul will."

"Get him!"

Sammy turned white.

"I'll go," I said. "Who is Paul?"

"He's the casting director."

Paul came out of his trailer-office. "What does that slave driver want now? I'm busier'n a tick at a horse show."

"One of the extras got himself killed," I told him. "We thought you might be able to identify him. Did you find anyone missing?"

"Yeah. Guy named Herman Smith. What'd he do, get a horse hoof in his face?"

"He got a bullet in his head."

We walked over to Riegleman, who nodded shortly. "Will you take a look, Paul?"

"I'll be a son of a gun," Paul said. "That ain't Herman Smith. I never saw this guy before."

I became aware that Riegleman, Paul and Sammy were looking at me. I tapped a cigarette against my thumbnail and looked as disinterested as I could under the circumstances.

"It's a mystery," Paul said. "That's your dish."

"I was under the impression," I said casually, "that the casting director was expected to be familiar with the extras."

Paul flushed as Riegleman's gaze swung to him. "It's the beards," he said. "You can't expect anybody to tell 'em apart. This guy's supposed to be Herman Smith, according to my records. Everybody else was checked off at lunch. If he's somebody else, can I help it?"

Riegleman didn't answer and Paul flashed me a venomous glance and turned away.

"Hey," Sammy called from under his wagon refuge, "how about a social security card?"

"Of course." Riegleman knelt by the body.

"Uh-uh," I said. "Mustn't touch. Clues, you know."

Not that there were any clues. How different this was from my screen plays. There were no dropped collar buttons, no cartridges of an odd caliber, no telltale footprint with a worn heel, no glove lost in haste.

I could almost hear wheels of thought spinning in Riegleman's long skull as he glared down at the body. "Seven Dreams" was on a tight budget. He had planned to shoot these outdoor scenes in two or three days. An investigation into the death of this man would throw the shooting schedule off.

"Sammy!" Riegleman snapped.

Sammy gave him a sidewise look from under the wagon.

"Sammy, you had charge of the ammunition. Every cartridge was supposed to be blank. What have you to say?"

"What can I say?" Sammy replied. "One wasn't blank evidently. Am I supposed to examine thousands of cartridges, one at a time?"

"It seems strange," Riegleman muttered, "that the shot should have gone so exactly to a vital spot There's an almost geometrical precision in that wound."

A siren heralded the approach of lawful authority. This was Gerald Callahan, sheriff, and his deputy, Lamar James. Their sedan swirled up to us in a cloud of dust and a man rolled out like a barrel of beer

"Name's Callahan," he said, with a bull-like friendliness. "Call me Jerry. Sheriff in these parts."

Riegleman said, "We seem to have had an accident here and, since it was fatal, we thought you should know."

Callahan looked at the corpse. "Shot, hey?" Then he yelled at his deputy "Lamar!"

The deputy came out of the car like brown paint from a tube.

"Who's going to tell it?" Callahan said pleasantly.

Riegleman pictured the scene that was to look like the real thing on the screen and, we hoped, bring from the critics such phrases as "realistic drama," "a thriller." And I related how I had found the body.

"Looks open and shut," Callahan said. "The guy got in the way of a slug. One of the shells wasn't blank. Hey, Lamar?"

The deputy's tight mouth cracked. "What size shells in the carbines?"

"Forty-fives," Sammy said.

James knelt beside the corpse and looked at the blackened hole in the temple. "Thirty-eight," he said.

He sounded like me, in one of those *Falcon* roles. He didn't have the polished manner, of course; he wasn't supposed to be a lighthearted Briton. But he tossed in the surprise twist with the same aplomb.

"I don't see how you can tell," I objected.

The sheriff bristled. "If Lamar says it was a .38, it was a .38. He don't make mistakes."

James said thoughtfully, "If all the carbines were .45's, somebody shot him with some other kind of a gun. Anybody carry .38's?"

Sammy shook his fat face from side to side.

Sammy knew that somebody had carried .38's. I had. The two Colt revolvers with which I had popped away were .38 caliber Colts, on .45 frames. (*Continued on page* 109)

Skeletons In Your Closet

You'll find them rattling around unless you follow these Do's and Don'ts from Irene, M-G-M designer who created the costume Judy Garland wears on the cover

NO SKELETONS IF YOU—

. . . Buy clothes only twice a year.

The worst thing you can do is to buy something at the last moment; if you buy occasionally, you will never complete a full costume. Plan your wardrobe twice a year, buy it down to the last accessory item.

. . . Keep your chin even with the horizon.

Think of your figure and posture before you think of clothes. The best wardrobe in the world will still leave you minus if you're too fat or too thin, if your posture is incorrect. Practice walking with a book on your head, invest in a good foundation—and keep your chin up!

. . . View yourself boldly.

Stand in front of a full-length mirror. What's the matter with you? Top-heavy? Maybe your suit has too *(Continued on page 70)*



FINK

Laurel-winner: June Allyson of M-G-M's "Music For Millions," Portrait Poll leader

VISIT FROM VAN

He walks in the door—John-

son of the freckled face,

the surprised eyebrows, the

definite views on marriage



BY

ELSIE JANIS

I DON'T go to pictures much these days, between the lack of gas and the fact that the film I want to see invariably is shown too early to suit my dinner hour or too late for me to enjoy walking home through the dimmed delight that is Beverly Hills of an evening. Without complaint and quite cosily, I have become "Elsie-sit-by-the-radio" until the guy "that I don't want to walk without" comes home from Over There.

The motion-picture industry is out to get gals like me and they are now all over the air, broadcasting alluring descriptions of what's playing at the moment and where. Well, they landed me all right. The third time I heard them announce the cast of "Two Girls And A Sailor" and noted that a name I had never heard before headed it, interest stirred.

"Who and what is Van Johnson?" says me to me. Something new and different, I bet myself, because lately all public pets seem to be cut on new lines . . . new and somewhat odd ones. It started back with Jimmy Stewart, a guy you might have picked to play *"Lem, her brother,"* a few years ago. Then came Mickey, the Rooney, and I'm sure you are ahead of me and on your way back when I mention "The Sinatra."

Anyway, I like the trend toward new and different idols.

But about this Johnson rage—as I sat in a theater waiting for enlightenment, I was not only from Missouri . . . I was the original Missouri Mule, just sittin' and daring anything to move me from my seat of judgment between a couple of bobby sock-ers. Well! He came—I saw—and was conquered . . . but definitely! What I enjoyed most in falling was that he didn't remind me of any other established star.

It was a swell picture and I enjoyed everything in it but, for days, when I tried to revisualize the pleasing sequences, I found myself seeing that sailor with the surprised eyebrows, the freckles and the quick smile . . . that "flash in the pan"—and what a nice pan!

The result of this was a phone call to Van, inviting him to come over and dunk in my glorified bath tub that thinks it's a swimming pool.

So it happened that at four o'clock one nice afternoon I was pretending to play my piano, which sits by the window in a look-out position in my small living room. I was there at ten to four, waiting. Van arrived at ten past, having gone too far up the street. I met him at the door and it was as if I were welcoming home a pal of years' standing—sitting—or what have you. Right through the house to the back yard. He seemed to know the way.

"Want to swim?" I said.

"Gosh (he flashed the grin), yes, I'd like to. But I'd like to talk to you, too. I'm a great admirer of yours, Miss Janis."

"Come now, Johnson, this is truth-till-it-hurts-Janis! How could a kid like you know anything about me?"

I was waiting for the dear old—"My father saw you in France in 1918"—but, instead, I heard: "I'm no kid. I'm twenty-seven, twenty-eight next month; and I mean I admire your writing."

"Oh!" I was relieved not to hear that his mother had taken him to see me on the stage and checked his pram outside.

I talked much more than he did during the two hours and I only asked him one direct question, "What kind of parts do you like to play?" (*Continued on page* 71)

Van Johnson



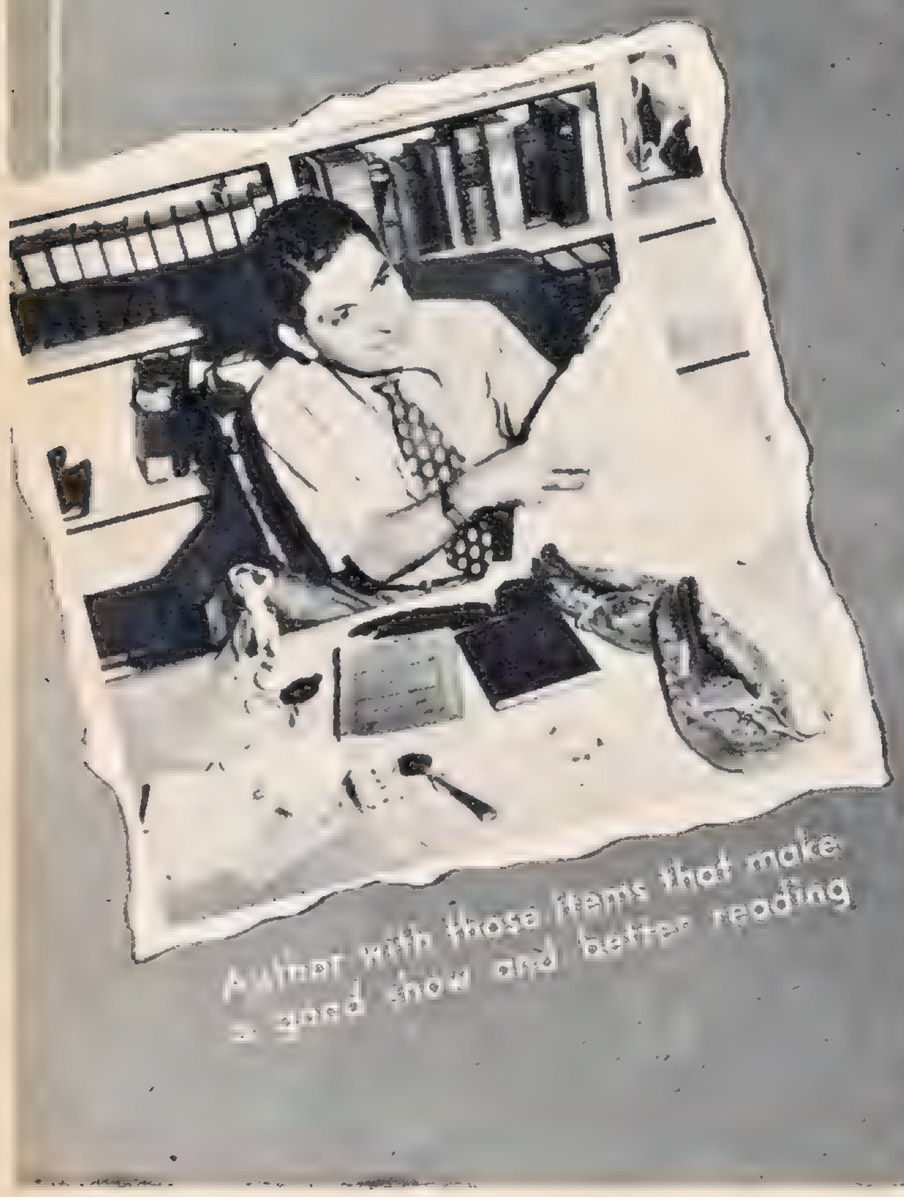
On the likable list: Van Johnson of M-G-M's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"

That's Hollywood For You!

BY

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

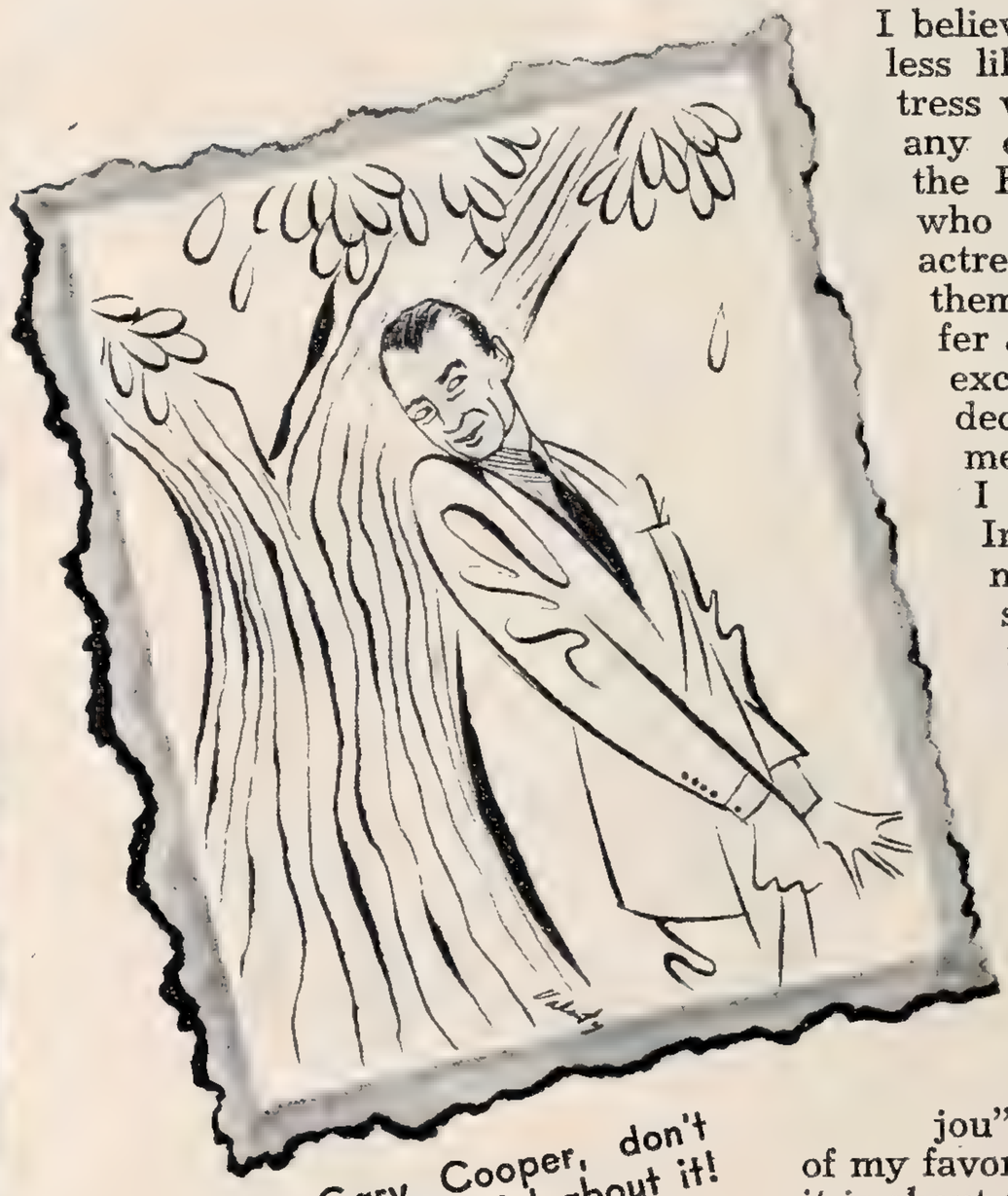
Noted Hollywood Correspondent



Author with those items that make a good show and better reading

Would you believe it? Sure you would—when this

I LIKE Harry James and his horn, but I do think Metro is having him toot it too often, not only in too many pictures, but in every picture too often . . . Glad I am that Deanna Durbin is being allowed to act her age in pictures, for I knew all the time that she knew what it was all about . . . I insist that Diana Lewis is a great bet for pictures, despite the fact that she is in pictures, for nothing is happening with her. She's a sweater girl who doesn't need a sweater . . . Education may be a wonderful thing, but I ask you: Where would Jimmy Durante be with it? . . . Whenever I wander about the studios, I always stop to look at the various "sayings" that producers, directors and writers have posted in their offices. Orson Welles has this sign in his: "Every ambitious employee should work and worry every minute of the day, so he can get to the top and work and worry days, nights, Sundays and holidays."



Now, Mr. Gary Cooper, don't look so coy and bashful about it!

I am a character who doesn't drive a car, am always thumbing a ride and, someday, I intend to write an article about the celebrities who have been my chauffeurs. But now, all I want to say is that little does Cole Porter know that his chauffeur, Jonathan, is always my chauffeur and drives me about while he is waiting for Porter to leave a dinner party . . . I remember once seeing Errol Flynn without a girl, but it was far away and long ago . . . Motion-picture executives amuse me, often without meaning to, and one of the best comments on their importance was made by executive William Goetz, who described a conference as follows: "He realized who I was and then I leaned back and he leaned forward."

* * *

I believe Ingrid Bergman looks less like a motion-picture actress when you meet her than any other actress, especially the Katharine Hepburn type who try so hard to be unlike actresses that you can spot them immediately . . . Jennifer Jones, I will admit, is an excellent actress, but I must declare that she doesn't send me as she sends others . . . I wish they would put Irene Dunne in a good musical soon and let her sing, it certainly would be much better than plenty of those musicals in which actresses who can't sing do . . . I never see Adolphe Menjou but I think of that engraved watch he gave himself for a present. The inscription reads: "To Adolphe Menjou from his greatest admirer—Adolphe Menjou" . . . Gary Cooper is one of my favorite actors, but I do think it is about time that he stopped trying to be so coy and bashful . . . I would like to be around in the morning when Betty Hutton gets up and prepares herself to be peppy all day . . . I like Robert Hopkins' description of a producer he dislikes. Hoppie calls him the asbestos curtain between the audience and entertainment.

* * *

I have met many characters in Hollywood, but a character among characters is Richard Connell. Connell is a scenario writer at Metro, but what makes him a character is the fact that he likes to walk along the back alleys of Beverly Hills and pick up articles that celebrities have discarded. Connell then sends these articles, with a tag attached explaining the object, to his various friends, signed "Alley Baba," for that is what he calls himself.

You would be surprised at some of the things that once belonged to noted actors and actresses. Alley Baba, for example, sent me a glove once owned and worn by Rosalind Russell.

Then there is a paper-covered book which was once the property

of Mickey Rooney. "M. Rooney" is written on a corner of the book in Mickey's own handwriting and the book is titled, "Dr. Bates' True Marriage Guide. A Treatise For The Married And Marriageable." I presume this was sort of a text book for Mickey and Ava Gardner.

Alley Baba also sent me a pair of moccasins that once graced the feet of "Legs" Dietrich. A nude hula dancer doll was found on the estate of Wallace Beery. And a napkin ring that was discarded by Spencer Tracy. There is no telling what Alley Baba will discover, for he sent me a pair of pink panties and the tag declares, "Found in rear of house once occupied by Garbo." I really have no proof that they were worn by Gee Gee, or that they fit her.



Do you suppose the poised Garson would like to be in a whirl?

The prize of the collection, however, is a sweater that was worn by Lana Turner. And looking at the sweater it is easy to imagine its being filled by Lana. The card on the sweater reads, "Lana Turner's, slightly worn out in the spots where you would expect a Lana Turner sweater to be worn out." I told you that Richard Connell, or Alley Baba if you prefer, is a character.

* * *

June Allyson and Gloria De Haven are about the sweetest combination in pictures these days, but little do folks realize that these gals are feuding, which goes to prove that they are good actresses . . . Of course you know by now that I prefer Crosby to Sinatra, not that Frankie-boy isn't good and, therefore, in all fairness, I must tell you that Bing's wife, Dixie, is a Sinatra fan and keeps playing his records . . . I would like to see a picture in which the Sergeant enters the barracks and our hero, whether he be Robert Walker or Danny Kaye, isn't making fun of the Sergeant and so isn't the last person in the place to know that the Sarge is watching him . . . I often wonder if Greer Garson isn't very tired of being a lady and wouldn't like to let her hair down and act uninhibited for a change, say like Betty Hutton.

I don't know whether you know it or not, but Alan Ladd is much shorter when you meet him than he appears on the screen, and with Peter Lorre it's just the reverse. Peter appears taller off the screen . . . Of all the bewildering offices, the most perplexing to me is the one at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with this sign on the door: "Janitors and Typewriters" . . . I am a Myrna Loy fan and I think it is to her credit that she is known as "The Perfect Wife," despite the fact that she has been divorced twice.

* * *

I guess it all started when Clara Bow was dubbed the "It" girl, for now practically every personality has a label. Frank Sinatra is "The Voice" and Bing Crosby is "The Groaner" and Anita Colby is "The Face" and Esther Williams is "The Body." It was not so long ago that Ann Sheridan was the "Oomph Girl," and how she fought to get rid of that title. Lana Turner got started as "The Sweater Girl," but she, too, rebelled, and even went so far as to discard the sweater for a blouse . . . Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable are both known as "Legs," Rita Hayworth is affectionately known as "The Reet" and Monty Woolley is "The Beard." These descriptive titles are even spreading to politicians, and a man known as "The Mustache" is running for President.

* * *

I'm still waiting to get a laugh out of Wally Brown and Allan Carney. To me they aren't so funny as Laurel and Hardy, whom I never regarded as funny . . . When he was in town on leave I saw Lt. Robert Taylor walking about the streets of



Why Dixie Crosby! What does Bing say to your swooning over Frank?

Drawings by Valenty

Beverly with Barbara Stanwyck and I recalled other days when they both strolled about Beverly wearing riding habits and looking alike . . . I'm not a fellow who can be listed as a gourmet, but when I want the best fried shrimp in the country I go to the Beachcomber, and for a steak there's Chasen's, and then late at night, but just in time for the eleven o'clock floor show, I'll take a soda at the Schwabadero . . . When an actor does something foolish, I am reminded of Frank Morgan's remark that an actor can do nothing to surprise him for it was an actor who shot Lincoln . . . And that's Hollywood for you!



By way of preparation—Betty Hutton gets ready to be peppy all day



Laraine Day, M-G-M star, posing as a Marine



Jeanne Crain, Fox star, posing as a Spar

ATTEN-

Photoplay readers-

It isn't

over

yet!

TION!

Choose your

uniform and

win the

war!

Gloria De Haven, M-G-M star, posing as a Wac

Joyce Reynolds, Warners star, posing as a Wave

What Kind of Woman

Will Your Man Come Home To?

He'll expect a "different you" on that great day. A war wife tells you how to prepare for it

BY

ANN SOTHERN



Rare moment in Ann Sothern's war life: She celebrates a short leave with husband Robert Sterling at Mocambo

NOTHING will ever be the same again. When you tell your man-in-uniform good-by and he picks up his kit and sets off for those far places, he carries with him a mental picture of you wearing your perkiest hat and your bravest smile . . . a picture of the girl he fell in love with and perhaps married, a picture he'll be seeing in his mind's eye for all the months and months to come.

Right then is the moment for *you* to begin to think, "What kind of woman will he come back to?" Because when he returns, he will have changed; you will have changed; the whole world in which we live will be different. His job and yours may be different ones. Your entire relation to work and life, even to one another, may have altered.

In my own case, of course, these great changes have already begun—because we know now that Bob will be coming back to two of us instead of just to me. Already our marriage is enriched, our love is more important, our appreciation of the problems ahead is sharpened . . . because of the child we are going to have.

I can't tell you how joyful we are about this. We had hoped for it for so long. Even after I knew, I was afraid to tell my closest friends. Suppose it shouldn't happen, after all!

Now I am more and more vividly conscious that not only I but every intelligent modern girl who wants more than anything else to preserve the delicate relationship of marriage must begin now to recognize the inevitability of change—right now—and to respond to it. I don't mean that any of us can plan or prepare ourselves for *definite* personal or general post-war changes. I mean merely that there will *be* changes and there will be problems and we must keep abreast, as nearly as we can, with what is going on around us as well as in our intimate lives.

I've thought about these things since Bob went into training and I think that the smart girl will want to devise for herself a pattern of living which will assure her that her man will come back, if not to the identical woman he left, to the sort of woman who will be fitted to go hand in hand with him into whatever strange new world will be emerging. She can't foresee what it will be like any more than he can. So the best thing she can do is to live as fully and as usefully . . . and with as much *awareness* . . . as she can in the world she sees now.

She must keep herself out of mental ruts.

Bob has been in the service a year and a half now and he is certainly a different man in more ways than I can count. He has matured. His mind has sharpened, his interests have widened, he is more aware than he ever was of the world outside his own experience, his own job, his own horizons. Things which he took for granted before have become vital and dear to him.

Bob has begun, for instance, to care—and care deeply—about how his country is run and to feel a personal responsibility about it. This is especially true of Bob since he has begun to feel that he has a rather solemn stake in his country's future.

Millions of boys—and men who are too old to be called "boys"—are learning to be serious about things they scarcely thought of before the war. They're beginning to realize what it is to die, to recognize the flat, dull fact of the possibility of ceasing to be. They're becoming aware of dangers that are greater than personal dangers; they're learning the nature of the people they will have to fight. They're learning the meaning of righteous hate.

But I don't know a single man who has gone into the service who hasn't benefited by it—from the one who was too (*Continued on page* 85)

Waiting—and getting herself ready: Ann at home today





Little girl, big admirer: Cheryl Darlene and her father Roy Rogers

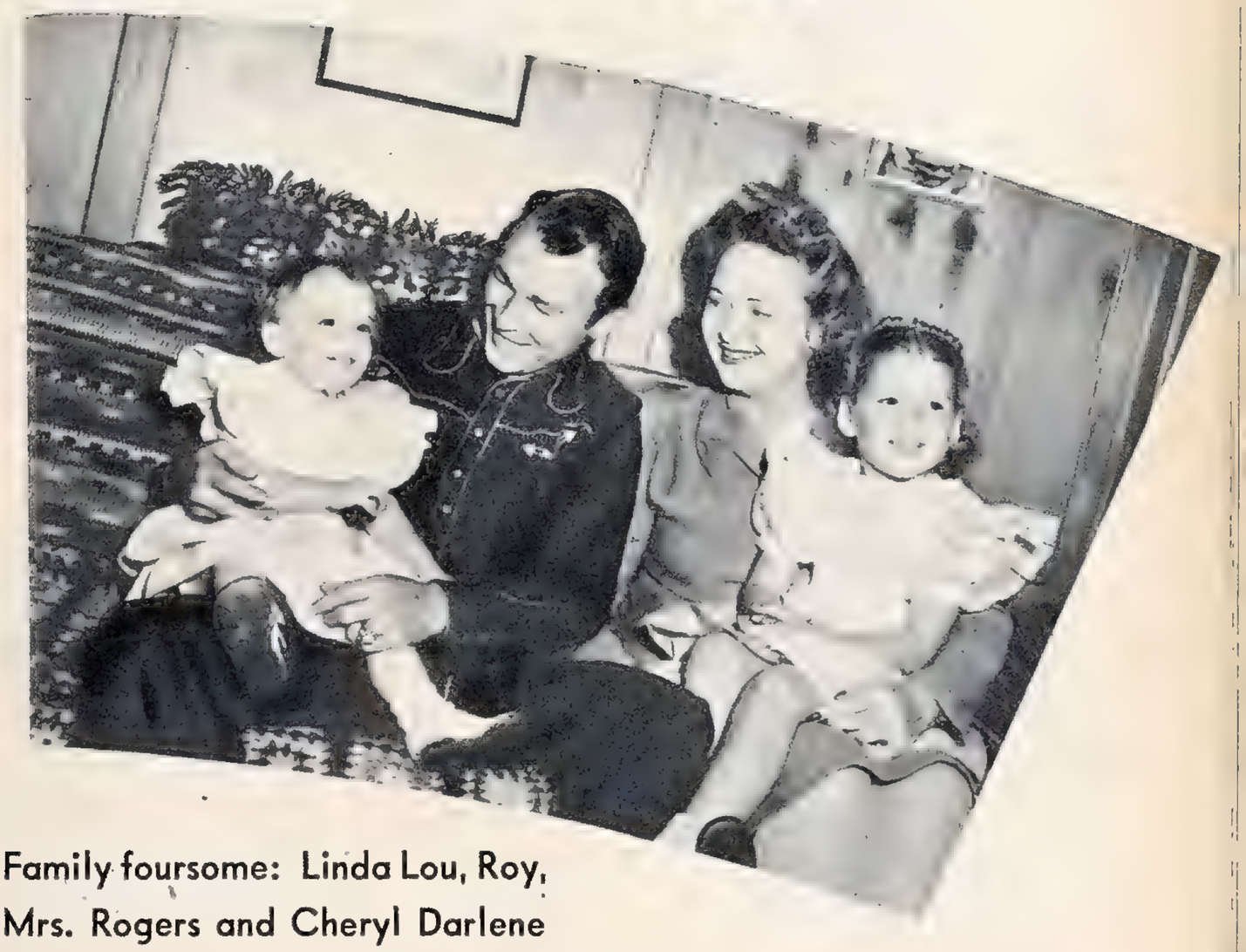


Domain, studded with fruit trees

American specialty—Roy Rogers, spurred hero of the matinee crowd, boyish business-man with cash — and credit — in hand

Cowboy in the Velvet

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY



Family foursome: Linda Lou, Roy, Mrs. Rogers and Cheryl Darlene

WOULD you like to see my pigeons?" Roy Rogers said.

I said I would and his face brightened. "That's my hobby!" he said.

He led me out through the drawing room and to the back of the house. Cheryl, his five-year-old daughter, trudged after us.

We went through a gate past the rear of the garage and then turned sharply up a steep road past a grove of lemon, avocado, peach and nectarine trees. We stopped and picked some nectarines from a branch that was loaded to the ground.

From this elevation we could look down on the house and beyond it to the hazy distance of the mountains on the other side of the San Fernando Valley. Roy was proud of his land, proud of his fruit trees and of the expansive view. But he wouldn't let us stop long.

A hundred feet or so further up the steep incline we came to a macadam platform which had been cut into the side of the hill and on which the cotes had been built.

"This used to be a badminton court," Roy explained. The cotes were built along one side of it. We peered through the wire netting where the birds were nesting.

"Did you build all these yourself?" I asked.

Roy grinned. "I sure did," he replied. "That's what I do with my Sundays. I like carpenter work and tinkering around with things. It keeps you in shape and it's a nice way to relax, especially after a long stretch of pictures."

He went into one of the cotes and gently shooed the birds out. About one hundred and fifty of them formed into a flock and swooped and whirled overhead in great circles.

"I have to do this a couple of times a day," he said, "to exercise them. We'll be racing them in a couple of months. Andy Devine and a lot of others of us have a club and we race against each other. It's good sport. But I'll miss it this year," he added sadly. "I'll be off on that rodeo tour just when the season opens."

We watched the birds until, having had enough exercise, they swooped down and returned to their cotes. "That's part of their training," Roy said. "When you race them they've got to be trained to return to their own cote, otherwise it's no go."

We went back to the house, Cheryl romping behind us with her Dalmatian carriage dog.

Arlene, Roy's wife, met us at the door with their fifteen-months-old baby in her arms.

Roy led the procession into the den where he keeps his trophies and souvenirs. "This is *my* room," he said.

On the mantelpiece and on shelves against the wall were cups of various shapes and sizes. Roy pointed them out.

"That one I won last year in the pigeon race," he said. "That one over there was for deep-sea fishing —a two-hundred-and-forty-three-pound shark I landed off Catalina. I saw his fin in the water and I stuck a piece of mackerel on a hook and, bang, he grabbed it. What a battle that was, but I finally landed him."

A beautiful painting of Trigger hung on the wall over the fireplace. Roy told me it was painted by an artist who used to hang around Madison Square Garden last year when Roy was there with the rodeo show.

"It sure does look like Trigger," Roy said admiringly.

Above the portrait there was a pair of (*Continued on page* 92)

Dramatic force: Katharine Hepburn of M-G-M's "Dragon Seed"

The world-famous author of "Dragon Seed" and "The Good Earth" returns from Hollywood with these fascinating and provocative

IMPRESSIONS...

By Pearl S. Buck



Revealing in person the characters Pearl Buck created: Turhan Bey and Katharine Hepburn on the set of "Dragon Seed" with the author

. . . of Katharine Hepburn



I HAD watched Katharine Hepburn on the set of "Dragon Seed" for only a few minutes when I began to realize what a difficult task it is to portray someone outside of one's own skin, so to speak. The whole world is the same at heart—a girl like *Jade* can be found anywhere in the American countryside, and a girl like Katharine Hepburn, excepting her genius, can be found in China, too. But hearts are hidden inside of skeletons and skins and behind traditions and customs and differing civilizations.

I felt, as I watched her, that Katharine Hepburn was too intelligent not to know this, too, and that she was straining to get outside of herself and into the Chinese girl she had to portray.

It was only a visit of a few minutes—I saw her in one shot only—and then I went on my one day's tour of Hollywood to watch other actors and other sets, in other stories. But I think I saw no one more deeply engaged in her work, or more conscious of all its demands.

. . . of patience

The thing that impressed me most about Hollywood, perhaps, aside from the miraculous technology of the whole thing, the perfection of the machine, was the seriousness with which everybody took his work and the polished patience that everybody had with every other body. I remarked on this patience to one of the directors and he said—rather grimly I thought—"We've learned that patience pays. If somebody flies off his handle, it gums up the whole works. You can't co-operate without patience."

It was one of those large simple truths, struck off from the fires of experience, which would be of use in solving world problems if it could be applied on a world scale. There will be no co-operation anywhere unless we have patience with one another. But it is odd, perhaps, that Hollywood should learn it first so thoroughly.

. . . of the machine that is Hollywood



Or so it seemed to me, at first. Then toward the end of the day I saw that it was not odd at all, and that Hollywood was exactly the place where it should be learned first. Perfected machines demand perfect coordination of the people behind them, because machines are relentless in their requirements. Set to do a certain job, they do it regardless of human temperaments or they don't do it at all. When those great cameras swung into focus, when the lighting was exact, when every part of the machine was ready to function, the human being had to function, too, or the wastage was enormous.

. . . of prima donna temperament

The famous prima donna temperament cannot be very welcome in Hollywood, I imagine. Every second of it costs delay and delay costs money. The machines are inexorable and actors and actresses must meet their terms. Men and women learn the grimness of those terms. There is something as grim as the laws of heaven and earth about those huge machines. Indeed I had a curious feeling when I was watching them at work, that the whole business was like the grinding mills of the gods. The human beings seemed small and compelled to act by forces beyond them.

. . . of working together

Out of this compulsion they learned co-operation. Hundreds of people moved at a signal. A call, a hand raised, and the mills began to grind and the people to move, to speak. Each had his job and each did it. A single failure and the whole work failed. The co-operation had to be of the closest and most refined sort. I could see that people would come out of it either better or worse than they had been before they went into it, but they could not be unchanged.

. . . of the lovers' kiss



Of course there was not much opportunity for individual creative effort. Everything was blueprinted, everything directed. It was rather horrifying to see a kiss between lovers as carefully plotted and planned and carried out as (*Continued on page* 100)

If *you* were

Only the Ladds could

IF you were a house guest of the Alan Ladds, you'd visit one of the most bustling human beehives in Hollywood—with a strictly original label, and that label is "Ladd." Only the Ladds have so much traffic through their house; and only the Ladds have decorated their home with such unique and yet comfortable ideas. But wait! Let's get you there first!

It's Friday around noontime when you drive up the quiet residential street in Los Feliz Hills where the Ladds live—a section of hillside homes between Hollywood and Griffith Park and only five minutes' drive from Alan's studio. Across the street live the Bill Bendixes in a small white bungalow and up the block is Cecil De Mille's home. But you have eyes only for the Ladd house—which looks neither bustling nor particularly original from the outside. Standing on a small knoll about fifty feet back from the sidewalk, with a lawn sloping before it,



Bustling human beehive — the Ladd home



Mother Sue with Alana, who looks like a ballerina



The bar, decorated with ads of Alan's films pasted up by Susie herself



Built-in couch, books, prints in the den

Alan Ladd's *house guest*

do it—build this charming home life with such unique ideas!

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

it's an ivy-covered square Normandy-style house. Only the brown shingled roof holding the gabled bedroom windows of the second floor is free of ivy . . . but now you're walking up the red brick walk to the door and ringing the bell.

A smiling, neat and gracious colored maid opens the door to you. She is Georgia, the Ladds' only servant and superb cook. But you hardly notice her now—because from somewhere inside comes pandemonium! It sounds like an army of people, all shouting and laughing at once—but here is Georgia ushering you right into the midst of it, which is the Ladd dining room. Seated at the luncheon table are nine people: Alan himself, who is having a rare day off from work; Sue; their two ex-actress secretaries, Miss Ada Clark and Miss Diane Marlowe; the Polish gardener from next door, who is a young man named Raymond; and four girl autograph-hounds. (Later, you discover that The Four are welcome visitors at the Ladd house—ever since the midnight a year ago when Sue and Alan came home from a party and found them shivering on the front doorstep, determined to get Alan's signature. The Ladds not only gave them autographs, but hot chocolate and cake and a ride home. Ever since then The Four have been worshipfully around making themselves useful! You also discover, later, that the gardener Raymond is Alan's partner in any fence-building or repair work around the house; and that they are fast friends as well.)

But right now, you're just bewildered by the uproar. Alan and Sue both leap up, introduce you, pull up a chair for you and then the pandemonium starts again. It's not until you've downed some of Georgia's mouth-melting cheese soufflé and hot biscuits that you can focus your attention on your host and hostess—who are as serene as if this were a normal home luncheon! Alan's green-yellow eyes and slow smile keep lighting on you while he talks fence-building with Raymond; and *your* eyes keep lighting covetously on his dark brown leather-and-cloth sports jacket and tan gabardine slacks. You note that Sue's face wouldn't be familiar without her gay smile which seems to be permanent—and you like her simple Kelly green hostess gown which brings out her dark brown eyes and hair.

It's hopeless trying to outshout the others, though, so you give up all idea of talking until later; and meanwhile you look around the dining room and find it everything a dining room should be—sunlight streams in through floor-length glass curtains to the dark green carpeting, and dances on the gray wallpaper flecked with pale yellow leaves above delicate (*Cont'd on page* 97)



Fabulous corner in the dark-green living room: The enormous square coffee table

Ground floor of the brick playhouse, styled like an English tavern



GROWING PAINS



Diana Lynn



Susanna Foster



Gail Russell



Turhan Bey

"BE nice to the young," said wily old George Bernard Shaw recently. His theory was that among the young of today are the big shots of tomorrow. Mr. Shaw may have had Hollywood in mind, because never before in the history of picture-making has there been so much promising material among our younger set. There's Diana Lynn, Van (what-a-smile) Johnson, June Allyson, John Hodiak, Gail Russell, Turhan Bey, Esther Williams, Susanna Foster and William Eythe, to mention just a few of them.

But whether these kids develop into a Gable, a Garbo, a Davis, a Cagney, a Dunne or a Boyer depends greatly on how they come through the dangerous malady known as "growing pains." Too frequently they do not survive the first symptom of the disease—a swelled head—and are buried with the epitaph, "I wonder what became of so and so. He (or she) seemed such a promising youngster."

When the news came out that Esther Williams was divorcing her dentist husband, Doctor Leo Kovner, Hollywood began to be worried. Esther had kept this marriage on the quiet side during the period when she was comparatively unknown in Hollywood. Then, immediately after her success in "Bathing Beauty," she ups and announces plans for a divorce. The man was good enough for her until she was a star. Was it fame or friction behind the discord? Knowing Esther, Fearless, however, is sure now that the divorce would have come with or without her Hollywood success.

Esther is the first swimming star since Johnny Weissmuller and Annette Kellerman to make good in pictures. She takes her career seriously now, but at the beginning she regarded her Hollywood contract as a moderately amusing joke. Here is a girl with no inhibitions at all. Her motto in life is, "Everything works out for the best." Even now, when she wants to be a smash success in pictures, she is relaxed about everything in the way that a long-distance swimmer is relaxed during the first half of the race.

An instance of how she takes things in her easy stride: Esther has never been to New York. She

by "Fearless"



Van Johnson — Esther Williams — William Eythe — June Allyson

They'd better watch out or they'll stub their toes on the way to stardom! Looking over the foibles of the young white hopes

was promised a trip to the magic city by her Metro bosses as a reward for "Bathing Beauty." To make the jaunt, Esther cheerfully worked day and night to complete her swimming sequences in "The Ziegfeld Follies." She bought herself a stunning new wardrobe; she was going to show them in New York that she looked as good in clothes as she did without them! They gave her a farewell luncheon at the studio here. Then at five-thirty on the evening of the day before she was due to depart, the trip had to be cancelled because the prop girl had forgotten to order something vital for Esther's last appearance before the camera in the morning.

Most girls of twenty-two would have cried their eyes out with disappointment. But not Esther. "It's all for the best," she said calmly. "I can go another time." And it *was* all for the best. Because three weeks later, the train on which Esther would have returned to Hollywood was wrecked!

With a girl of that reasonable caliber, growing pains probably won't be too serious.

From the way Van Johnson talks, it's hard to believe that he was ever in love with anything except his acting career. But way back, before Van came to Hollywood, there was a girl in the East. She used to send him ties before he hit the jackpot of fame. But like the stars in Hollywood who have pursued Van, she, too, came to realize that Van is concentrating on his career and that girls, for the present, are a second-best to the likable young actor.

Van is as tense about his job as Miss Williams is relaxed about hers. "I'm never contented with what I've done," he recently told Fearless. "I feel that I'll never achieve my ambition." Which is nonsense, because Van has already reached a spot in a couple of years that should, if he does not overdo things, sweep him to the front rank of box-office favorites.

All work and no play makes Jack —and Van—a dull boy. There's such a thing as being too ambitious. The girls of Hollywood naturally resent Van's preoccupation with his work. So take a tip, Van: Take it easier.

June Allyson is one of the nicest young actresses of Hollywood. That she is also one of the best actresses in the younger set, with a huge amount of sex appeal, was discovered by producer Joe Pasternak just six months ago, when he co-starred her with Van Johnson and Gloria De Haven in "Two Girls And A Sailor."

"They tried at first to make me a glamour girl," June told Fearless with a slight shudder. "They plastered my face with make-up and you couldn't tell where my eyes or lips began or ended. I looked a very wicked woman!" The result—movie producers were distinctly not interested. Some of these tests are now shown at Hollywood parties when guests want a real laugh. June laughs with them. The kid has a sense of humor. She can even laugh when columnists link her name in matrimony with men she does not know, as, for instance, Van Johnson. "I've never even been out with him!" June told Fearless.

June lives alone in an apartment with a housekeeper. The praise that pleases her most is when people refer to her as "the Margaret Sullavan of musical *(Continued on page* 103)

Glorious



Wardrobe business: A star must be a style-setter



HER MOTHER calls her "the finest daughter any mother ever had." M-G-M calls her "baby dynamite." Frank Sinatra calls her "the comb" because she can't let her hair alone. The radio people call her "potentially the greatest radio personality we've come across this year." Me, I call her the great star of five years hence. You, and I, and M-G-M, and Frankie, the Voice, and the radio people and some six dozen adoring swains know her as Gloria De Haven.

She was nineteen the third Sunday in this past July and with merely four major pictures tucked under her tidy belt, "Best Foot Forward," "Broadway Rhythm," "Two Girls And A Sailor," and "Step Lively," small Miss De Haven is definitely set.

While M-G-M is currently stressing the co-starring angle on her and June Allyson and while the girls have a couple more productions slated to make together, you may expect their paths to diverge widely any day now. This is not alone the fundamental difference in their personalities but the fundamental difference in the executive attitude toward them. Watch Gloria. She has the true star temperament.

She has the quality of emotional steel hidden, in her case, behind a passion-flower face and cased in an impudently voluptuous body.

Many a star has risen to prominence without the De Haven physical beauty, but no star has lasted in the business without this steely quality in her character.

That's why the producers whistle

De Haven

She's yours here—for the reading.

Gloria, "baby dynamite" who's busy

time-stepping to Hollywood stardom



Home life: In the flat Robert Walker vacated

Dates: Lots of them. Here it's Dave Rose



Beauty: Sinatra calls her "the comb." Reason, obvious



BY RUTH WATERBURY

grudgingly as Gloria time-steps along. They'd so much rather promote a gentle lamb of a girl, these producers. They so often have. The only trouble is that lamblike personalities do not become million-dollar ones. They lack something that the public demands—strength.

Gloria is a professional. There's an old theatrical wisecrack that says that the difference between the amateur and the professional is that the professional knows how tough it is.

Gloria knows, deeply and terribly, how tough it is. Do not be deceived by her languorous air of being a young debutante just awakened from a lace-edged pillow. For seventeen of her nineteen years it has been tough all the way. That air of luxury she conveys is her bit of acting. Instead of having lived in luxury, she has spent nearly all her life, until two years ago, coming home to find the wolf moved off the doorstep and into the living room, all set to snap at her when she told her mother that, once again, she hadn't got some part, which valiantly and all by herself, she had tried out for.

The saga of Gloria and her mother fighting it out alone in Hollywood (since Gloria's brother Carter, married and with a family of his own, and sister Marjorie away in New York, couldn't help) is one of those brave ones forever being enacted in the side streets just off Hollywood Boulevard, or off Broadway in Manhattan. However, the story of the De Havens is more heroic than most of them. The really brave don't cry, you know. The really brave don't complain. They just fight, and fight, and fight, against the most overwhelming odds, and once in a blue moon they win, as Gloria is winning today—for which let us give the kid all credit.

You listen fast to the story of her background and it sounds just dandy, as it is meant to sound. Gloria's parents were Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven of stage, musical comedy, vaudeville and early movie fame. Gloria was the youngest of their three children, her brother, Carter De Haven Jr., now an assistant director at Columbia, and her sister, Marjorie, who has been in Broadway musicals, and is now starting in pictures, being the other two. This makes it sound as though Gloria, arriving several years after the other kids, was born with a silver key to Hollywood in her mouth.

She wasn't. She was born in Hollywood, all right, but born to heartbreak and hardship and what was sometimes perilously close to hunger. But she was also born to the greatest of all things—to love; the selfless, complete love of a good mother for her child. And because her mother's love for her was so great, Gloria, too, learned how to love like that, completely, and unselfishly.

WHAT had happened was that when she was fourteen months old, her parents separated. The children stayed with their mother in Hollywood, where Gloria had been born, because Mrs. De Haven loved the town. (*Continued on page* 68)

"Why I'm Still Single"

Turhan Bey says: "Why am I still single? Because no girl has asked me yet! And that's no lie. You see, I'm sure I'll never have the nerve to propose for fear of being turned down—which would humiliate me completely. I'd never recover from it; for, after all, asking a girl to be your wife is asking her to share your life and what more is there to offer in this world? However, even though I want the girl to do the proposing, I don't want her to chase me. *I* want to do all the preliminary footwork and then have *her* pop the question. I can't bear the dogged type of girl who is always calling men on the telephone. Nor can I bear sophisticated girls, even though I am supposed to be sophisticated myself (mainly, I have this reputation because I still follow the Continental custom of kissing ladies' hands). Also, I don't care much for blondes. What I'd like to marry is a brunette who's what you call "a good joe"—someone who would ride horseback a lot with me and who's a friendly companion. After we're married, unless my views change a lot, I don't care particularly whether we have children or not. Right now, then, my plans are like this: I'd like to wait another two or three years; then I'd like to chase a hard-to-get brunette; then I'd like her to propose to me so I could yell 'Yes!' "





Helmut Dantine claims: "Luckily I don't believe in the old saw that 'There is just one right person in the world for each of us'—because if that were true, my romantic life would be dead and buried already. You see, I not only met a girl who was right for me, I married her; and then I was foolish enough to let her go. Gwen Anderson and I have been separated two years now, and divorced one year . . . and it wasn't until our marriage was ended that I realized how much she meant to me. But I also realized what the trouble was—she had a career, an acting career. I learned that much toward a happier second marriage. Now, I am sure there are hundreds of other girls in the world who are just as perfect for me as Gwen was; and I shall marry one the minute I meet her—*provided* she isn't a career woman in any sense of the word. I want her to be intelligent, good, kind, attractive; but definitely minus a career. Yet I'm not the sort of husband who wants her to be a 'yes-yesing' reflection of himself. I want her to retain a personality of her own; I want our marriage to be a partnership—not a relationship in which I dominate everything. And I don't care what kind of a cook or bed-maker she is; I'd like her merely to supervise a gracious home. But at this very moment I just want to meet her—for being a gay bachelor has become a little dull. I want a wife and a home right now."



Eddie Ryan declares: "I'm not married because I have a Marriage Plan—which will take place in fifteen years, when I'm thirty-five. Besides, I'm not in love with anyone, and haven't been since I was fourteen . . . and it'll probably be fifteen more years before I fall in love again, since I don't want to marry anyone in the entertainment world, and that's all I ever seem to meet. I want someone completely un-phony—and boy! do I know my female phonies, on account of being in show business ever since I was a baby. I want someone who's sincere, unaffected, simple and in love with me, and I don't even care if she's homely. But the biggest item is—this marriage is going to *last*. I don't believe in divorce at all and, since a lifetime can be a long time, I want to look this girl over during a long courtship before we get spliced. And, frankly, I'm afraid some smart girl might take advantage of me if it's a short courtship—I'm such a simple guy, in fact you might say old-fashioned. You see, I don't drink or smoke, and I hate night clubs and parties and swing music. What I love is baseball, badminton, miniature golf, Ping-pong, and movies—and Al Jolson's singing and Dixieland. When you think about it, do you think a finicky guy like me has a chance to marry, even at thirty-five? What've I got to lure 'em with?"



Richard Crane asserts: "I have the girl, I have her agreement to marry me—but I'm still going to be single for some time because what I don't have is financial security. I was married and it floundered because of insecurity; so I won't marry Kay Morley until I'm definitely sure of my future—or else until the day when we both feel we either have to marry or break up. Right now I'm perfectly satisfied, just planning ahead, and seeing Kay every evening for dinner. She's an actress now, but she isn't very keen on a career and after we're married I think she'll give it up entirely. Maybe you think I'm not very dashing, waiting for security like this when I've already met the girl I want to marry; but I know what the long acting struggle is like—I've been everything between acting roles, from a service station attendant to an aircraft worker, to a dishwasher, to a Sears Roebuck customer's service man. So right now I'm saving money to buy a duplex and then Kay and I will get married and live in one half and rent out the other half. Because Kay is everything I want—a very pretty brunette, who is bright, who understands the entertainment business and who is not the least bit affected by Hollywood. So I know our marriage will last if only I can get a bit of security under my belt first. Please wish Kay and me luck!"



William Eythe maintains: "The sordid truth is, I've met plenty of girls I could have married—I've even asked a lot of them to marry me—but we both thought better of it later. I truly believe that you should either get married very, very young, or wait until you're thirty—when you're intellectually, spiritually and sexually mature. Since I am now neatly in between, I think I'll wait until I'm thirty, and then I'll marry a girl the same age. Definitely, she won't be an actress; I'm pretty self-centered and if she were self-centered too we'd fight like pigs. I wouldn't mind if she were a writer or painter, but no public performer for me. I don't care whether she's a raving beauty or not, beauty's a dime a dozen. I hope she enjoys what I enjoy, which is good talk, mainly . . . and she'd better want five sons, as I do! I'm going to wait until after the war before I even look seriously for this girl, because I want to see what the war does to women—I want neither a military disciplinarian nor a frilly doll. I know that wife-hunting is tough these days because we're still looking for romance—and there isn't any in this scientific age. Well, there are my views . . . and I sincerely trust I won't rush out and do the opposite tomorrow!"

Measure of a Man

This is how John Wayne adds up—to a total guaranteed to catch the female fancy

BY ROSEMARY WEST



"The Duke" as Daddy: With his "half and half"—two boys, Michael and Pat, and two girls, Toni and Melinda

THE booths in the RKO commissary were apparently first designed for midgets, and the six feet four of John "The Duke" Wayne was coiled over and under the booth like a wandering telephone cord. But it wasn't the cramped booth that was making us wretched. It was the fact that we wanted to tell the truth about the Duke.

He was all against it. "You can't," he kept arguing, with that lopsided smile of his, his eyes deeply troubled. "Let me stay the heavy. What the heck!"

Anyone would go for this Wayne guy. It isn't all based on that tall, male handsomeness of his, either. T. M. handsomeness comes like glamour in Hollywood, a dime the well-known dozen.

Rare and blessed qualities anywhere, however, are brains that express themselves in a dogged honesty; sensitiveness that registers as personal shyness; human dignity that will permit misunderstanding rather than resort to self-praising and self-justifying. Yes, rare indeed anywhere; but in Hollywood, a show-off and a blow-hard town, such qualities exist in John Wayne, and mighty few others.

Take, by way of introduction to his true character, the event that happened when his best friend, John Ford, the director, got him the lead in "Stagecoach." Ford fought and bled for Wayne in that role. To the actor himself it meant not alone fame and fortune but something that to him, and to Ford, was more important. It meant getting into "A" pictures and proving that he was something more than a second-rate Western star, which was all he had been up to that date.

So what did the big goof do, with so much at stake, when Ford told him he had the role? He sat and argued. He said, "Jack, you're all wrong. You're crazy. The man for the part is Lloyd Nolan."

The only way they got out of the stymie was Ford's refusal to do the picture without him. The Duke couldn't block his pal like that, so he made the film and it made him in return. Not that the Duke's ever told this story personally.

He didn't tell this one, either, but a certain producer did. The producer sent the script of a very important picture to Wayne recently. No other player had yet seen it. The male lead was one with a lot of comedy and his being offered it came as a result of his playing "A Lady Takes A Chance." The Duke wanted to play the role just as all actors do, when roles are full of variety and color. But while he was reading the script he heard that a close pal yearned for the same part.

Yes, that's what happened. The Duke turned the script back. "It's not for me," he said. The producer is no dope. He retorted, "Listen, that other actor is a fine performer, none better, but this is definitely not for him. I won't even have him tested for it. I am casting him for another picture over here, but never this one." It did no good. The Duke stuck to his refusal. He wouldn't, even by inference, be put in a position to hurt a friend.

As for "A Lady Takes A Chance," that is where the Frank Rosses mixed themselves into the Wayne destiny. The script was not manufactured, as you may have thought, for that saucy, warm-hearted Mrs. Ross, whom you know as Jean Arthur. No. The Rosses had it expressly tailored to fit John Wayne. They even had its central character called "The Duke" so that no Hollywood producer could possibly miss the identification. The Rosses did just that, and made a hit, because they knew if they didn't take things into their own hands the Duke would never tootle his own horn loud enough to get the comedy setting they were persuaded he deserved.

It's been ever thus with this fellow. He knows what he wants and he has the qualities to back up every opportunity offered, but he can't push himself, if that self-pushing means a lot of great "I Am" shouting. However, his friends worship him so that they stay at a continual boiling point to do the pushing.

That's even how he got nicknamed "Duke" (*Continued on page 87*)



Ens. Murray, whose letter is headed "At sea," says: "Dolores Moran is my favorite actress. Her lovely hair is so very becoming to her. May my picture of her be before a mirror combing her hair? A lock of her hair would make the 'ruff seas calm' if she would send me one." Herewith the picture, the mirror, the comb—and the beautiful blonde!



Ensign G. B. Murray, FPO, San Francisco



Pvt. Charles Blisten, APO, San Francisco



William Cole, A M M 2 c, N. A. T. T. C. Chicago, Ill.

"Lou Costello is my favorite comedian; the main reason is for his gallant fight of rheumatic fever. I had it, too, about the same time as he, only not so bad. I'd like to see Costello playing a joke on Abbott. Since he is usually the recipient of Abbott's jokes, I'd like a picture of Costello giving Abbott a hot foot!" Above is Mr. Abbott with a plotting Mr. Costello underfoot

Photoplay's

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Service men ask for—and get —what they want, i.e., these specially posed star pictures

"Many, many months have passed since I've seen milk, let alone tasted it. I'd like to see a picture of Paulette Goddard partaking of some milk and cake. It isn't often that we in the South Pacific get a mag like Photoplay. When it does appear in the PX, the boys gobble them up. This time I was lucky and got one. My home is in Brooklyn, New York."



S2/c William H. Knight, Jr., now in Texas

"Stogie Bill" writes: "My favorite actress and dream girl is Ann Rutherford. I would like most to see her supposedly writing her sweetheart if he were a sailor in the service. I have read of the lucky guys who have received photos of their favorite stars. I don't feel lucky, just blue, so I thought I'd try anyway."

On these pages each month the stars pose at the command of our service men and women, who then receive the original picture autographed by the star. Photoplay invites you boys and girls in service to try your luck. Tell us what you'd like to see your favorite star doing and why and our photographer Hymie Fink will do his best to fill your request. Address your requests to: Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.—give the name of your home town and enclose a snapshot of yourself. We're sorry we can't return your picture.

"I am one of Susanna Foster's many fans and I would like to see Miss Foster sitting at a piano singing 'Santa Lucia,' and I would be the happiest man in the world. I wouldn't be able to hear her singing it but looking at her picture that way would be just as good. I picked the song because it is a song my mother used to sing to me long ago when I was just a kid."

"I have been away from American beauties for quite a few months now; as you can imagine, all I see is men! Men in little trucks, big trucks and jeeps. It would be a wonderful treat for all the other Marines and myself if Marjorie Reynolds would consent to pose in a jeep for us. I assure you that such a picture would shorten the war by at least three full months!"



Pfc. James W. Morrow, FPO, San Francisco

S1/c Pasquale Giammarinaro



Two Merchant Mariners plus one good game of gin rummy—Dick and pal Leo Ross



Shore leave—with privileges: A man can put his feet up . . .



. . . and raid the family ice box with no qualms or repercussions

THE TIRED ADMIRAL

Sailing along with a salt-water sailor—towheaded Richard Jaeckel

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

ON the Sunset Strip there is a gracious hotel allowing a spectacular view of Hollywood, Los Angeles and any other terrain you may care to view on a clear day; in this spacious and comfortable hotel there are a series of charmingly appointed apartments; in one of these apartments there is a vast, airy bedroom distinguished by a deep inner-spring mattress. And in this bed, like a seed in the center of a watermelon, there once was a character who should have been enjoying his last civilian sleep for a long, long time.

Instead of snoozing, he was sitting bolt upright in the gray dawn, saying some very nasty things about the dog downstairs. The dog had started a series of alternate barkings and howlings at midnight and was still going strong at 4 A.M.

"You're a dastardly fellow," muttered R. Hanley Jaeckel, "and it gives me joy to know that tomorrow night at this time I will be in the Merchant Marine and my sleep will not be ruined by a low-life canine."

And the following night, true to prediction, Dick was a novice boot in the U. S. Maritime Service Training Camp on Catalina Island. The island paper, "Maritime Murmurs," likes to call the island "Guadalcatalina."

Apropos of practically nothing, Dick's selection of the Maritime Service was the direct result of his experiences in Twentieth Century-Fox's picture, "Guadalcanal Diary." Much of this picture was shot on an American battle wagon; during the location period on the high seas Dick had a chance to talk to the seamen aboard and learned that, if he chose the Navy, he would have to undergo prolonged training, then might be assigned to making training films or steering a course through a desk job.

Being strictly a salt-water sailor and harboring no interest in the sailing potential of a file cabinet, or fog conditions around a mahogany swivel chair, Dick decided that the thirteen-week training period in the Merchant Marine to be followed positively by sea duty was the dish for Jaeckel.

He talked it over with smart, sleek, handsome Millicent Jaeckel, who looks and thinks much more like an older sister than like a mother. Dick's method of talking it over was to say, "Look, Mom, you'll have to sign a flock of papers before they'll take me."

Like any mother, Mrs. Jaeckel was in no hurry to have her seventeen-year-old towhead slugging it with the enemy toe-to-toe. "Why not take it easy?" she wanted to know, speaking his language with an authority that makes her the honey of all Dick's friends. "Why not wait another year and go into the Air Corps?"

"Time's a-wasting, Mom. Gotta get going. Gotta get on the ball. You want them to up and finish this war before I get a chance? Well, then, how about some penmanship?"

So Mrs. Jaeckel practically signed her life away, and Dick was bound for blues. (Speaking of uniforms, Dick had taken even this routine matter into consideration: When a merchant seaman is off duty, he is allowed to wear civilian clothing, an arrangement that appealed to Dick. In his closet he had a resplendent collection of plaid sport coats and compatible slacks; being thrifty, he couldn't see the sense of abandoning them to the moths. By returning them to wear from time to time he figured that he would eke full value from his purchases.)

Also there was the matter of a sun tan. Anyone who knows anything about pre-war Catalina Island knows that the deepest cafe-au-lait suntans on the West Coast were to be obtained in the salt air and soaking sunshine (*Continued on page* 89)



"Like an older sister": Sleek and handsome mother Millicent

The mariner poses in uniform with the grin that's reminiscent of his last picture before entering the Merchant Marine—"Wing And A Prayer"



YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

Here's my story—an unusually funny one:

I am twenty-five and in the Army. I entered service in November, 1942. At the time of my induction I was planning to marry a girl I love more than anything else in the world. She had been married before and had a lovely little girl. I thought as much of that child as her mother did.

I had bought a new car just before I entered service, so I left it with this girl. As her job was not a high-paying one, I was saving some money each month, out of my $52 check, and sending it to her. I was really faithful to her in all respects and wrote every day; she wrote pretty regularly. My folks liked her a lot and helped her when they could, as they had known her for two years while we had been keeping company.

My first furlough was wonderful. She was sweet to me and seemed anxious to have me home for good so we could be married. Just last month I managed to get my second leave. I telegraphed her that I was on my way home, but two hours before I was leaving I received a telegram reading, "Leaving town." This put a blanket on things for me.

When I reached home I found that she had quit her job and gone to live with her sister in the next town. I did manage to talk to her on the telephone, but even when she promised to come right over to see me and my family, she broke her word.

Now that I am back at camp I have had one letter from her saying that she didn't want to get married until after the war was over and that she would write at a later date.

I have tried to go out with other girls and enjoy myself, but it seems impossible. No matter how well kind-hearted girls treat me, I still keep hope of regaining my girl's love.

What do you make of it? What would you advise?

Forward to Victory, from
Corporal W. P. O.

Dear Corporal O:

It would seem to me that you have been extremely generous and kind, as your family has, too, to the girl. Surely you deserve better treatment.

Your letter is like a bit of picture puzzle that needs added portions to show a full panorama. Have you tried to fit the puzzle together by imagining what sort of letter this girl would write to me? Would she say she had met someone else whom she loved, but that she didn't want to hurt you by telling the truth? Could some misunderstanding have occurred between her and your family, the story of which neither is telling you?

It would appear that the only way for you to get this straightened out would be to write a straightforward letter, assuring her that you want the truth. Tell her you won't be hurt or angry, nor will you blame her, because you know that human beings and life itself are subject to change. Simply explain that you cannot endure the suspense and that you would rather know the true state of affairs in preference to being kept dangling.

Claudette Colbert

(*Continued on page* 105)

You can talk over whatever is troubling you with Claudette Colbert simply by writing to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it on these pages



HER RING—a "miniature" of her fiancé's class ring, is set with a diamond and small rubies

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of Columbus, Ohio
fiancée of Cadet Robert Northrup Ives
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Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful "Pond's look."

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She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—with little spiral whirls of her white-coated fingers—for *extra* cleansing—*extra* softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face Pond's beauty care, every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the big luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it's so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in this wide-topped Pond's jar.

A few of the Ponds' Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle · Lady Kinross
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Viscountess Milton

P
M
M

If My Daughter Were Seventeen . . .

(*Continued from page* 33) friends with you, they'll stop too."

But, personally, I've always admired girls who have a certain amount of reservation. Calm, intelligent, conservative girls with an air of easy dignity and restraint.

It was that quality about Big Nancy that first intrigued and attracted me to her. She kids me now a lot about playing "hard to get." But actually she was hard to get. And it was her conservativeness that first made me fall for her.

I'll never forget the first time I ever saw her. It was down on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey. I was visiting my aunt who had a house right across the street from the summer home of Nancy's folks. I played a pretty mean ukulele then and always took it down to the beach with me where, by playing it loud enough and singing a little louder, I usually attracted quite an audience. But never Nancy.

Then one day I finally got to talk to her. She was sitting on the porch of her house giving somebody a manicure. I was going to the beach and just "happened" to walk by on her side of the street.

"Why don't you fix mine?" I said.

"Well, come on in," she agreed.

It was an unfortunate approach at the time, even though it did turn out so well later on. For the first time in my life I had my nails manicured. I went around for the next four days with band-aids on all my fingers!

If my daughter were seventeen I'd want her to be as reserved as her mother was. A certain amount of unattainability makes for sweet womanliness and charm.

If Little Miss Moonbeam were seventeen today I'd want her to have the utmost confidence in me.

I think an honor system is always the best bet, with everything on a fifty-fifty basis between the parents and the girl. But this is something that parents have to work at too. We have to get a little groovy with our children, jiggle up the old joints.

I'd want to keep our home gay and friendly so that Nancy would feel free to bring all her boy friends and girl friends there. If she were seventeen and going with boys, I'd like to meet the kid.

I've always respected very much any girl who asked me home to meet her folks. As a matter of fact, when Nancy did, I fell in love with her parents even before I fell for her!

I WOULD try to be sure, too, that little Nancy at seventeen was prepared to shoulder any responsibilities that she might have later. Cooking, sewing, driving a car. To be prepared so that if later on, like her mother, she should happen to fall in love with a fellow making $18 a week, she'd manage and be just as happy as her mother and this—er—uh—other fellow were.

Big Nancy's practical knowledge came in handy for a long time. The first trip to Hollywood, for instance. I was singing with Harry James' band then. His salary had been attached and there was a while there when he couldn't pay us anything. We rented an apartment in Beverly Hills and pooled our money for that first month's rent. Then for two weeks we had practically nothing to eat but onion sandwiches. Ugh . . . I can taste 'em now.

Yep, if my daughter were seventeen now I'd want her to be able to take anything—even those blamed onion sandwiches.

It makes me very proud now when I hear kids who can discuss current topics and have a working knowledge of what's happening around them. If Little Nancy were seventeen I would want her to realize her share of this responsibility and the importance a good education plays in helping prepare one for it.

I don't think kids realize what they're missing when they decide not to go to college. It's especially important to girls, for it gives them a chance to choose social friends from classmates that will mean much to them later on. I sincerely believe all kids should go on to college if they can. It makes you feel so left out of things later on if all your other pals go and you don't. I have many buddies and friends I went to high school with and we sit around often and rehash things that happened. But when they get through high school I automatically drop out of the conversation. I get off there.

I've always admired intelligent girls you could talk to about good music, good books, or the latest happening in world affairs. If my daughter were seventeen, I'd certainly want her to be able to "carry the ball" in any intelligent discussions going on around her.

I would want my teen-age daughter to know good music. Her mother and I have been dreaming for years of Nancy's becoming a great musician. She has a great ear for music now and, although she isn't conscious of it, I'm training it all I can. I'm wearing out my record collection of classics on her now.

I would want her at seventeen to read all the best books. And I'm doing all I can in that direction now too. I read to her every night when I get home.

If my daughter were seventeen, I would want her instinctively to have those qualities that are most important—honesty, generosity and loyalty—and honesty above the rest. I would emphasize the desirability of being helpful to others whenever she can.

By the time my daughter is seventeen I hope she will be self-disciplined, will be able to do a good stiff job of self-analysis, be able to think independently at all times.

I've always had great admiration for girls who set high standards for themselves. And I would hope that with the right foundation and training Little Nancy would set hers up there plenty high. I would expect her to have common sense enough to realize that some friendly pleasures that she sees other kids her age taking liberties with don't last. That they never add up in the long run.

I want Nancy to set up high standards that recognize the importance of a good Christian environment and all the better things, but want her always to feel nothing but compassion for those less fortunate than she has been. Never to be snobbish, but to be tolerant of everyone, regardless of class, color, race or creed.

If my daughter were seventeen I would want her to resent, as bitterly as I do, the oppression of anybody. I'm a guy who loves people and whenever anybody is oppressed, I go deep down in the dumps. I would want Nancy to feel the same way and to do all she could in her own way to change this. To find ways of helping the less fortunate in the matter of better housing accommodations and good medical care. This is my own primary object in wanting to stay successful . . . so that this won't happen to my own family. I only wish I could do something to help all the other kids too.

Another important thing I'd surely want for my seventeen-year-old daughter is laughter. A lot of laughter. We Americans as a race have the most wonderful sense of humor in the world and I want to see it carried down in my own family. Little Nancy has a swell sense of humor now and I want it developed as she goes along. I want her to realize that if you don't laugh you don't live.

Now I realize that my daughter is probably no Quiz Kid. And if, at seventeen, she would be all these things I've mentioned, I would be greatly surprised—and no little worried. I certainly don't want any three-layered halos running around her little head. But if she chalks up a pretty high batting average on most of them, I'll be more than satisfied.

If her mother is listening in, this is to say that, as Miss Moonbeam grows up, if she becomes more and more all the things you are, Little Nancy's daddy will be a very happy guy.

THE END



Business in the back yard at the Sinatras': Frank gets a candid close-up of Big Nancy and an intrigued Little Nancy

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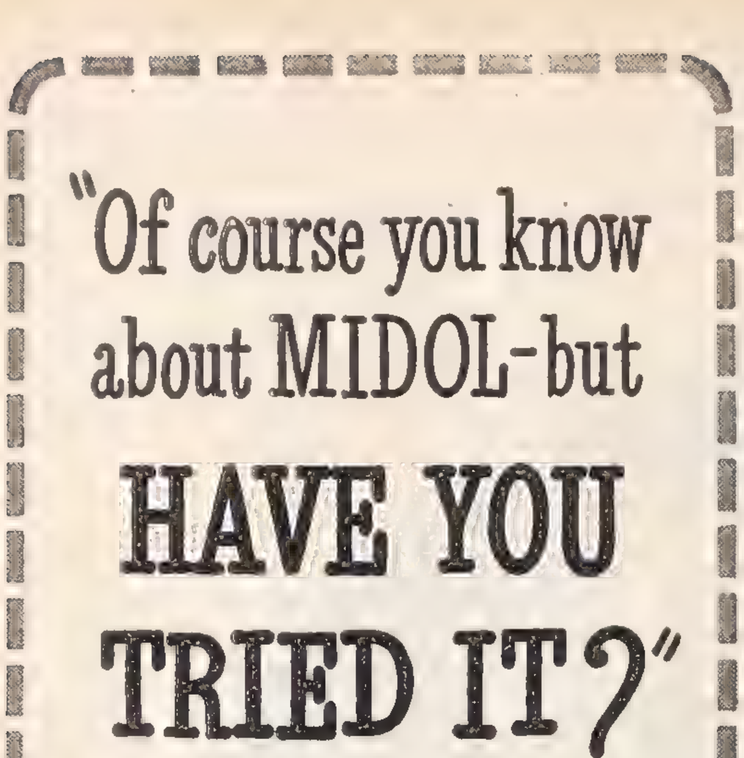
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Glorious De Haven

(*Continued from page* 55) They won't tell, either of these De Havens, why the separation came about. They have too much dignity to discuss it. They are, true to the Hollywood tradition, "very good friends." But Carter Jr. went to work in the theater, and then Marjorie, but Mrs. De Haven kept hoping Gloria wouldn't, not at least until she was eighteen. She did want her to have a real childhood.

"She didn't get pretty until she was nearly two," her mother says, "but from the very moment she could toddle, she was acting. There never was such a good child as Gloria. There simply never was. She was always obedient. You could make her do anything, if you told her that would make you happy. But always she wanted to put on my shoes and my dresses to 'dress up' and act in front of a mirror. She was mad for hats. She would go trotting about in high-heeled slippers and a plume-trimmed hat and sing and dance all day long."

She went to a professional children's school, since there was never a moment's doubt in her mind what she wanted to do in life. She went to the Lawler Professional School, where Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney had gone before her, and all around her were kids learning tap-dancing and hot songs, but Gloria went home nights and studied classical music, with good classical singing teachers, when they could afford them, and from the best classical records plus her mother's coaching at other times.

BY WAY of entertainment, she went to the movies every night they had the price of them. She still does that, but at no time were they merely entertainment to Gloria. She was studying. Today she says, "Jean Arthur is an absolute lesson in comedy timing. I go see every picture she ever does, time after time. Just as a personality, Ingrid Bergman is my favorite actress; but I learn most from Jean. I like Cary Grant and Ray Milland and I used to like Robert Montgomery, too, for that reason. I think my greatest future will be in light comedy, so I study every trick that group has. When it comes to glamour, I don't think anyone on the screen is in the class with Lana Turner. If I could learn to combine that comedy timing of Jean's with Bergman's brooding quality and Lana's glamour . . ." Her eyes beam and her dreamy face glows and you think all this may be possible to her, and very soon, too.

She was eight, just as her mother had been, when she got her first screen role. Her mother didn't want her to be in the picture, but it was a matter of necessity. You can see how severe the necessity was by the way they both can't talk of it, when you bring the subject up. They are very gallant now when they tell you Gloria did not get a contract.

After that one break Gloria would come home and tell her mother about some role she was about to try out for. Old-timer and small star-to-be, they would go over the scene, or the song, or the dance.

But a little girl of nine, and ten, and eleven just isn't anything in the casting world. She was forever being just too tall, or too old, or too short or too young. Mother and daughter, they made a great joke out of her being turned down for things. Someday would those silly old casting directors be sorry!

Things looked excitingly wonderful when Gloria was signed to be *Becky Thatcher* in the Selznick production of "Tom Sawyer."

She waited nine months while the studio looked for *Tom*, growing like a precious climbing rose during that time. When they finally found Tommy Kelly and sent for her, she topped him by a good two

REQUEST GRANTED!

By vote count

more Photoplay readers wanted to

see a color portrait of

June Allyson

You will find the picture on page 37

Van Johnson

a close second in the Color Portrait Poll

is presented on page 39

Whom would you like to see in color in Photoplay? Send in this ballot to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of . . . . . in Photoplay

inches. So Ann Gillis got the part. Gloria went home that night and prayed; prayed she wouldn't be guilty of the sin of envy, prayed, if it was right, that her luck might change.

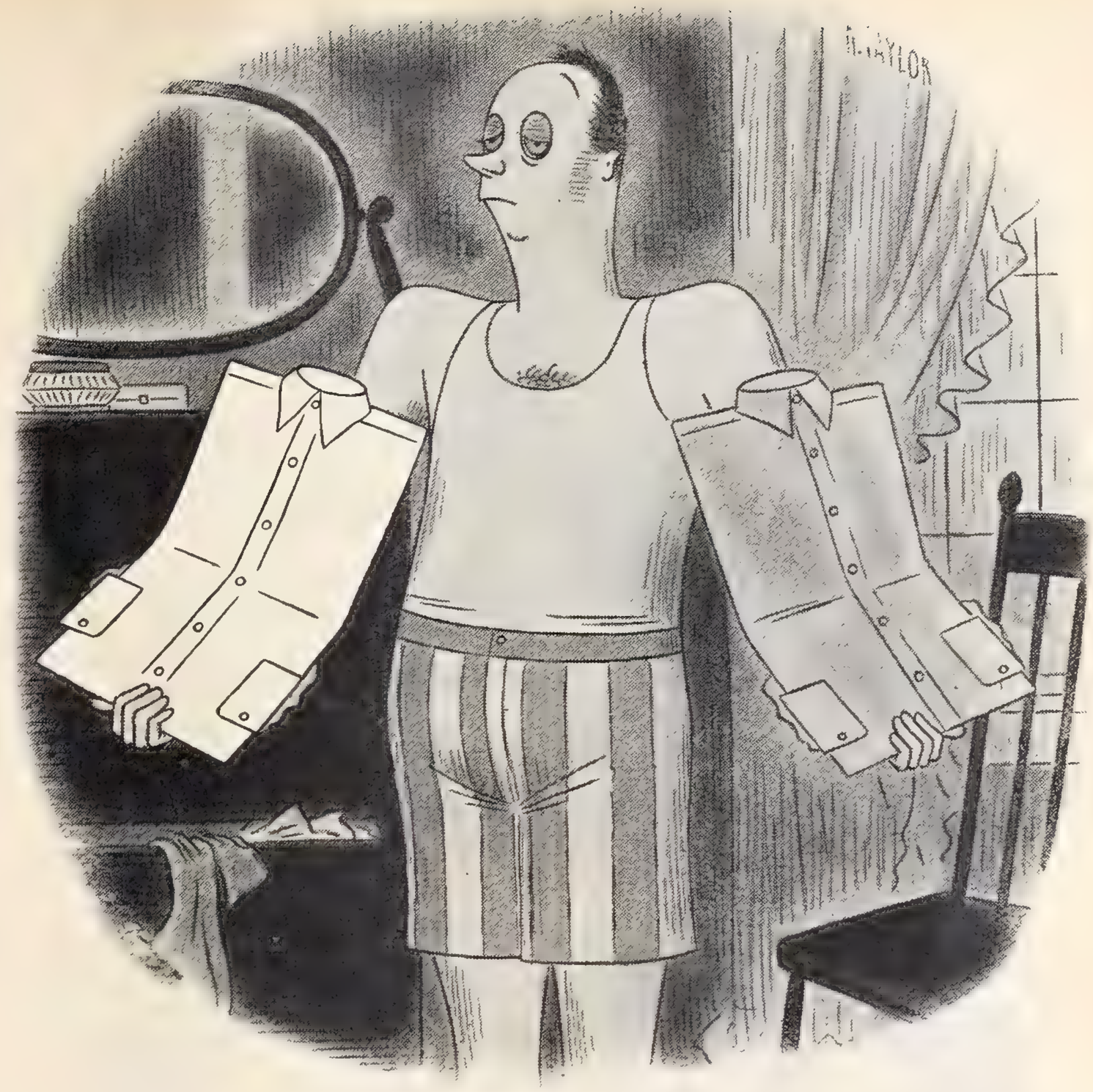
For she was, by then, a deeply religious child, and she still is. She didn't lose her faith, though sometimes it wore thin. She began to be known as "that De Haven kid who tries out for everything." Her silky bob, her lusciously made-up mouth, her chic clothes, her cute shoes were all weapons, carefully thought out, carefully used. She got brief engagements with Bob Crosby's band, and later with Jan Savitt's. Her mother didn't like them for her. Gloria knew they weren't her goal, but they kept her going, and she learned poise, working before audiences, putting across songs. When, two years ago, M-G-M actually talked contract she proved her wisdom of things theatrical by telling a lie about her age. No, she didn't say she was younger than she was. She said she was older, two years older. "I said I was eighteen," she tells you now. "I knew it was a musical they wanted me for, and because it was being made from a stage play and they were behind schedule on it, I figured they might have to shoot nights. If I'd told them I was sixteen, I couldn't have worked nights. I would have had to have a teacher with me on the set during the day. So I just said 'eighteen' in a firm voice and I got away with it. They sighed and said, 'Thank heavens' and I was in, and they did actually shoot many of the big numbers at night."

Actually, she never told M-G-M of her deception until a week before her nineteenth birthday, this summer, when she knew she was safe.

TODAY she is definitely a career girl and so far, no date disturbs her. She is terrifically popular with the males, and naturally is pleased by same, but the career comes first with her. "When you've grown up in Hollywood," Gloria says, "handsomeness in men or their being famous doesn't make you swoon. I am honestly much more interested in a man's character than I am in his 'name,' his income or his looks. In this town, everyone you meet is 'someone.' That's the only thing I worry about sometimes: I've never known anyone who wasn't out of the ordinary. What will happen to me when I meet 'just a nice joe'? I'll probably fall flat on my face—he'll impress me so. But at least I know that looks, fame and money can all disappear, and only character remains. It's character you have to live with. The boys I meet in the course of my work are really too young to have their characters formed as yet. Maybe that's why I've never yet fallen in love. Maybe my character isn't formed yet, either. I'm not sure on that score. But when I marry, I'll marry only for love. You can count on that."

"BEST Foot Forward" meant the turning of the tide for Gloria and her mother, but they did not change their mode of living. They moved only recently into the apartment Robert Walker had vacated, and it's nothing opulent. But at least it has two bedrooms, which is strictly new luxury to them. Because of the housing shortage, right up until July Mamma, Gloria and Marjorie were sharing one bedroom, which meant the girls had to alternate nights in sleeping on the living-room couch.

The next thing they aspire to is a car in which Gloria can drive to work. As it is now, she has to get up at 5:30 when she's working in order to get to work on time, the Los Angeles bus system being what it is.



"So What ?"

This curious character isn't any one you know. It certainly isn't any one *we* know. In fact we don't believe the man exists who wouldn't prefer a crisp, *white* shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we *have* known women who acted as though their husbands couldn't tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn't know how to get *all the dirt* out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they'll never use anything else.

These women are housekeepers—just like you. So we're passing the tip along.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Only fine COTTON can give you that feeling of cushion-soft comfort so necessary for protection worn *internally.* And only the SAFETY-WELL, exclusive with Meds, offers you the *quicker* absorption, the *extra* security you want for real self-confidence and freedom.

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Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

Hating to get up in the morning is the bane of her existence. Her mother has to wake her about six times before she finally stirs.

She thinks an actress should be a style-setter. She studies all fashion publications and is meticulous about her grooming. Every time she gets a raise at the studio, she steps up the price she pays for her clothes. She thinks this is a matter of good business. She hates hats.

Her mother hopes that she will be allowed to do more serious singing in her future pictures. She sees Gloria as a young Jeanette MacDonald, with perhaps greater dramatic possibilities, but she does wish they'd let Gloria go back to her dark hair. She feels she was more beautiful that way.

Personally we think the only thing that may stop her is her losing her head.

Her adoring mother, who is so contrary to the usual stage mother that she never goes near the studio and has never gone on one interview for a part or anything else with Gloria, shook her head at this suggestion. "That doesn't worry me," she said. "What worries me more is her losing her heart. I know her capacity for love. I want her to marry and have children, for she adores them, any child, any age. But I fear that her first love might hurt her. With her temperament, that would be so hard for her to get over. If she's very lucky, she'll find the right man. This much I know. She deserves a great love."

What kind of man will he be?

Gloria thought about it very seriously. "I don't know," she said. "I really don't. Somebody I've not met so far." Then she laughed. "Somebody like Gable," she said, "and I mean the Gable character, not the Gable looks or fame or money!"

P. S. She hasn't met Gable yet. But imagine having all she's got—and Gable, too!

THE END

Skeletons in Your Closet

(*Continued from page* 36)

large lapels or your shoulder pads are too heavy or your hat is too big. Shortlegged? Perhaps your jacket's too long, or maybe you shouldn't be wearing shoes with ankle straps. Learn to look at yourself full-length; to achieve proportion in your clothes to your face and figure.

Plenty of Skeletons If You—
. . . Have too many clothes.

You'll never have enough accessories to go around nor will you have the time to care for your wardrobe if you buy too many dresses. Better less dresses, more time to check your outfits, plan for your accessories before each wearing.

. . . Are afraid of wearing the same old thing.

The best-dressed women are the women who have found their clothes types and stick to them. If you look best in suits, wear suits any time, anywhere. If ruffles dress you right, dress up with them. Find your type and stick to it, with seasonal variances in materials.

. . . Look around your closet only occasionally.

You don't let months go by without a thorough examination and weeding-out of your wardrobe. Go over your clothes constantly, repair the run-down articles. Then try on everything; your figure changes and that dress may have to be altered to match your new clothes line.

Visit from Van

(*Continued from page* 38) "Just the guy next door with a sense of humor," he replied, and tee'd up those eyebrows, as if he hadn't given the key answer to success in the hearts of the public.

NOW I'll tell you some of the things I found out, just gabbing with my friend, Van Johnson. He is much better looking off the screen. He's big. His hair is golden, tinged with the red that goes with freckles. He is modest and grateful. He has scars across the forehead that was so badly cracked in the motor crash. In another year they will be light lines, but under them will remain the thoughts which come to anyone who has missed a rendezvous with death.

We compared notes, for my accident in 1935 was the turning point in my life and his brush with death may have been his. He resents not being in the war but is making no false gestures by doing some half-time war job to placate any criticism. His conscience is as clear as his point of view. He became more religious after the accident though he had always gone to church. I told him of how I had regained my courage after my crash . . . how I had asked "The Great Management" above to show me what I was to do with the life so miraculously spared and had found great happiness.

He looked serious for a moment—most of the time he twinkles. "They said I wouldn't be able to do anything for a year. When I heard that Metro was going to hold production on 'A Guy Named Joe' until I was able to finish the part I had started, I was so proud and really inspired that I just had to get well. Between prayers and the belief that I was meant to do it, I made the grade." He smiled again. "I'm such a lucky guy. When I was in the chorus in New York. . . ."

"In the chorus?" I cut in. "You mean you've been on the stage?"

"And how!" he said. "Yeah, I've done most all kinds of jobs and that's why I'm grateful. You're not apt to be if it comes too easy."

WE compared likes. We ignored dislikes. Personally, I have none. I can't be bothered—and Van is sort of "so what-ish" about anything but "likes." On those, he is very definite. Gals mentioned and agreed on were Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne, Ingrid Bergman, Carmen Miranda . . . and when I told him the latter had bought the house next door and often came over to talk quietly with me, the eyebrows registered a double take. "I've only just met her and danced a rhumba with her, but I think she's swell! I'd like to talk to her some time myself."

"I'll fix it," I said—and I will.

"Twenty-seven," I mused, "and you haven't married." (A statement, not a question.) Would I have been shocked if I had been wrong about that too!

"I'd love to be married," he said. "But not yet," he added, "I wouldn't marry during the war. I may still get into it."

"You don't marry until you are thirty! That's an order!" I said—and meant it. "Success does strange things to one's tastes in everything. When you are well established and out of the skyrocket class, you will know better what's what and who's who. Meanwhile, be that rare bird with no strings attached that all of us can love without any thought of a lurking 'little woman' getting lines on the sidelines."

I was gabbing away about a summer I had spent at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, before he was born. "I come from Newport, across the Bay," he said. He knew the Summer Park I had played in



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(Price 39c plus 20% Federal Tax)



Lovely Dana Jenney



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No. 9395 (left). Colonial lowboy in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.

No. 4905 (below). Early American chest in maple—plain or with Pennsylvania Dutch painted decorations (shown).



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WEST BRANCH
Cedar Hope Chests
The Present with a Future

as *Little Elsie.* Did I know so-an-so's Lobster Place? I broke the news to him gently that I didn't care much about food. He was strangely silent as he glanced at a plate on the table that had been replete with small sandwiches when the iced tea arrived. There were two left and Freckle Puss had casually snaffled the rest. He laughed sheepishly. "I guess it's a good thing you don't care much about food."

I pushed the plate toward him, saying: "I would rather talk than eat, any time."

"I seem to be able to do both," he said. "You don't mind my talking about how lucky I am, do you?" (He shot a homemade cookie.)

"Mind? I should say not. You will keep right on going strong as long as you like to talk about your blessings."

"WELL, listen to this for a touch of magic," he said. "When I was in the hospital, folks brought me books, of course, and among them was 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.' As I read it, I used to just lie back and wonder who would get that swell role of *Ted.* I knew Spencer Tracy would do the role of Doolittle if Metro made it, but I was honestly so busy casting the part of *Ted,* it used to keep me awake. Of course, 'A Guy Named Joe' wasn't even finished, so I left myself out of the plan entirely, lying there reading and wondering."

"And who got it?" I asked, as if playing straight for him.

"Why, I did! I thought you knew." He was quite sincere in his surprise.

"Listen, Johnson," I said, being equally sincere, "I never even knew you existed until two weeks ago—but be careful what you do from now on 'cause I'll be watching like I'd watch my own young man if he wasn't over in Italy with the Fifth Army."

"I hope you will," he said. "Have you got a picture of your husband?" he added.

"Sure! Taken in boot camp a week after he enlisted." I rushed into the house and grabbed the likeness of my much better half (and incidentally my years younger half). A sudden light flashed in my subsubconscious as I handed it to Van.

"Why, we look alike," he said. "Say, he might be my brother."

"Yes," I said, gazing from him to the picture and back, "I didn't even realize why you seemed so right in this back yard."

"He's better looking," Van said, "That's a real face. Mine's sort of a leftover."

"Yes," I agreed, "But what's left over is just enough off the beaten track of perfection to be different—and being different makes you—you. Don't let anything change you. Ride the beam. Keep on being grateful and you'll reach the heights. Personally, I think you rate everything you've got so far."

It sounded like an exit cue. Van rose. "You mean that? Honestly?" he said.

"I retired from public life so I could always say that I think honestly," I answered, looking up into that nice face, which was reminding me more of my own lad every moment.

After he left, I wondered if perhaps I had been influenced unconsciously—but I think not.

You have the facts as collected. He is a nice guy and a good actor. If you look up the word "van," you will see that the definition reads: "Out in front" or "ahead of." I think he is well named; and I don't think he'll lose his head. It was badly cracked up but it's sitting very steadily on his broad shoulders now—and those laughing lines at the corners of the hazel eyes under the permanently surprised eyebrows are going to help Van live up to his name.

THE END



Yanky Clover has a new dress!

YANKY CLOVER . . . meadowsweet scent of the countryside . . . is one of America's best-loved fragrances. Now this haunting, nostalgic breath of all outdoors is dressed up in packages as romantic and gay and expressive of American country life as Yanky Clover itself!

Here are packages with the lilt and color and sunny warmth of the era that inspired the Broadway hit, "Oklahoma!" Perfume . . . toilet water . . . dusting powder . . . $1 each, plus tax . . . singly or combined for giving . . . all fresh and fragrant with Yanky Clover.

If you have difficulty in finding these new packages, remember that Yanky Clover in old or new wrappings smells as sweet.

Richard Hudnut





"Pink Lightning" lipstick



(virtual) "Pink Lightning" nail enamel

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Two different shadings—

in the same color family to sparkle with your

daring, two-tone high-voltage clothes this Fall!

It's Revlon's wonderful color idea . . . to give you an utterly new look.
"Pink Lightning" lipstick . . . and more intense "Pink Lightning" nail enamel!
Both members of the frankly daring fuchsia color family . . .
to charge your lips and fingertips with that same startling play of
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Both perfect proof of Revlon's never-to-be-disputed fashion
leadership . . . Revlon's never-to-be-equalled linger-longer quality!
(And with them, Revlon's new "Pink Lightning" Face Powder.)

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PHOTOPLAY'S FIRST RUN FASHIONS

Gene Tierney

Exotic American star of
Twentieth Century-Fox's "Laura"
selects Kiviette's bright-by-night
dinner jacket of black and
flaring gold sequins.
With it she wears a long
black rayon crepe skirt,
slim as a pen stroke, graceful
as a folded fan.
Town and Country,
Waldorf-Astoria, New York.
Woodward & Lothrop,
Washington, D.C.
Calot by Sally Victor.



Burnished Brown

is Gene Tierney's choice for day-time, date-time hours. She poses for Photoplay in Kiviette's slim cocktail suit of gleaming satin, done with soft dressmaker touches. Walter Irving, Detroit. The Fair, Fort Worth. Roy Bnorkman, Minneapolis. Her cockade hat by Sally Victor.

You were such a pretty baby!

YOU HAD THE BLUEST EYES, the softest cheeks, the most enchanting smile. I loved you the minute I saw you.

And like all fathers, I wanted to give you everything in the world . . . the stars to play with, the moon on a silver platter, a beautiful dream every night.

Something interfered with a lot of my plans, baby; there were too many birthdays made up of makeshifts before things started breaking my way. But maybe *this* birthday, the fur coat I saw you admire will make up for all the other times you pressed your little nose against shop windows . . . looking wide-eyed at treasures beyond our reach.

Maybe that very becoming Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is saying it all for me, my darling — saying that I always wanted to give you beautiful things.

You were such a very pretty baby!

HOLLANDER BLENDED MUSKRAT

Better stores will be glad to show you this tag on Hollander Blended Muskrat.

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Glamour goes natural

Time was when Theda Bara hair-tearing was the fashion . . . when the world's most glamorous stars postured and posed, sobbed and sighed. And all the while, the clothes that enchanted the public were designed to conceal, not reveal, their allure.

But today's white collar girl heroine looks sleek and streamlined in clean cut, clean whittled clothes. Photoplay plays up the two modes . . . shows you (as though you needed telling) what a lucky girl you are to be alive and young and lovely now . . . today!



Modern drama

. . . Not a whisper of a Lillian Gish bustle or a Lillian rustle in this Kane-Weill dress with gold bead embroidery sparkling under your chin. 85% wool. 15% rabbit hair jersey. Gold, light blue, coral, slate blue, aqua, moss green, lilac, toast. 10 to 20. About $35.00 at all I. Magnin stores in California and Neiman-Marcus, Dallas

oised perfection

This sheath of a Rosebrooke dress slashed with black satin. 100% Miron wool in black, patriot green, fuchsia, casanova brown, cocoa brown, gray, tangerine. 8 to 20. About $35.00 at Arnold Constable, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh

Fun, functional and fashion-right

A trio of triumphs that reflect modern design, the tempo of the times. (Left) Dorothy Hubbs casual in Frostpoint rayon with gun-metal trim belt. Gray or brown. 10 to 20. About $11 at Davison, Paxon, Atlanta. (Center) Sliver-slim Henry Rosenfeld original with fly-front and contrasting saddle-stitched belt. 100% wool flannel. Fuchsia, antique gold, royal blue, rust, men's wear gray, moss green, fireman red. 12 to 20. About $17 at B. Altman, N. Y. (Right) Noisy, newsy plaid Peerless classic—gray and black accented with red or purple. 50% wool, 50% rayon. 12 to 20. About $13.00 at Lasalle & Koch, Toledo.

Suggestion for Strategy

Black sorcery draped with skill, sparkling with sequins . . . frankly *femme fatale* with an objective: furlough dancing and dining. Rich rayon crepe with flattering folds and tie-back sash assure perfect figure-fit. Pretty provocative . . . but provocatively pretty.

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(Above) Helen Harper slip-over in woven rayon chenille knit, lastex midriff. Aqua, cherry, pearl gray, dusty pink. 34 to 40. About $7.98 at Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Jordan Marsh, Boston
(Below) Tish-U-Knit jacket with suede front; back and sleeves all wool knit. In luscious two-tone color combinations. 34 to 38. About $5.95 at McCreery's, New York.

PAGE 82 gives you a representative list of stores throughout the country where you can buy these Photoplay FIRST RUN Fashions

WHEN IT'S NEW AND NOTEWORTHY

IT'S A BETTY BARNES

Want a blouse that's lovely and lasting? Want a blouse that's tailored with expensive touches but is budget-low in price? Then this new, up-to-the-minute Betty Barnes is just your dish!

Flattering with its face framing lace, fashion-right with its sweet bow tie . . . it's a lovely companion to skirts or suits. And wait till you see the wear-and-washability of the Riordan rayon crepe it's made of.

About $5.00 at stores listed below, or write directly to Betty Barnes, 1375 Broadway, N. Y. C.



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Famous Barr, St. Louis • F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio • Boston Store, Milwaukee



Hosiery "As You Like It" is exquisitely full-fashioned, to hug every subtle curve of your leg and ankle. It is made of top-quality yarn, and is strategically reinforced. Choose "As You Like It" for the most in flattery and service! Your dealer is receiving regular supplies; if he happens to be out of your size, try again soon.

HOSIERY

"As You Like It"

READING, PA.

Additional stores where you can buy Photoplay First Run Fashions on pages 78 to 80

Kane-Weill embroidered dress

Boston, Mass.—Fredley's Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.

Rosebrooke all-wool dress

Baltimore, Md.—Sylvia Wilner
Norfolk, Va.—Nicholson & Marx
Portland, Ore.—Ungar, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.—Lockharts, Inc.

Henry Rosenfeld original

Baltimore, Md.—O'Neill & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Co.
Dallas, Texas—Titche, Goettinger Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Kerr's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

Dorothy Hubbs casual

Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfeld's
Louisville, Ky.—The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson Inc.

Peerless plaid dress

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Broadway Department Store
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Portland, Ore.—Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.

Sweaters

Helen Harper

Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
Norfolk, Va.—Miller & Rhodes
Philadelphia, Penna.—Gimbel Bros.
Providence, R. I.—Shepard Company

Tish-U-Knit

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Oklahoma City, Okla—Halliburton's



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Bob Walker Talks about Jennifer Jones

(*Continued from page* 31) friends, you know. And there hasn't been any legal action taken yet. She is still my wife."

That paradoxical statement made me look closely at young Bob. I wondered. Why was he so eager to say that they weren't divorced yet if he didn't care any more? Why does he speak so glowingly on their future *together* on the stage if his personal plans no longer include Jennifer?

As a reporter, I believed his words. But as a woman I couldn't help but sense the undercurrent that lay so close to the surface. When a man is as young as Bob it is very, very hard to put a first, and perhaps more important, love out of your life.

HE was only nineteen when he married Jennifer. They were both poor at the time—but not in the dire straits that have been hinted and printed. Their families were in comfortable and even affluent circumstances. Bob's aunt is Mrs. Floyd Odlum who is married to one of the richest men in the country. She, herself, was for many years president of Bonwit Teller.

"Aunt Hortense," said Bob, "is my mother's sister and paid my tuition through military school. Later, when I was bitten by the acting bug, she sent me to the American Academy.

"You know, that's where Phyllis and I met," he said. (He still calls Jennifer 'Phyllis,' her real name.) "We were terribly ambitious and not at all awed by appearing in such shows as 'The Barretts Of Wimpole Street' and all the other dramatic plays young students take on.

"But I've always been restless and when I failed to get big breaks on Broadway immediately—I thought there was no future for me on the stage. So I decided to take a trip around the world—and hopped a banana freighter. By this time, my aunt was pretty fed up with my whims. She said if I took that trip she hoped I would have character enough to stay out for the whole two years I had planned. When I returned to New York after just a few months, she was no longer interested in my dramatic ambitions."

"It wasn't a girl named Phyllis who brought you back, was it?" I suggested.

"It might have been," laughed Bob. "Anyway, I lived on $10 a week given me by my brother and Phyllis was being supported by her family who was living in Tulsa. She really got the first important break in our careers. She was offered a job on the radio in Tulsa and took me along as her 'leading man.'

"We were married," Bob went on, "in the Catholic Church in Tulsa. Her mother is a convert—and our two boys are being raised Catholics although I am not one."

Bob laughed at the memory of their first visit to Hollywood. "Phyllis had a $75 a week job at Republic. She played in 'New Frontier' and in a 'Dick Tracy' serial. I managed to land a job as a reader—but things weren't too bright for us. We finally said 'phooey' to the movies and went back to New York.

"We lived in an apartment in Greenwich Village until Bobby was on the way—then we took a better apartment. We could afford it because we were both doing pretty well in radio by that time.

"After that," he said, "things happened very suddenly. Phyllis changed her name to Jennifer Jones; she was given a contract to come West for pictures; and on the same day I made a test in the East for M-G-M which Louis B. Mayer okayed.

"I was here just a day when I was put into 'Bataan.' She had thought she was going to play *Nora* in 'The Keys Of The Kingdom' but when that was delayed she

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was given 'The Song Of Bernadette.' It was an extremely difficult and nerve-racking role for an actress who had not had much camera experience."

"Do you think the strain she was under is what caused your break?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said honestly. "I do know that we had never had any trouble or any words until we came to Hollywood. But I also know that I have made an agreement with Jennifer (he had slipped back from the old familiar 'Phyllis' to her screen name again) never to discuss what caused our separation.

"Remember this—it always takes two to break up a marriage. She is a grand girl. We are both nervous and high-strung and somehow I can't help feeling that we are closer today—apart—than we were together in the last year of our marriage.

"We talk every day about the children. I can see them whenever I want to go to her house." He is extremely grateful to his boss, Louis B. Mayer, for the fine breaks he has had. "He upped my salary after 'Bataan, " Bob relayed proudly, "and again after 'See Here, Private Hargrove.' " He is enough of an actor to rejoice in the fame that has come to him and for that reason it is silly to think of him as sad or moping.

In Bob's own words: "It isn't possible for Jennifer and me ever to feel bitterness toward each other. We had too much happiness together. We were both very young when we married." Nineteen *is* very young for a man to marry and while Jennifer might have been older in her actions she was still only a girl. When I asked him if Jennifer was older in years he said: "No gentleman ever discusses a lady's age"—and it served me right!

He told me that he considers Judy Garland the nearest thing to Jennifer as an actress. "She is such an exciting person to work with. 'The Clock' which we are making together is almost like a poem—Judy puts so much into it."

But he swears his interest in Judy is only as a friend, that there is no romance.

"I don't expect to marry again," he said flatly. "My two boys need me—although I know they are better off in Phyllis's care. She is a wonderful mother."

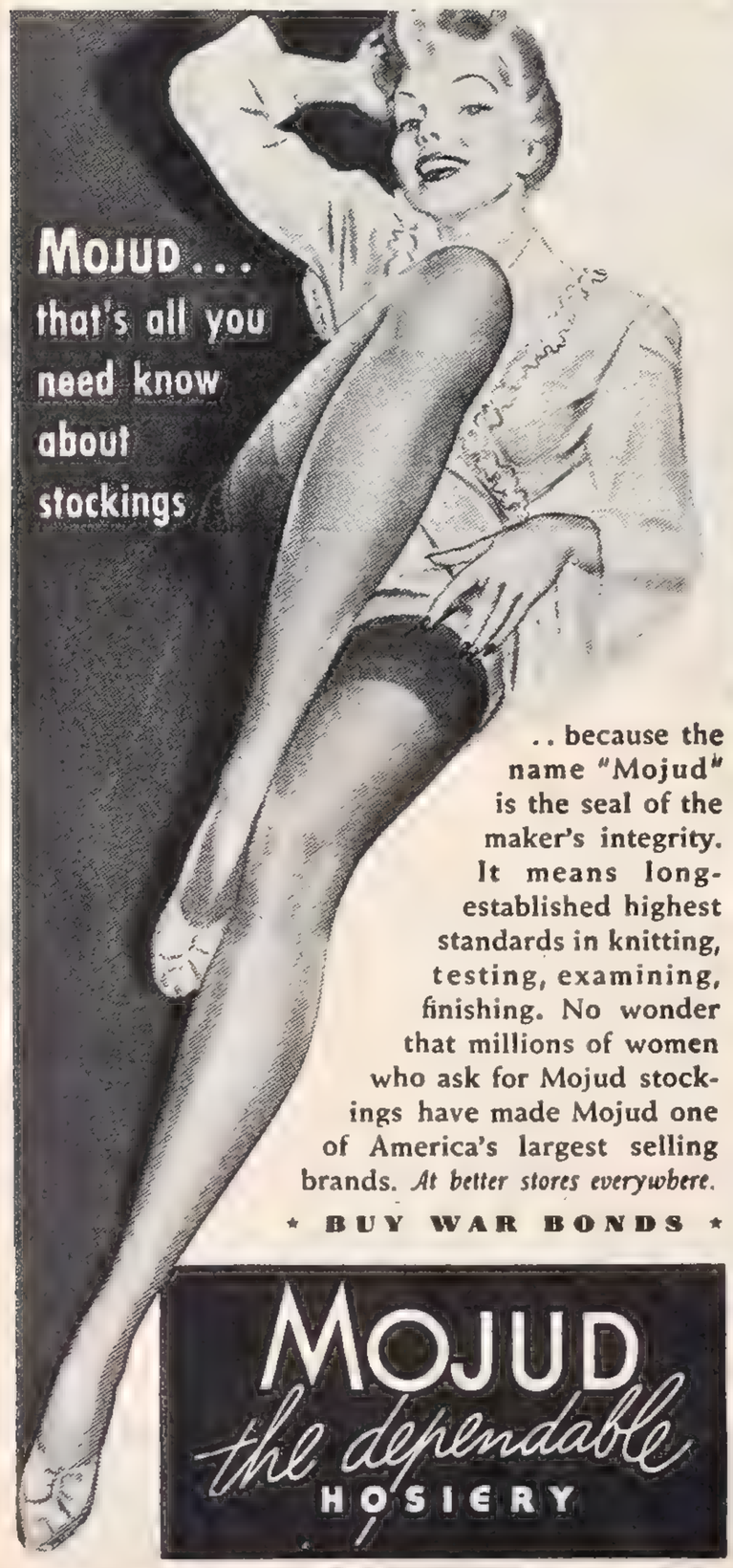
I thought of an interview I had had with Jennifer just a few weeks ago and she sounded just as idealistic about Bob as he does about her. If it is true that at twenty-five they do not love as they did at nineteen, they have found, in place of the young passion, a beautiful understanding and a mutual respect for one another.

The clock chimed eleven—and the others were calling for us to join them.

Does Bob Walker want Jennifer back as his wife?

What do you think?

THE END





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What Kind of Woman Will Your Man Come Home To?

(*Continued from page* 45) fat or the one who stood all wrong, on through the ones who had never been on time in their lives, who had never known hardship, the ones who had never had to learn to live on equal terms with other people.

We have to *keep up* with them. We can't afford to sit in the middle of our tight little circles and stay in our tidy little molds while they are expanding and learning and growing so fast.

I had flown in passenger planes before the war—but because I had to. Not because I wanted to. I hadn't the slightest interest in flying for its own sake or in planes for any reason at all until Bob began to prepare to go into the service and became so enthusiastic about flying. Anything that interests him that much *must* interest me, too. I began deliberately to try to learn a little of this thing which absorbed him so and my interest began to grow of itself.

The cap to this came after Bob got his wings. There is an unwritten rule in the Air Corps which says that a lieutenant may take his wife up in a plane for thirty minutes. Bob and I had our thirty minutes and that really did it!

Now we're planning about the plane we shall have and the trips we shall take together after the war. It's just one more thing for us to share with one another.

One of the best ways I know for a woman to keep up with her soldier is to read and read and read—everything she can get her hands on which has anything to do with what he is doing, with what we are fighting for and with what will come afterward. Begin with the morning paper and go through every book and magazine you can find which has bearing on anything that interests him.

Your plans for your life together afterward are important. Bob and I began planning our house—our "perfect house"—soon after we were married. We studied books and magazines, clipped suggestions and pictures. Bob sent his on to me from camp and I pasted all of them into a huge scrap book.

Then we began to think about the nursery . . . and that became the most important room in the house-to-be, the most important thing in our plans for the future, and it made us feel our responsibility to that future.

THERE may be even more serious things to consider than the kind of home you will have. One woman I know, whose husband was in the last war, tells me that when he came home it took him two or three years to "find himself."

But she was his haven. He clung to her because, in some strange way, he felt safe with her. He began to see more clearly when he was with her. She realized that she would have to be a sort of mental balance wheel for him for a time. That she succeeded is proved by the happy and successful life they've had together since.

Whatever happens to her man, the woman who loves him must be ready to help him solve it and defeat it.

And always she has to come back to the realization that she will be different, too. It's her job—not his—to see that the changes in both of them do not affect the fundamental bonds between them.

So she watches her own mental attitude—today and tomorrow and next week. I won't bother with the obvious necessity for her to keep up her interest in her grooming, her clothes, her way of living, when she finds herself lonely and work-

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ing at a drab job. Any modern girl recognizes their importance.

But she mustn't allow herself to become mentally dowdy, either. She mustn't lose her capacity for joy. She must preserve the essence, the important ingredients of the girl he fell in love with, the girl he longs to come back to.

So she tries to create gaiety and charm in her letters to him. If there seems to be no gaiety or charm in the life she is leading, then she must invent some.

He wants to come back to those Four Freedoms for which he is fighting. But he wants to come back to some comfort and ease of mind, too. And what else do you think he is dreaming of while he is fighting in those far-off places? I know—now—that a lot of men are dreaming of coming back not only to those girls who waved good-by to them. They are dreaming of coming back to the mothers of their children! There is warmth and beauty and music, too—and *fun.* The fun he is missing by not being with you.

WAR work will help to keep you from getting into a mental rut, too. Not just any old war work which you do mechanically because "everyone else is doing it." Try to find out what you do best, something that interests you, and then give it something of yourself so that you feel that you are really a part of this tremendous thing which has absorbed your man so completely.

When Bob is away I try to see our close mutual friends as often as is practical. It is fun for me and it gives us all a sense of contact. I have news and bits of gossip and intimate jokes to pass on to him in letters and it gives him, I think, a feeling that the nucleus of his old group is waiting for him.

There are other things I am trying to learn to share with Bob. I've never cared for many outdoor sports, but he does, so I am trying to learn to care about them, too. Then there are the prize fights. I've always detested them. But Bob likes them and I've made up my mind that I'm going to like them, too. I'm seeing some while he is away so that I can learn a little bit about what those two men in the ring are trying to do to each other.

I want him to like *my* favorite sport, too. That's fishing. When I won a prize at Catalina a year or two ago for the biggest marlin of the season, Bob was as bewildered over my triumph as I would have been over some of his sports exploits. So I want him to learn how much fun it is to fish. When I was on a camp tour not long ago, I made careful notes of some wonderful fishing spots in Oregon—and that's one more plan we can have for things to do together later.

Your morale is important, you know—to *him,* as well as to yourself. Sometimes if you feel like brooding or slumping mentally, an energetic burst of almost any sort of activity will clear the atmosphere. I don't mean necessarily rushing off to walk five miles or play hard tennis—although that will help. But do something with your hands. Some women like to trim a hat or recover a chair or make a pie. I don't happen to like those things. But I sew or knit like mad. I make pinafores for my friends or I knit for Bob. I've knitted him lots of army sox and I've already made him three post-war sweaters.

But most of all I've listened and listened to what Bob has told me and written me about what men in the service are thinking and what they will want and expect of the women they come back to. And the least we can do as women is try to live up to some of those expectations

THE END

Measure of a Man

(*Continued from page* 58) and no intimate of his ever calls him anything else.

You probably already know that he was born Marion Michael Morrison on April 26, 1908, in Winterset, Iowa, and came out at an early age, along with his mother and druggist father, to California. He grew up in Glendale, California, which is within preview distance of Hollywood. And there, as you probably also know, he got called "Duke" when he played a character so-named in a Glendale high-school play. But what's so indicative to me is that he wasn't even in the class that was giving the play. The cast was supposed to come from the group graduating, and the Duke was still a year away from that. But the drama teacher wanted him, and not a kid begrudged this importance to him, so in he went. Somebody else pushing him, you see.

It didn't stop there, though. At that time, the papers were full of the fame of a real Duke Morrison, a member of the so-called "Wonder Team" of athletes. So the kids called our Mr. Morrison that forever after and that's how he's known to all but the theater marquees to this day.

IT'S an old rule, but it's truer today than ever: A man is known by the friends he keeps. The Duke is sort of one-track. He doesn't make mobs of palsy-walsies. But, as you observe, he makes real friends.

That Glendale debut gave him the acting bug, with one drawback, and he went into college and played outstanding football. When he graduated from USC he went into the old Fox studios, but not as an actor. He was a juicer and a prop boy.

"The reason I didn't try for acting right away," he now confesses, "was because I didn't think I could stand the public reaction toward actors, that general idea that they are all hams or dunderheads or worse." He stuck around studios until he saw that that belief was wrong. Sure, there were hams and fools among the actors. But there were more who were intelligent, sincere and artistic. He went into acting then, or at least he tried to. The public attitude was unchanged, but he had seen the truth for himself, and that is all that is ever important to this gentleman.

Despite his looks, it wasn't easy, probably because of his lack of high-pressure salesmanship. Even though he scored in "The Big Trail" as far back as 1929, the pickings were mighty lean until 1935 when he got his first contract and that was only with little Monogram, which means no bed of gold or roses. He had fallen in love in 1926. She was dark-eyed, dark-haired Josephine Saenz, the daughter of the Peruvian consul to Los Angeles, and he courted her till 1933, when they got married.

Michael, their first-born, came along in 1935 with the Monogram contract. Next year, there was baby sister, Toni. Then there was Pat and finally Miss Melinda.

QUICKIE producers don't fool around. Their budgets for their pictures won't permit it. Their actors shoot every minute of every working day. The Duke did just that throughout the Monogram contract, and even more so when he signed with Republic in 1938. To complicate it, after "Stagecoach" and "The Long Voyage Home" he was really getting ahead in "A's." The Westerns were hard physical work. The "A's" were exhausting work.

For almost ten straight years, then, he had not more than two free days at a time in which to relax, and even those only rarely. His pictures weren't all satisfactory to him. For instance, he disliked "Reunion" for which he was loaned to M-G-M in exchange for John Carroll and a direc-

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tor's being sent to Republic. "They made me the hero in that and I wasn't," he says. "Joan Crawford wasn't the heroine, either. The story belonged to the character Philip Dorn played, a French patriot who let himself be mistaken as a Nazi, since that deception let him serve his country. The public is so much smarter than it is given credit for being. Maybe they didn't analyze what was the matter with that picture, but they knew something was wrong. They always know when things—scripts, speeches, the actor himself—are phony."

Such a working schedule gave the Duke almost no time at home and what little time he spent there found him half-dead with fatigue. But just the same, all day long, he'd hold tight to the thought of seeing his kids at night.

THEN last year he had to stop thinking about them all day. For they weren't there to come home to. Or, rather, he wasn't there. The Waynes separated.

John Ford called him the morning the news broke. "I'm going on a cruise on my yacht," he said. "Come along." When the Duke arrived, Ford said, "I'm worn out and I don't want to be bothered with conversation. So keep quiet."

The Duke kept quiet. Both men knew that neither was fooled by that lie. But, again, it shows the caliber of his friendships.

The Duke never did talk to Ford on this one subject, and if he won't talk to him, he'll talk to no other. So he won't talk, and if, as an interviewer, you stick your neck out and ask question regarding same, you get it snapped off politely.

But he can't resist talking about his kids, even though he doesn't see them very often now. That's when his eyes get that look. He talks just like any other father then. They are, confidentially, the four most wonderful kids in the world.

You can hardly shut him up about Commander Ford, out in the South Pacific, or about his other pals who are in service, but he says nothing about having been turned down himself. That's another thing you have to root around to find out. He's doing his war work in the only ways now open to him. He's battling for comedies, because he thinks that's what the fighting boys want, and he's just back from a tour of New Guinea and he's trying to fix it so that he can go out to other battle areas after each of his pictures. He's given up his ranch and he's living in a small apartment for the first time in his life, which he doesn't like. He is neither free nor a husband.

But he won't talk about that, or himself, because he feels people think he is a heavy, and well, what the. . . .

We like him, see, and he wanted to be described as a heavy. So that's what we've been trying to do here.

We hope to heaven we've failed.

THE END

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The Tired Admiral

(*Continued from page* 62) of Avalon. "Oh boy. I'm going to look like a chocolate bar."

"With marshmallow topping," she added, "when your hair gets completely bleached out by that Catalina sunshine."

SO DICK went off to the wars. Three days later Mrs. Jaeckel received a hurried letter, written with blue pencil. He said in part:

"Thanks for your letters—it sure is a pleasure to hear from you.

"So you have been driving around in the Cannon Ball!" (The C.B. is Dick's '36 vintage flivver with hopped motor, three horns and much chromium.)

"Starting classes this week: Life Boat Drill, Safety At Sea, Parts Of Ships are all included. Keep writing, Mom. I'll write every chance I get but I am working pretty hard. If I can't write, I'll phone. Have a good time—

"All my love,

Your son, The Tired Admiral."

His mother was somewhat puzzled by this note. He had said that he was starting classes, but he had said nothing of his present duties for the current week.

When he telephoned the following night, she asked how his sun tan was progressing. There was a perceptible pause. "Eer . . . well, it's slightly on the anemic side," he admitted. "You see, I've been working in the laundry."

That went on for a week. Then recruits for the band were needed. Every man was asked if he could wield a musical instrument of any kind and when Dick admitted that he was a scat man on the skins, he became official drummer for the outfit. This position improved his social opportunities, including swimming, sunning and mingling with fellow boots. It also inspired a telephone call to his mother, followed by a letter saying, "Sorry when I called you that I had to ask for a brief loan, but expenses here have proved dastardly for me.

"Our classes daily are going great. Now we are jumping off a twenty-five-foot pier into flaming oil! Really fun. Scuttlebut is that we will be leaving this station pretty soon—I hope for Wilmington, but you never know—then I can come home to see you.

"So that accursed dog is still barking! He is the chief reason I was glad to leave. Such a horrid animal, as the boys say.

"I ate so much for dinner today that I'm not going to supper. Will just stay in barracks and go to the Canteen later for a few malts, sandwiches, cookies, etc., etc., etc. Anything light will do because over here you don't have much appetite.

"All my love.

The Ancient Mariner."

Two days later a delighted Mrs. Jaeckel received a communication, to wit:

"Had two shots tonight and my arms hurt pretty much but not enough to keep me from writing to you.

"We are going over the obstacle course daily and, boy, it is killing me, along with most of the other guys. We are getting very rugged. Have six classes daily of one hour each: Receiving, Seamanship, First Aid, Lifeboat Study and Knots are some of them.

"You should see me beating on the old drum in our Drum and Bugle Corps over here. You'd sure get a laugh out of my Gene Krupa act.

"Did I tell you about Leo's scientific experiment? Remind me to give you the gruesome details the next time I see you. Well, it's almost time for lights-out, so I'll sign off until later.

"All my love,

The Actor."

Bonita Granville

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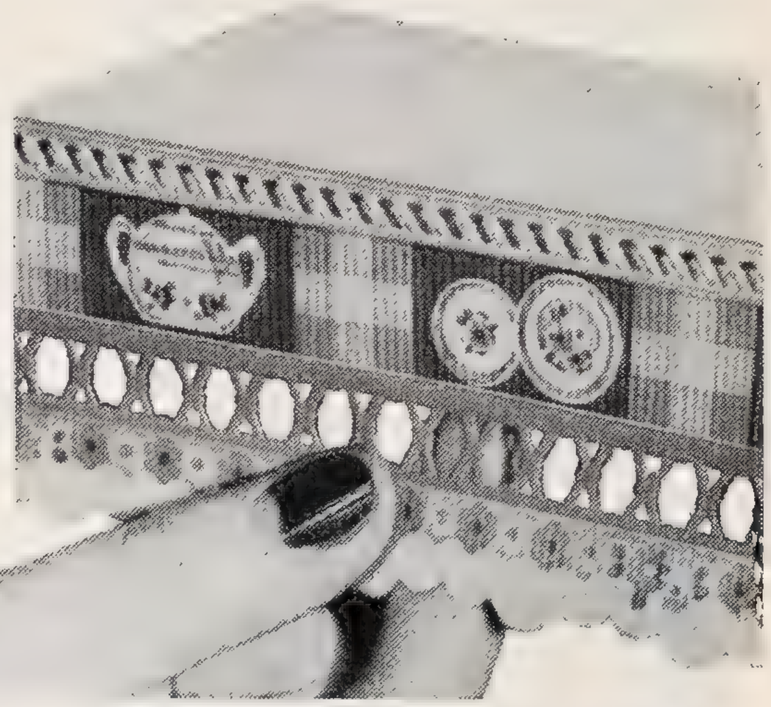


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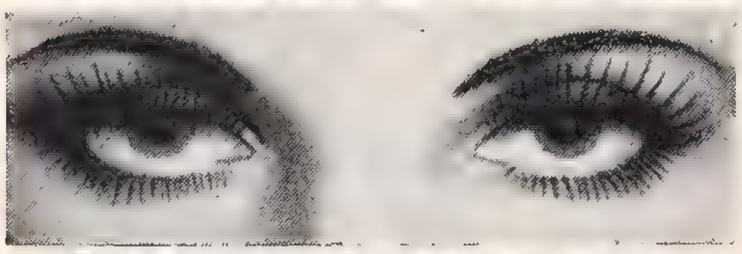
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★ J-11

Leo Ross, Dick's best friend, is the son of a prosperous market owner: Dick got acquainted with Leo under the auspices of the red and blue point system, and a shared distaste for the bother necessary to buy a man a decent steak cemented their friendship. When Dick was given a swanky '41 Ford for his birthday, Leo Shared The Ride with his own cupcake when Dick also had a date. They agreed, after several nervous trips, that the worries inherent in driving an unscathed surrey were too great to allow an evening to be a success.

So, when Dick sold this chary chariot and bought a '36 flivver, Leo helped him simonize it and accompanied him on forays to local motor replacement yards to get equipment for souping the engine.

Leo joined the Merchant Marine a day before Dick, so he was on hand to welcome Boot Jaeckel when Dick arrived on The Rock, as students also call Catalina.

At the end of their first three weeks of training, both boots were given shore leave. They reached Wilmington early on a Saturday morning and hitch-hiked to Hollywood, arriving in record time. Dick had snatched a few moments before leaving Catalina to telephone his mother (collect) with the request that she make early dinner reservations at a good restaurant.

"Don't they feed you?" she laughed.

"Absolutely, but there is something about this outdoor life . . . Don't quibble, my good woman. I'll be seeing you."

AS he and Leo came up the apartment walk on the double, the first thing Dick heard was that old familiar bark.

This yapping was Disagreeable Surprise No. 1 for the returned mariner. Disagreeable Surprise No. 2 was the presence, in the Jaeckel apartment, of two photographers from Twentieth Century-Fox.

If Dick's pretty mother weren't such a solid number with her son, she would never have gotten away with it. She explained lightheartedly, "I knew you wouldn't mind, Hanley. You see, Twentieth is getting ready to release 'Wing And A Prayer' and they needed some shots in color and some black and whites too."

Then she enclosed this bitter pill in sugar coating: "I promised them just an hour, then we have a reservation at La Rue for steaks—nice, thick, juicy ones."

"Okay, men, let's get going," said Dick grimly. "Time's a-wasting." He stopped for the merest moment to check on the contents of the corner cupboard in the dinette in which he has stored his keepsakes: There is a tired deck of pinochle cards, a sign swiped from a roadside stand, a manual of seamanship and a framed picture of his father—a magnificent specimen of manhood posed in the wrestling tights and breechclout, the gymnasium costume of Mr. Jaeckel's youth.

Emmett, Twentieth's crack photographer (who has known the reluctant Jaeckel actor since he first went to work under protest in "Guadalcanal Diary") suggested that the first shot be made showing Dick in front of the refrigerator, foraging for rations. Dick jumped at the suggestion, found an apple—which he ate—and two tomatoes which followed the apple.

Then, while he changed slides, Emmett suggested that—in the few minutes necessary to change the set-up—Dick could be excused to make any local telephone call he might have on his mind.

Dick vanished into the bedroom and closed the door. Obviously he was a sailor home from the sea, eager to have a date, and his abandoned career in pictures was cramping his style. He didn't like it.

But he returned eventually in a happy frame of mind and posed for more pictures. "Make 'em salty, boys," he cautioned. "I'm in the Merchant Marine now."

THE END

TRY THIS *Delicious Way* TO GET

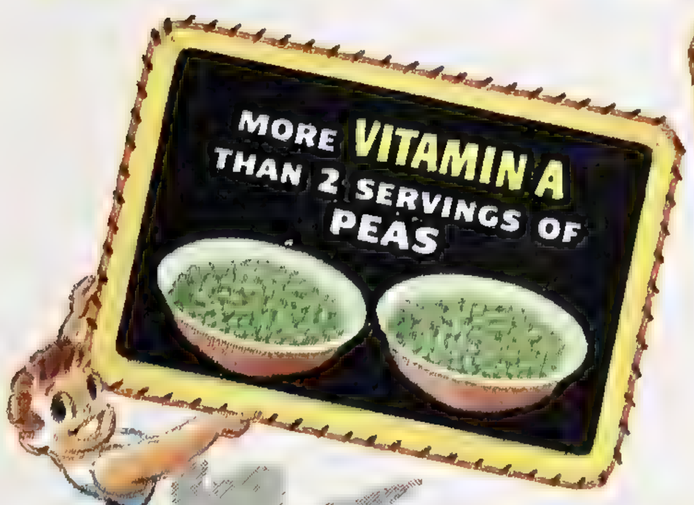
More Good FROM Vitamins!



COUNT ALL THE THINGS YOU GET IN 2 GLASSES of OVALTINE



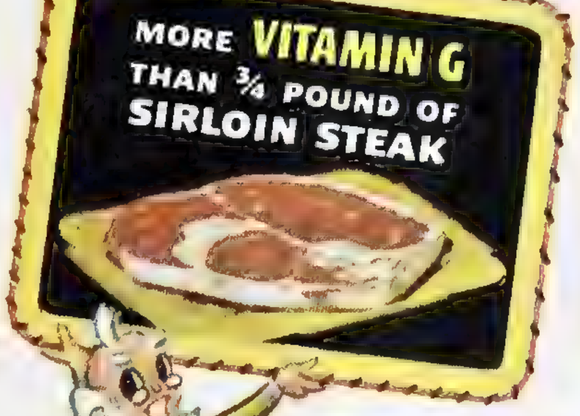




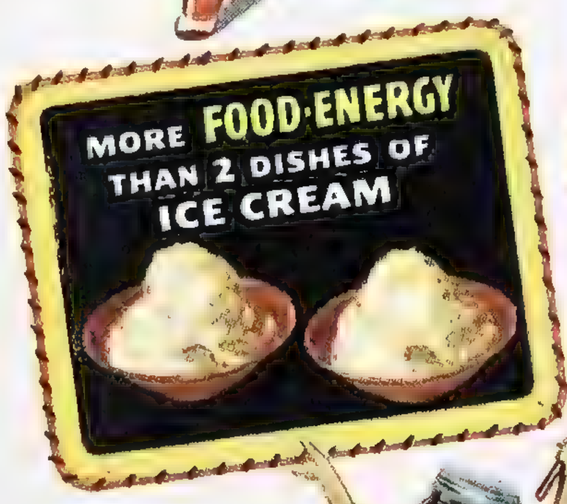


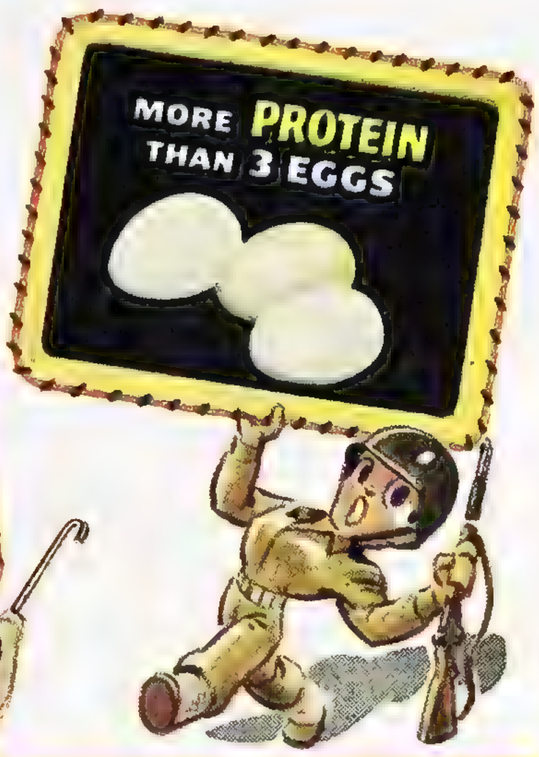












Take them in combination with other food elements which authorities agree are necessary for best results!

"Vitamins do not work alone. They work as a team with certain other food elements." That's why authorities more and more are urging, "take them in food for best results." In ordinary food, or fortified food.

For this reason, thousands are turning to Ovaltine. For it is a specially fortified food. Not just a "vitamin carrier," Ovaltine contains almost all of the precious food elements necessary for health and top vitality. And especially those elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have plenty of calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have plenty of high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies. Vitamin B_1 can't spark food into quick-energy unless it has fuel-food to work on.

There is another advantage you should not lose sight of. The elements found in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. Ordinary foods sometimes vary sharply, but you can count on the vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine, day in and day out.

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, delicious way to get the extra vitamins and minerals you need, for better health and all-round vitality!



3 OUT OF EVERY 4 PEOPLE need extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also losses due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine

PLAIN & CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

Bring out natural lustre in *your* hair like *Lovely Powers Models*



Miss Selene Mahri whose lustrous, silken-sheen hair is so characteristic of beautiful Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo.

Leaves Hair Sparkling With Its *Natural* Glossy Beauty That Lasts For Days!

Those devastatingly lovely Powers Models have to be up on every beauty trick. And just leave it to these gorgeous "million dollar" Powers Models to discover the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo.

The Beauty-Benefits Of Kreml Shampoo

Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp *scrupulously* clean of dirt and loose dandruff. You'll be thrilled the way it brings out the natural sparkling beauty—the shining highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every* girl's hair.

Notice how much softer, silkier and easier to set your hair is after you *glamour-bathe* it with Kreml Shampoo.

It leaves hair gleaming with its natural silken-sheen beauty, which is dynamic date-bait!

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

There are no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a *mild* gentle shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out so easily and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Kreml Shampoo is excellent for *every* color of hair and for *every* type whether oily or dry. At all drug or dept. stores.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Cowboy in the Velvet

(*Continued from page* 47) steer horns, mounted and handsomely polished. Roy pressed a button and the horns lit up inside. The effect was dazzling.

"Fixed that up myself," he said proudly.

On the floor by the bookshelves there was a stuffed fox, looking real as life.

"Know how I got that one?" he said.

"Shot it?" I asked.

"Nope. Ran into it with the car. I was coming up the driveway one night and it jumped right into the headlights. Thought it was a cat. Next morning I found it lying by the road so I sent it to a taxidermist. Some hunting, eh?"

ROY doesn't take himself too seriously, and that is one of his chief charms. There is a boyishness about him, an enthusiasm for all kinds of things, that shows in everything he does. He's an outdoor man and at the same time he's a homebody. He gets a tremendous kick out of his children and he is especially proud of Linda who was sitting on the sofa next to me, looking at a picture book with her older sister.

"She can talk already," said Roy. "She's only fifteen months. A friend of mine has a kid that age and she can't say a word."

Spending an hour with Roy in his home, it is easy to understand the tremendous appeal he has for all kinds of people. There is a fundamental honesty about him and a refreshing lack of pretense. He is easy to talk to and easy to get along with.

His fan mail is enormous, probably larger than that received by any other star today. Yet this popularity has its drawbacks. It sometimes subjects him to being manhandled and even mobbed by his well-meaning admirers. Last year Roy attended one of the World Series games at the Yankee Stadium in New York. A few minutes before the game started Roy and his manager, Art Rush, walked into the stands. Wearing a ten-gallon hat and a leather coat over his cowboy suit, Roy was instantly spotted by the crowd. Men, women and children stood up on their seats and yelled. The players in the field halted their practice and looked on.

A police cordon cleared a path through the stadium aisle and Roy was conducted onto the field to be photographed along with Governor Dewey, James A. Farley and members of the ball teams. When the battery of photographers got through Roy stepped into a box. Instantly the mob around him broke loose. Men, boys and women tried to clamber into the enclosure and, despite the efforts of the police, some of them actually succeeded. Roy wasn't mauled, but a middle-aged quiet gentleman who occupied a rear seat in the box had his hat mashed down and his cigar crushed. Roy turned to apologize to the gentleman for having caused so much trouble and to his astonishment discovered it was Herbert Hoover. The crowd had paid no attention to the ex-president of the United States.

AT another time Roy was on tour with the rodeo show. They were headed for Cheyenne and someone connected with the party had inadvertently wired ahead that Roy was due there at a certain time. The cowboy star was not informed about the message and his astonishment was great when he arrived at the station to be greeted by a crowd of ten thousand people. The mob overflowed into the streets, blocking traffic, and even the trains were halted while the gathering was regaling itself with a good firsthand look at its idol.

Roy receives all this adulation with shy good humor. He appreciates it not only as a symbol of what he stands for in the

eyes of his admirers but as a personal responsibility. Of all the movie stars in Hollywood he is rated among the top when it comes to obliging with his autograph. This was demonstrated at one of the annual baseball games which are held in Hollywood between the Comedians and the Leading Men. Roy played first base on the latter team. When the game ended the crowd swarmed down on the field for autographs. Most of the players scribbled a few hasty signatures and ducked for the locker room. But Roy stayed on the field for an hour and a half signing his name right and left.

THOUGH Roy makes himself easily accessible when he is on public appearance he is, like most other stars, strictly guarded when working in a picture. Republic Studio, where he is under contract, of necessity keeps outsiders away from the set because interruptions are costly and distracting. Nevertheless, a more than usually resourceful fan has been known to penetrate these barriers. One of the oddest of these maneuvers concerns a desperate lady who, after being turned away by the police officer at the gate, returned later in the day with a five-year-old child.

"My little boy will be heartbroken if he doesn't see Roy Rogers," she told the gateman. "I have brought him all the way from Ohio just so he could say hello. Won't you please let us in?" The hard-boiled officer looked into the upturned face of the lad and melted. In person he accompanied the mother and son to the set.

The mother's delight was immeasurable when Roy himself greeted them. Her expression, however, changed to alarm when Roy, addressing the boy by name, asked him where his mother was. It developed that the lad's real mother worked at the studio and was known to Roy. The lady had picked him up outside the gate and had used him as a decoy to get inside.

Roy is the first to admit that all this adulation is not directed at him alone. His famous Palomino, Trigger, comes in for a large share of it. In fact, sometimes Trigger gets it all, as on the occasion when a large department store in Pittsburgh sent a request for Trigger to appear at a War-Bond rally and omitted Roy's name from the invitation. Trigger showed up with his trainer, took the appropriate bows and proved himself a huge success.

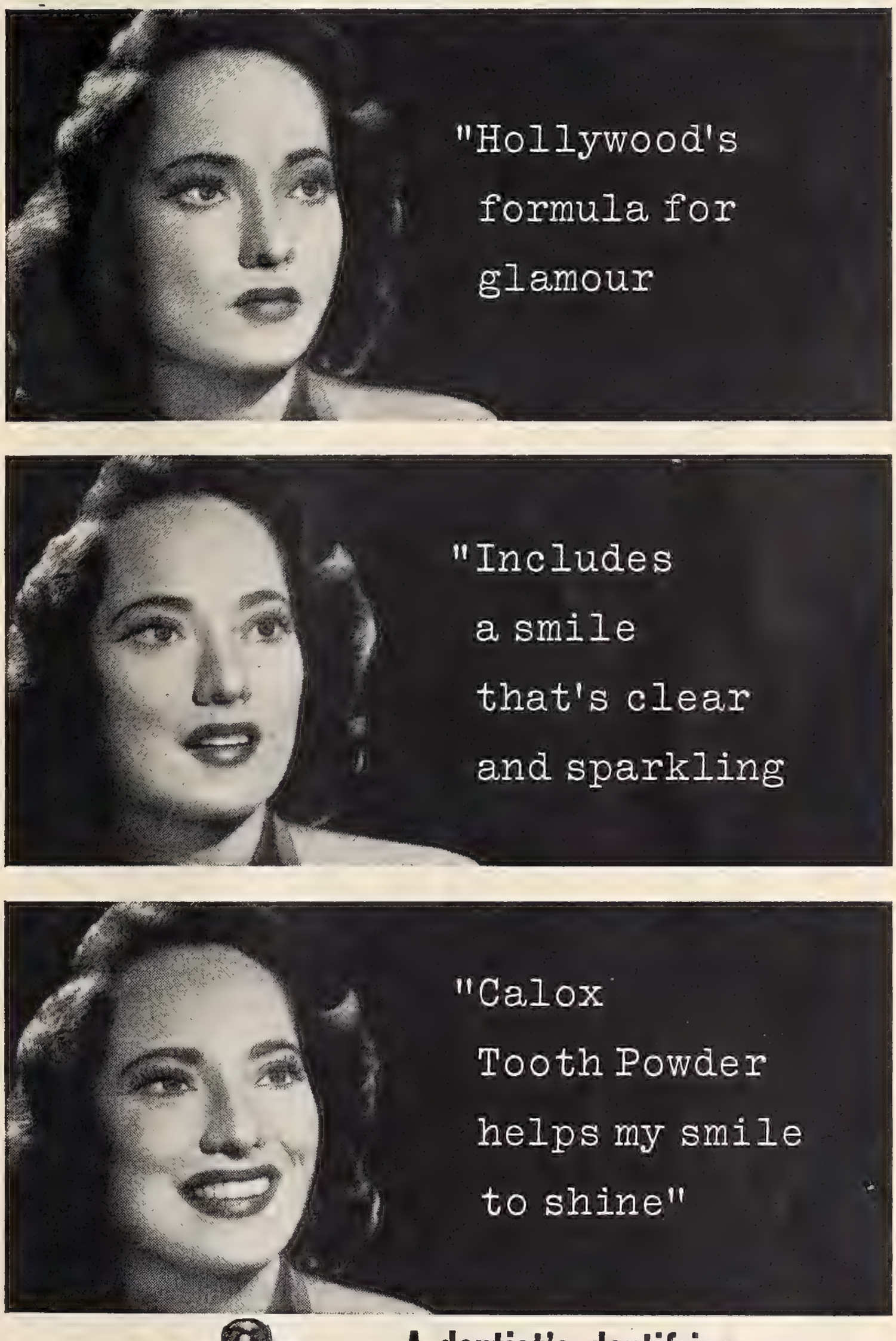
Trigger travels in a specially built trailer. His name used to be painted in large letters on the outside but that has now been removed because it attracted too much attention. The kids would no sooner spot the trailer than they would mob it. It was a cute custom for them to reach in through the slats and pull the hairs out of the horse's tail for souvenirs. Once they got away with every hair on his tail. Now he travels incognito.

IN a place like Hollywood where odd sights are run-of-the-mill stuff there is something arresting in the spectacle of Roy Rogers, dressed in full cowboy regalia, including spurs, tearing along Ventura Boulevard every morning on an Indian motorcycle. Roy took up this form of transportation when gasoline rationing went into effect, much to the distress of the studio executives who feared he would mistake his vehicle for a cow pony and start jumping ditches or leaping it across ravines. Nothing like that has happened to date and though the motorcycle experiment was undertaken from necessity Roy has now become an addict.

"Ride that Indian," the kids yell at him as he shoots through Hollywood traffic and Roy grins back at them in boyish delight. His machine looks like any other of its type except that Roy has equipped it with

MERLE OBERON speaking:

Star of "DARK WATERS" a United Artists Picture

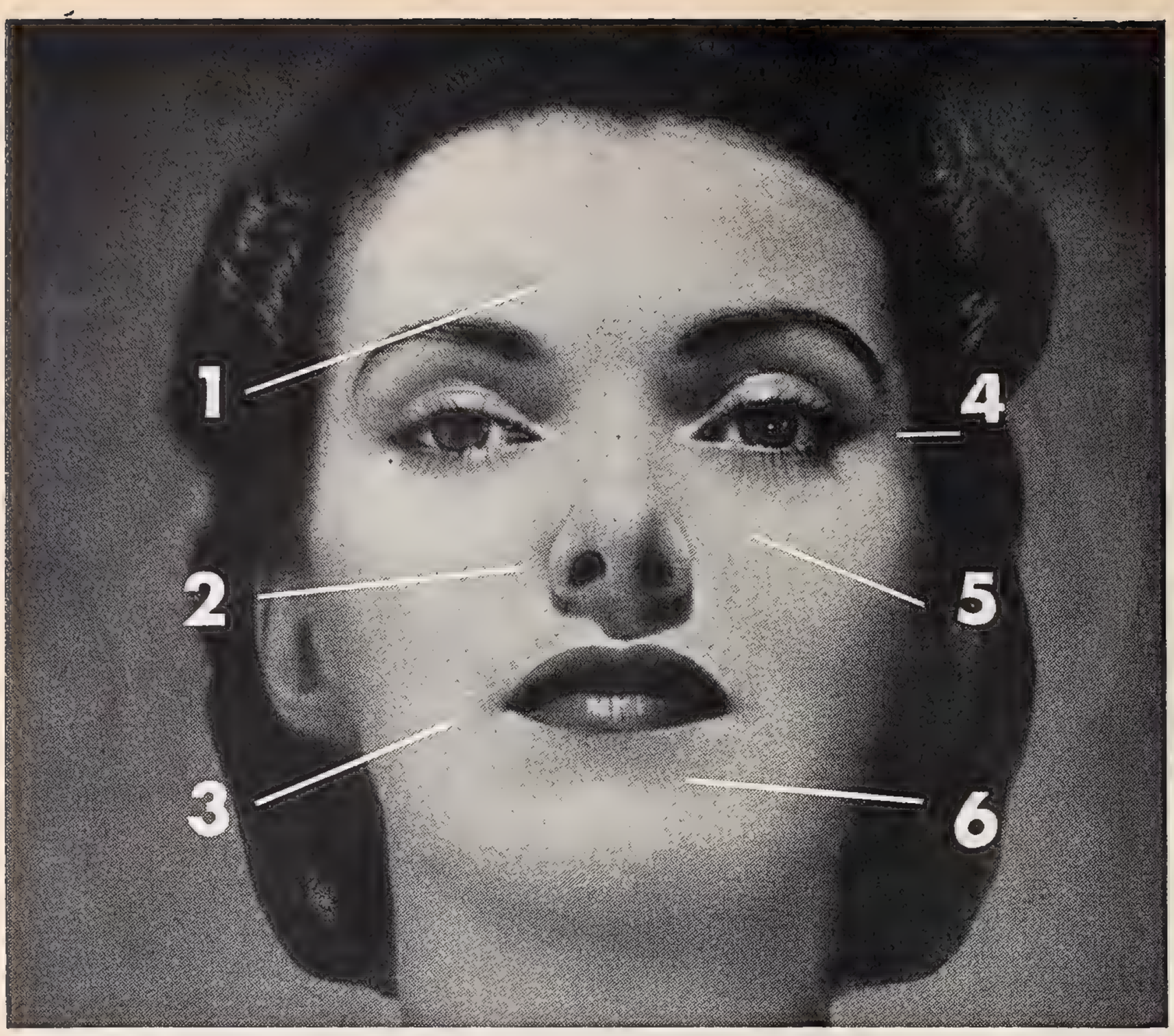




A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for people who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Calox offers you:—

1. **SCRUPULOUS CLEANING.** Calox is a multiple-action powder. It contains *five* cleansing and polishing ingredients.
2. **LUSTROUS POLISHING.** Calox helps bring out all the high natural luster of teeth.
3. **CALOX IS GENTLE.** Double-sifted through 100 mesh silk.
4. **NO MOUTH PUCKERING MEDICINE TASTE.** Children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. **MADE BY A FAMOUS LABORATORY.** McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



Who else wants to say "Goodbye" to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

1
Does the face powder you use fail to give a smooth, even finish?

2
Does the face powder you use fail to stay on?

3
Does the face powder you use fail to stay fresh and fragrant?

4
Does the face powder you use fail to hide little tired lines?

5
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny freckles?

6
Does the face powder you use fail to hide tiny blemishes?

Women say this new-texture face powder makes their skin look smoother, years younger!

There's a thrilling *new-texture* face powder that helps end all these 6 "face powder troubles"!

It's Lady Esther Face Powder—and it's different because it's *made* differently! It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES*. And this patented hurricane method of blending not only makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—it makes the shades richer—it makes your skin look *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder goes on your skin like a film of beauty. It helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Just try Lady Esther Face Powder! Get the smallest size box, if you like—but *try it!* When you see how much softer, smoother and younger it makes your skin look—it's time enough to get the largest and most *economical* size. But for living proof in your own mirror that this is the most flattering face powder you have ever used, get the small-size box *today!*

TUNE IN Lady Esther "Screen Guild Players" Monday nights, CBS.



tooled-leather saddlebags in which he carries his make-up, the manuscript of the picture he is making, etc.

These daily excursions to and from the studio are about the only public appearances that Roy makes except, of course, the professional ones. He spends his evenings at home, never going to night clubs or other places which smack of revelry. One reason is that he doesn't care for that kind of life and another is that he would attract too much attention.

Of course it could be argued that if he wanted to disguise himself in public he would merely have to put on an ordinary business suit. Roy doesn't own a business suit. He doesn't even own a tuxedo. Cowboy clothes have become as much a part of him as Trigger and he lives in them whether he is working at his job or loafing around the house. His wardrobe is his pride. A cowboy suit consists of shirt, trousers and coat. For one of these outfits he pays from $175 to $200. He buys about twenty-five suits a year, for they must serve him on all occasions, not only for use in his pictures but in public and private life.

He lavishes a great deal of care in the selection of his clothes for they are his stock in trade. He doesn't go in for heavy embroidery or gaudy trimmings but prefers comparatively simple designs on his shirts. His favorite color combinations are electric blue trimmed with gray, or golden brown combined with canary yellow. He shies away from brilliant reds, just as he shies way from noisy people.

Though ordinarily an easy-going fellow, Roy is much concerned right now over a problem that has suddenly come up in his career. The problem, simply stated, is, shall he kiss a girl on the screen? Some of the studio executives say no. They hold that a cowboy would be a sissy in the eyes of the kids if he stooped to such nonsense. They say that Roy would jeopardize his career if he essayed any such revolutionary didoes.

Roy is inclined to disagree with them. Discussing this weighty matter he said:

"Every kid has some girl he'd like to kiss even though he may not admit it to the other kids. I know because I was a kid myself once."

He still is.

THE END



Mantelpiece motif: The picture ot Trigger who helped put Roy Rogers in the high-bracket movie business

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4)

$1.00 PRIZE
"The Story Of Elsa Maxwell"

I AM beginning to think that actresses are also authoresses—and after reading various articles by Davis, Crawford, Goddard and many others—I think that some of these famous writers can look to their laurels—all except Elsa Maxwell, of course! She is tops, I think!

To me, Elsa Maxwell's name alone spells enchantment. When one thinks of this famous woman-writer, the darling of the world (you might say), this Marie Dressler of writers, this sophisticate of continents—well! Why hasn't the idea come to someone to have her life portrayed in pictures? Piano playing in a third-rate cafe in Africa, entertaining princess and grand dames—wouldn't it make a wonderful movie?

Thanks, Photoplay, for giving us such swell articles by such splendid writers with all their wealth of experience behind them. May they continue to fill our dull existences with their spellbinding words.

Alys M. Kent,
Westfield, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
A Different Deanna

I HAVE just seen "Christmas Holiday," and I could not help wondering throughout the picture what had become of the Deanna Durbin of other days. Certainly this world-worn, exotically made-up, husky-voiced woman could not be the sweet-faced, smiling girl that had made millions happy with her beautiful songs and talent for romantic comedy. If Miss Durbin is trying to prove she can act . . . we know she can . . . does she have to emote in sorrow all over the screen? Hollywood has plenty of emotional actresses—Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, Ida Lupino, Joan Fontaine and so on down the line. Anyone could have played that part; anyone could have sung in a torchy voice that way. Let Deanna play the roles that only she can play and leave the dramatics to others.

Mrs. L. M. Ingram,
San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
Teen-age Ideal

IN the August issue of Photoplay I read in Cal York's "Inside Stuff" that Van Johnson's M-G-M bosses can't understand why he has the Sinatra effect on his teen-age public. Well I guess you have to be teen-age and a girl to understand. Having the two requirements I may be able to solve the mystery. First, the way he smiles (Yum-yum). Next, the way he talks (Mmmm-mmmmm). Then there's the way he pouts (ohhh-ohhh). He's practically every American girl's ideal.

Miss L. Papalia,
Bridgeport, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE
For the Record

NO one could sing "You'll Never Know" as Alice Faye did in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Nor could anyone ever think of equaling Dooley Wilson's "As Time Goes By" from the hit picture "Casablanca."

Why don't studios make the recordings of these songs by the stars available to the public? It would bring great satisfaction to record collectors who aren't willing to accept a poor rendition of songs they enjoy in pictures.

Paula McDonald,
Ridgewood, N. J.

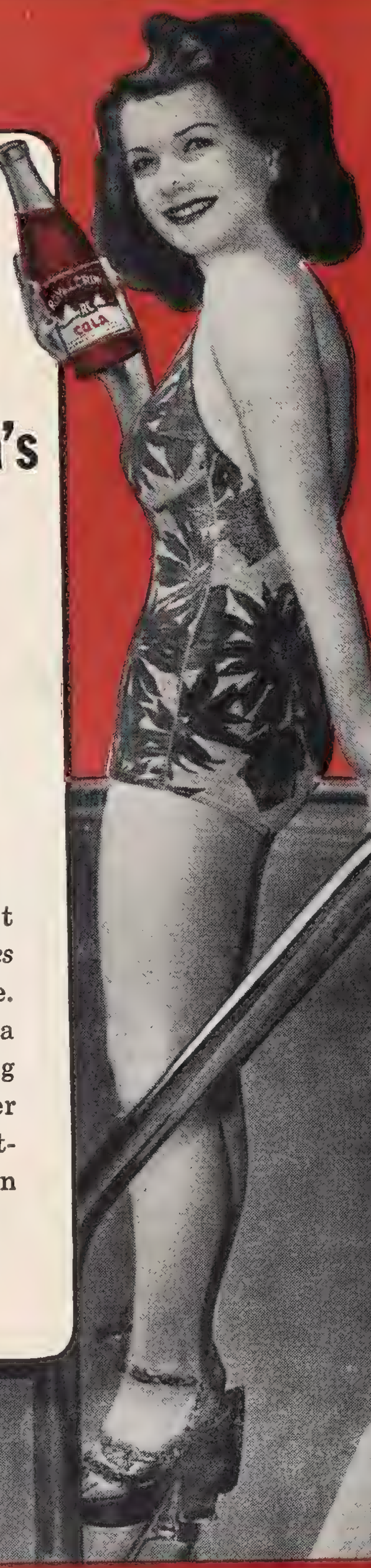


See Anne Baxter in "GUEST IN THE HOUSE," the Hunt Stromberg Production released through United Artists

"It tastes best In every way; Royal Crown Cola's Tops, I say!"

says

ANNE BAXTER



"I have proof that Royal Crown Cola does taste best," says Anne. "I took the famous cola taste-test. After sampling leading colas in paper cups, I picked the best-tasting one. Royal Crown Cola rated far ahead!"

ROYAL CROWN COLA

BEST BY TASTE-TEST

HONORABLE MENTION

JUST lately American and British stars have visited India and I think perhaps your readers would like to know about them. Capt. Melvyn Douglas visited Bombay in December, 1943, and stayed at the Taj Mahal Hotel. He was first recognized at the local Canteen and then two of the ladies invited him to go to the Cricket Club of India's weekly dance. He was a sensation!

Delhi was in the news next when it was visited by Joe E. Brown. Interviewed at the microphone Joe amused and interested all his listeners with his ready wit.

Paulette Goddard was adored wherever she went and became a great favorite of the Chinese boys who erected tents for her. They told her that it would give them great pleasure, if she gave them a little more time, to put up a tent for her in Tokyo. Paulette's visit in a land where famine rages has acted as a great tonic to the Indian and European civilians and troops.

An Indian Reader,
Bombay, India

I HAVE just had the thrilling experience of seeing Paramount's "Double Indemnity." It made me feel as though I wanted Barbara and Fred to escape with the almost-perfect crime, and yet I was sure they would be caught.

Why can't the picture studios turn out more of these high-class murder movies? They are a refreshing change.

Mary Ella Manville,
Hollywood, Fla.

I'M plenty mad! Please tell me why Lee Bowman never gets the girl. Of course he comes in about the middle of the picture and captures the leading lady's heart, but he always has to give her up. I say, give this fellow a break and let him be the one to carry off the beautiful lady, at least once.

Norma Lee Rimmer,
Burlington, N. C.

ALL the girls around here thought of Gary Cooper as another wolf to swoon over. Then we saw "The Story Of Dr. Wassell" and changed our minds. Now we think of him as a real American. Gary showed us what a real American soldier is.

He was an inspiration to the people to buy Bonds and Stamps, too, so let's have some more of Gary Cooper.

Nell Jackson,
Bowling Green, Ky.

Just Look

at the way

Betty Grable

looks on the December cover of Photoplay

Reserve your copy now. It will be at your newsstand November 10 or as soon thereafter as wartime transportation permits

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY

If You Were Allan Ladd's House Guest

(*Continued from page* 51) yellow wainscoting. The dining set is in bleached walnut, with the chairs upholstered in green. The yellow monks-cloth drapes at the windows complete this pale yellow and green room . . . except for the lovely old silver Sue has put wherever she could.

BUT now, suddenly, lunch is over and the group breaks up—the secretaries disappear back to work, Raymond returns to the neighbor's lawn and The Four go off into their own world. Peace descends like the calm after the storm and Sue and Alan happily herd you across the green-carpeted entrance hall into the living room for a talk.

In this room you find every sign of the Ladds' charming originality—beginning with their lamps, which are the most unusual lamps in Hollywood. On the antiqued-green piano, for instance, stands a lamp Alan himself designed—a great oblong white bowl with green figurines on its sides and white chrysanthemums clustered in it.

Grinning, the Ladds watch while you stare around the room at the other rare lamps—the two on either side of the fireplace, made out of silver champagne buckets with dark green leatherette shades above them; and the enormous silver lamp against one end wall, with a base made of two matching silver bowls filled with growing ivy and a shade sheltering them both done in green chintz with a red floral pattern.

But now you really see the room in which these lamps live—as dignified and gracious a room as if it were in New Orleans or Philadelphia. It's long and carpeted in the same dark green as the front hall and dining room, with French windows framed in cream-background drapes with a brownish pink and green floral pattern. The walls are tinted dark green too and before the delicate marble fireplace stands Sue's pride and joy—her enormous square coffee table whose top is made of antique mirror. "Originally," she tells you crowingly, "it was a dirty-brown old dining table. I had its legs sawed off, antiqued it in pale green and put the mirror top on it!" Also, a square hole is cut in the center of the table top, and from this grow ivy vines two feet into the air supported by a moss-covered stick.

Two wide green couches face each other across the coffee table; and then there's a dainty English cabinet filled with Dresden figures; and on an old leather writing table you see three green leather-bound books. One, marked "Alana Ladd," is filled with pictures of the Ladd heiress, aged a year and a half; one, marked "The Ladds," is a dictionary; and the third, marked "Sue and Alan Ladd," is a huge and glossy guest book presented to them by the Bill Bendixes two years ago—with three guests' names written in it and all else blank!

But what moves you the most in the room is a framed picture of Alan, with the inscription written on it, "For my wife, from whom I will never be apart—come what way. I love you terribly, Susie! Me!"

Right here there is an interruption from the hallway—and you're meeting the final members of the Ladd household: Tiny Alana herself, and her pretty nurse Miss O'Connor. Alana, in bare feet and a fluffy white pinafore, looks like a miniature ballerina—until she totters drunkenly over the floor to her father and mother, making a brave attempt to

Mrs. Alexander Williams Biddle

Two distinguished American families dating back to Colonial times were united when Elizabeth Onderdonck Simms married Alexander W. Biddle. There is aristocracy about Mrs. Biddle's looks, too—her complexion is so delicate, her care of it so fastidious. "I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly—three or four times a week," she says. "The Mask has a genius for making my skin look clearer, fresher—and even lighter!"



Mrs. Biddle is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream

How to make your skin look fresher and smoother

First—Cover your face generously—except near the eyes—with cool, silky Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Time this Mask—leaving on one minute for the cream's "keratolytic" action to work. Then tissue off.

Unflattering, powder-catching little roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles are loosened and dissolved!

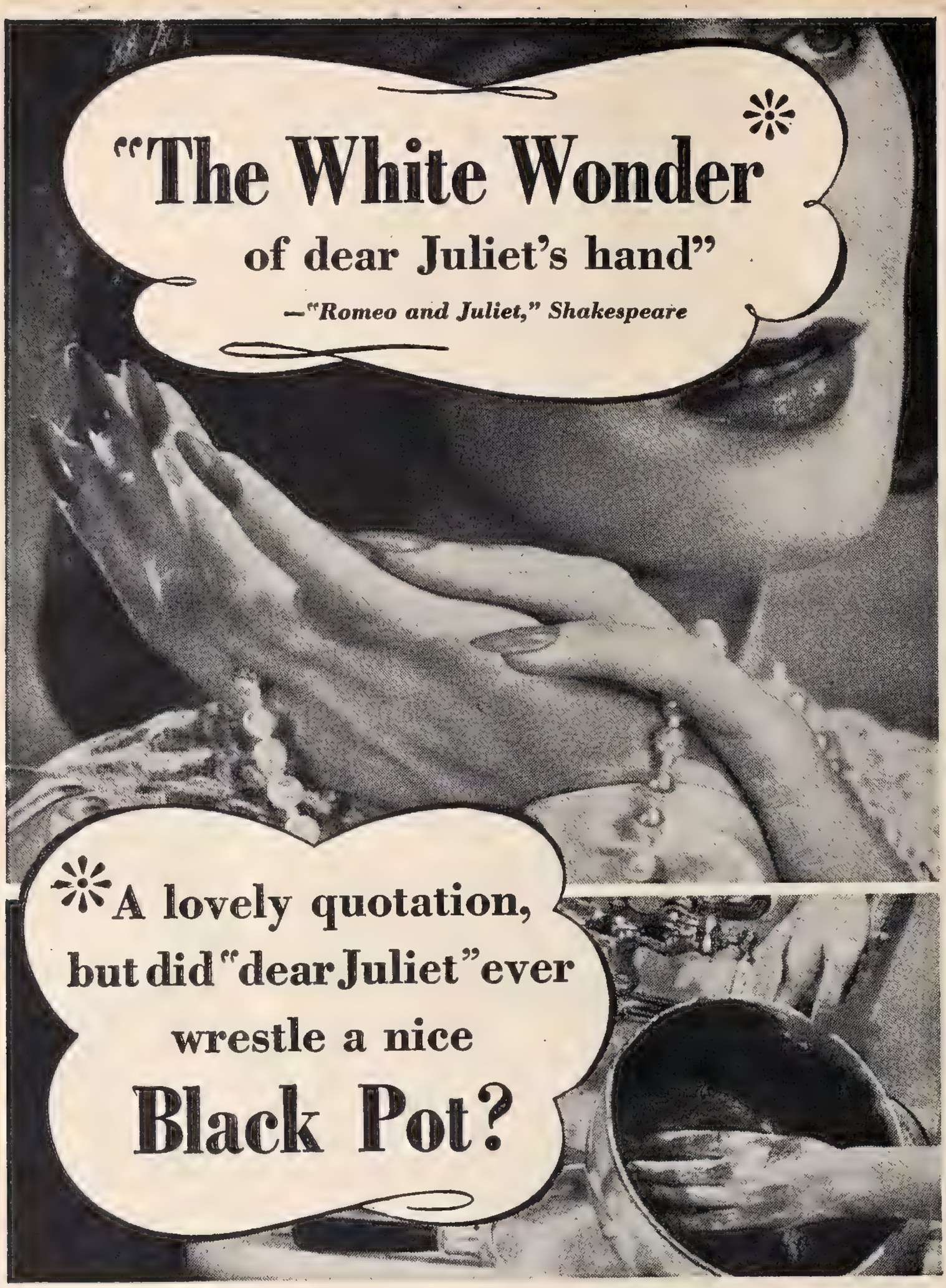
You can't help being impressed with this quick-time complexion re-styling! The "most perfect" skin looks even clearer, feels softer. And make-up goes on so smoothly!

Of course, you know Mrs. Biddle and other society beauties use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a make-up base, too! Just smooth a very light film over your skin—and *leave it on.*

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



Is housework making your hands look "OLDER" than you?

NOBODY argues that romance and white, smooth, "young-looking" hands go together like Cupid and arrows. *But . . .*

But what's the *best* way to be sure they stay white and "young-looking" in spite of abuse?

Well, try Pacquins Hand Cream. *See* for yourself if it doesn't make your hands smooth out faster and *feel* smoother longer.

It's creamy . . . non-greasy . . . fragrant . . . delightful. Let *your* hands be *your* age—with Pacquins.



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show how well she walks! She has a golden fluff of soft hair around her face and big blue eyes; but you have hardly been introduced before Miss O'Connor has whisked her out to the back yard for her afternoon sunshine (in an unusual screened-in playpen with a peaked room of screening—made, of course, by Alan and Raymond the gardener!).

SHE has hardly vanished before Alan has to go too—and takes you along with him, to his radio broadcast rehearsal, and afterwards to see the Victory Committee about doing some Army shows. Later, you discover that Sue (who spends as vital a life as her husband) put in an afternoon dropping in at her actors' agency to see how things were going; and rushing over to Paramount Studios to supervise the moving of Alan's dressing-room suite to a new site; and ordering groceries for a long stay at Malibu Beach; and getting her hair set!

It's six o'clock that night before you (exhausted) and Alan (fresh as ever) pull up before the Ladd house again in his black convertible. Sue's blue sedan is already parked outside and so is a long black limousine—"That's Kay Kyser's," Alan explains as you both alight and go into the house.

Kay and his bride Georgia Carroll are among the Ladds' closest friends; and by the time you and Alan reach the tiny den at the end of the entrance hall you find Kay, Gorgeous Georgia and Sue deep in pre-dinner cheese crackers and tomato juice. All four of you are soon locked in a gin rummy game—but, between blows, you manage to view with approval the den.

There's oatmeal-colored rag carpeting on its long, narrow floor, and a small red leather bar, and a built-in couch that stretches down one wall and around the corner of another, interrupted by built-in table cabinets.

Old English prints hang on the walls and over the little corner fireplace is a bronze plaque of Alan's face—made by Sue after a make-up artist had cast his face in plaster.

Books are in built-in cases at either end of the room and the walls between them are natural wood; and on either side of the little bar are two more of Sue's ivy inventions: two old English brass water-coolers, with ivy dripping from all openings.

"Sue has ivy everywhere," Alan says, watching you. "What we really need is a gardener for *inside* the house!"

DINNER is as delicious as lunch, centering around Alan's favorite food, which is roast pork; and the minute it's over friends begin to arrive for a party in your honor—the Delmer Daveses, the Sonny Tufts, the Joel McCreas. Then, to your surprise, you're are all led outdoors into the back yard, where you're greeted by the friendly boxer given the Ladds by Y. Frank Freeman.

With her wagging at your side, you arrive at the famous Ladd playhouse, which was once the garage. It has been added to and developed into a two-story brick house, with the maid's room upstairs and what looks like a big English tavern downstairs, and here you all collect for an evening of acting games and good conversation.

It's been a busy day with the endlessly energetic Ladds and you're ready for bed when it finally is suggested to you. Back in the main house, Alan shows you upstairs to a pleasant room with a light blue rug and blue, white and red wallpaper in feathery stripes. The twin beds have white spreads and red headboards and red quilts—and the two easy chairs are white with red trimming, and the big

mirror over the dresser has a giddy red ruffle around it.

You are so tired that the bathroom comes as a jolt to you: You hadn't realized that you shared it with tiny Alana, so the six pairs of dimimutive white shoes set to dry over the bathtub surprise you at first —to say nothing of the bathinette you have to move aside to get into your tub! Her neat bottles of oils and powders take up so much room on the ledge under the window that you give up and cart all your belongings back to your own room . . . and then you fall into bed, and to sleep.

THE next day Alan is up and gone to work on "Two Years Before The Mast" long before you awake, and you find out from Sue their personal morning schedule: At six-thirty she gets up and goes down to the kitchen to make coffee—since the cook sleeps until nine o'clock. At seven she awakens Alan and together they drink coffee in their easy chairs before their bedroom fireplace, while both of them are buried in the newspapers. Then he goes into the big white bathroom and shaves while she sits on a white chair and watches him—and they have their only unhurried talk of the day. Once he's gone to work, Sue goes in to play with Alana and by 8:30 another hectic Ladd day has started, with no holds barred!

After breakfast, Sue shows you the parts of the house that you haven't seen —the cheerful white and blue tiled kitchen, with tiny old-fashioned transfers on occasional white tiles over the sink; and, upstairs, Alana's little-girl room with a pale blue rug, a white wallpaper sprigged with rosebuds and her white crib with cut-outs in the wooden slats silhouetting animals and fruit.

Then you cross the hall into the master bedroom shared by Sue and Alan—which is a big square room with a dark brown rug, and a yellow spread on the enormous custom-built bed. The flounce on the bed, the headboard, the side tables, the window drapes *and* the walls are all done in the same Chinese linen block print—a cream background with birds and boats dotting it in brown, yellow, and blue tones bringing the room in close about you. Before the little marble fireplace stands a low coffee table staggering under magazines, since Alan reads steadily before he sleeps every night.

You can easily see which side of the bed is Alan's by its nightstand—with an ashtray, some pipes and a radio. Sue's has a box of kleenex and a picture of Alan, with the inscription, "Susie, may we never know what it is to be apart. Love—Laddie."

BUT by this time you know many more items about the Ladds. You know that they've been married three years, and that Sue owned this house for several years before that—and that Alan completely redecorated it when he married Sue, but eventually they want a ranch somewhere near the ocean. You know that every night he comes straight home from the studio, walks into the house, peels off his shirt and spends a half-hour on the little brick terrace off the den buffeting his punching bag around —it's his sole exercise, and his steady one. You know that right now Alan is up for re-induction into the Army and that although he would, like any other husband and father, hate to leave his Susie and Alana, he is only too eager to be a part of the fighting forces once more.

You know that all his clothes are in tan, brown, yellow and light blue; and that he likes Sue in bright colors and particularly in hostess gowns—so she has several of them! You know that Alan

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never eats any breakfast but black coffee, and then has a breakfasty lunch of ham and eggs and toast.

You know that Sue hails from Chicago and that Alan is from Arkansas. You know that he arrived in North Hollywood as a child after migrating through Denver and Oklahoma—and that when he saw "The Grapes Of Wrath" it reminded him of his own arrival in California, with his father (a house painter) driving a rusty jalopy that broke down every few miles. You know that Alan's life was so hard and so hungry that he deserves every break he's gotten—and that Sue, knowing this, indulges his every passion, including his love of Sulka ties and jewelry. You know that her birthday gift to him was a square ruby quartz ring, and that Alan is mad about it.

You know that the Ladds seldom go night-clubbing; and that they entertain three or four nights a week at small dinners; and that they go constantly to movies alone after a tête-a-tête dinner at Chasen's, La Rue or the Brown Derby. You know that they always intend to come right home after the show to get a long night's sleep—but that somehow they always stop to give some soldiers a lift and wind up bringing them home for a snack and an until-dawn discussion!

You know that both Alan and Sue own bicycles and that occasionally they pedal off on them for twosome exercise before dinner—and that they were married twice, once in Mexico and once in Santa Ana, California—and that Sundays he likes to spend tanning on the sun deck they've fixed up on the garage roof, with gay umbrellas and outdoor furniture. You know that he reads the comic strips with fascination. And you know that the Ladds love and enjoy their home every moment they're in it.

And you? Well, frankly, you'd like to move in and enjoy it permanently! What about it, Sue and Alan?

THE END

Impressions . . .

(*Continued from page 49*) the dynamiting of a bridge. I suppose this is the effect of machinery. Those who live in its huge presence become mechanized in spite of themselves and without knowing it. It explained to me some of the clockwork of the portrayal of emotions on the screen. Emotion, if it is real, is unpredictable, and that is its excitement. But in the mill of the machines I can see there must not be anything unpredictable.

Well, it was all fascinating and interesting and not for the reasons I had been told Hollywood was fascinating and interesting. Somebody ought to write a novel about what those big machines are doing to people.

THE END

Even if jive isn't your dish—even if you don't dance at all—you *still* have to worry about underarm perspiration and odor! If you've found that ordinary deodorant creams let you down—switch to FRESH! Sets your mind at ease about moisture *and* odor—completely! Harmlessly! And FRESH is *pleasanter*—not gritty, greasy, or sticky. Won't dry out in the jar!

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• FRESH contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science—in a gentle cream that *won't irritate* any normal skin!

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• **"Year's-Supply-Free" Guarantee!** If you don't agree FRESH is the *best* underarm cream you've ever used, we'll give you, *free*, a year's supply of any other deodorant you name! The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



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TO A BRAVE ALLY . . .

Congratulations from America to China

On the Chinese "Fourth of July," October 10, the day on which the Chinese republic entered its thirty-fourth year.

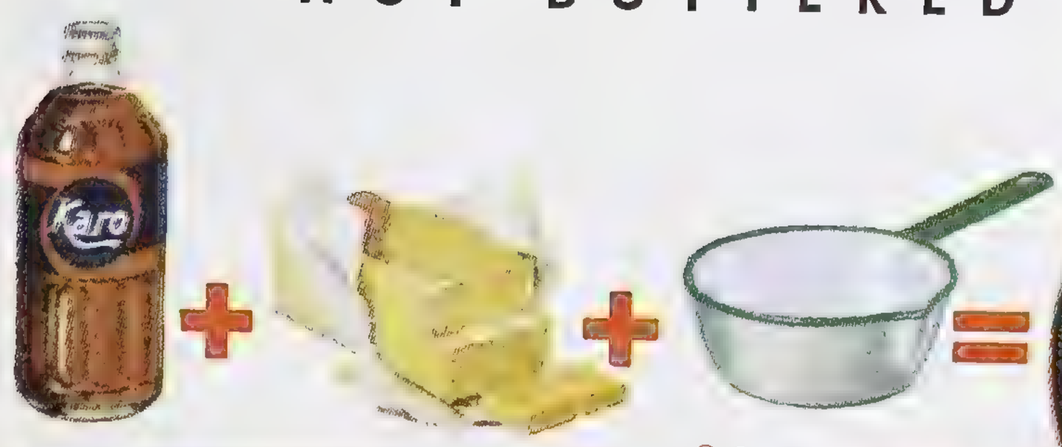
Rise and Shine

ONE WHIFF of a Karo breakfast is better'n an alarm clock at our house. Mom knows every day should start with a real energizin' breakfast. So she whips up wheatcakes or waffles or hot biscuits . . . and serves them with *hot buttered* Karo. That saves butter, 'cause she doesn't have to serve it at the table. And *hot buttered* Karo helps keep food hot, the way you like it. Take it from an expert . . . that's me . . . you never tasted such rich flavor. Try it, won't you?

THE KARO KID



HOT BUTTERED KARO . . . .



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Heat Karo, (about one cup for four people): melt a small amount of butter or margarine in it (1 or 2 tablespoons or pats—as your supply allows). Serve piping hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast, hot biscuits or fried mush. For flavor variations add a strip or two of fried and chopped bacon, or a little cooked, chopped ham (leftover if you like).

Karo is rich in dextrose . . . food-energy sugar







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Growing Pains

(*Continued from page* 53) comedy." She is frank, with no illusions about herself as a beauty, which she is not. After her first disastrous experience with the make-up experts, she has refused to allow anyone but herself to dress her hair and "do" her face for the camera. Her fan mail, particularly from boys in the service, has leaped to the thousands per week. The keynote of all the service letters sums up June's personality—"You're the sort of girl I'd like to come home to!" If June stays that way, she'll do all right on the proverbial fame ladder.

John Hodiak is rather old to come under the category of "growing pains." The handsome green-eyed Ukrainian is thirty. But, like Miss Williams, Van Johnson and June Allyson, he is now going through the same experience of career-pains that might see him emerge one of the big stars of tomorrow. Greer Garson put in a special plea for John as her leading man in "Valley Of Decision."

When Hodiak was first brought to Hollywood from his radio job in Chicago, the Metro biggies wanted him to change his name. "It's a bad name for a leading man," they told him. "I'm not a leading man yet," replied John, "and when I am, the name won't matter." The chief reason for his refusal was explained recently. "My family lives in Detroit," John said. "Imagine, every time my mother or father saw me on the screen under some such name as Cary Bogart, they'd have to explain, 'That's my Johnny.' The people in that neighborhood are tough. They'd say 'Oh yeah!' "

Johnny is dead serious about his work. He had eleven months in B's before Hitchcock picked him for "Lifeboat." He does not go out with girls on working days. And when he is interested in a picture, as he was in "Lifeboat" and "Sunday Dinner For A Soldier," he stays on the set whether called for work or not. His best training for speaking dialogue he believes was gained when he worked in a bank and had to read aloud columns of figures. He read those numerals in the manner of Hamlet's "To be or not to be!"

But the Hodiak feet seem to be firmly on the star ground; if he goes on as carefully as he's started out, he should end up all right.

Diana Lynn and Susanna Foster started their movie careers at Paramount at the same time five years ago. But blonde Susanna and brunette Diana are just about as different as two girls can be. Diana is weathering the storm of fame in more shipshape fashion than Susie, who, when they started, was the more famous of the two. In fact, Diana's chief chore in their early days was to trot meekly along when Susie sang at benefits and play the piano for her. Susie was brash. Diana was shy. Her nickname at the studio was "Mousie." Susie had the disadvantage of an unhappy home life. Diana, whose real name is Dolly Lehr, is an only child of loving parents who could afford to give her a good musical education.

Today, Diana is a star in her own right at Paramount. Susie is ditto at Universal. But Diana is popular. Susie's temperament sometimes makes people leery of her. Fearless saw Diana just before she left for New York to attend the premiere of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." As always, she was sweet and friendly. In her picture, "Out Of This World," Diana wins the boy, Eddie Bracken, from Veronica Lake. "They must be out of their minds," said Diana, "Eddie Bracken would choose Veronica." Fearless isn't so sure.

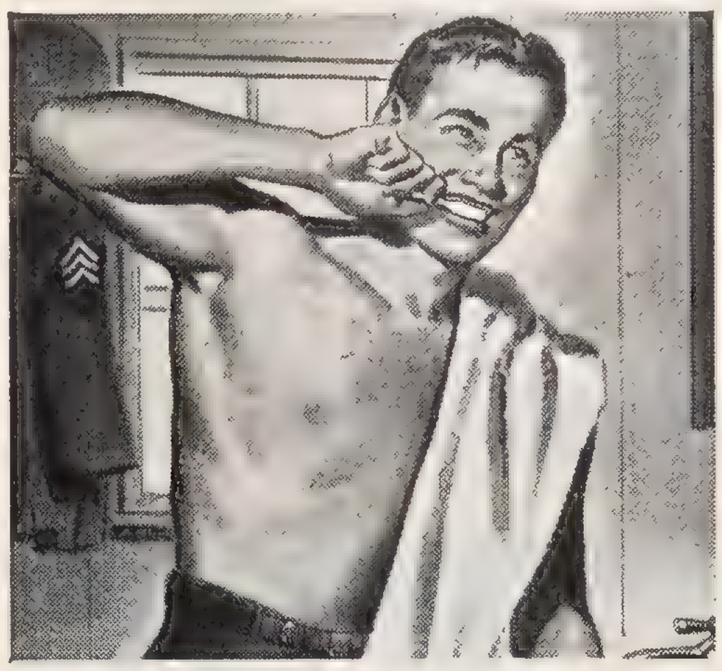
Miss Foster lives on one of the highest hills in Hollywood in a duplex apartment that is practically all glass. People who

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!



One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know *why!* He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's *super-fine* to make teeth glow!"

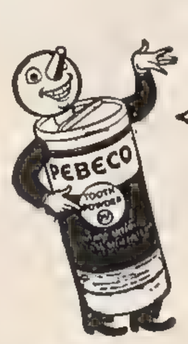


What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its *micro-fine* particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.



So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with *super-fine* Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that *extra* clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!

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Big 10¢ size, too

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Never dries your skin!

know her well are convinced that her temperament is the result of an inferiority complex that is a mile high. She is afraid the other guy won't like her, so she always gets in the first crack. But if you are kind to Susie, she reacts like a friendly puppy.

Turhan Bey, the handsome Turk, a boy who oozes with "sex," was born in Vienna of Turkish descent. He is twenty-four years old and was raised in the capitals of Europe. He is intelligent and quite cynical—about himself, about Hollywood, about his work—and about females. Which may be the explanation for the way he has avoided the major growing pains of success.

You all know the story of how a Paramount talent scout picked up a couple of hitch-hikers who told him, "We know someone who is more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr." And how it turned out to be Gail Russell who was signed to a Paramount contract without benefit of any acting training.

At first no one thought the "Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica" would amount to much in Hollywood. She was too tense and too shy. In her first important picture, "Lady In the Dark," her hands were cold all the time, with nerves; she kept rushing into her dressing room for a good cry and she didn't care two hoots whether she made good or not.

But with Gail's success in "The Uninvited," she lost that painful shyness and now she talks sensibly with visitors who come to see her emote (before, the set was always closed). She is acquiring poise and is now really interested in being a star. She lives with her mother and father in a Beverly Hills apartment and wants to make lots of money so she can own a ranch and keep horses. She is nineteen but minus a serious romance. So far, so good; she has overcome the shyness and seems to be on the way to a well-balanced stardom.

WILLIAM EYTHE seems to be a normal "boy next door" type who can take most anything in his stride. Underneath he carries a driving ambition to attain his goal of being a fine actor but he doesn't let it upset the surface of his everyday life. He loves to cook—and to eat. He's a good friend of Anne Baxter's and invited her to lunch one day. He was cooking a ham for the meal and left the kitchen for a swim in the pool. When Bill returned the ham was on the floor providing a swell meal for his dog. He snatched what was left of it and served it to Anne. "It was a wonderfully successful meal," says Bill. "Of course I told Anne about the dog—afterwards!"

Bill, a graduate of Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, has a real sense of humor. He says he received his first "E" at the premiere of "Since You Went Away," when some fans in the bleachers shouted, "Look, there's William Eythe—eee." He came to Hollywood two years ago, from the stage version of "The Moon Is Down." He is ambitious and knows the value of publicity. He makes a point of visiting the publicity department at Twentieth Century-Fox—where he works—once every day.

He is twenty-five and punctured eardrums prevent Army service. Recently, a woman in a theater said to him, "Why aren't you in the Army?" To which the young man replied. "Madam, for the same reason that you're not in the Follies—physical deficiency!"

If Bill can keep on laughing at himself, he'll not have any growing pains. Let's hope that the majority of all of Hollywood's "near stars" can accomplish the same thing!

THE END

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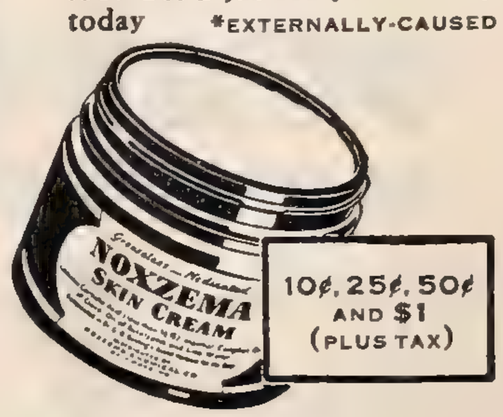
Burning Feet. Noxzema is grand for tired, burning feet—feels just like "wading in a cool stream." It's greaseless; won't stain—vanishes almost at once.



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Nurses were among the first to discover the many ways Noxzema helps. Try it for minor burns, minor insect bites, too! Get a jar for your family today *EXTERNALLY-CAUSED



What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 64) •

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen years old; I graduated when I was sixteen and since then I have been working.

I have a good home and two of the nicest parents in the world. But this is my problem: Ever since I can remember, anything I ever wanted done was done by my mother. I never got a chance to learn to sew or cook or anything that a girl should learn.

Right now I am going steady with a boy and in time I hope to marry him. But because of all this, I am not ready to meet the qualifications of a wife.

What I want to do now is break away from both Father and Mother. I want to go live with a girl friend of mine who is the same age as I and is out of school. I believe that if I got away for a while I would learn how to take some responsibility.

Do you think I am wrong?

Frona M.

Dear Frona:

Yes, I think you're wrong, and I'll tell you why. You have gone to a great deal of trouble to represent your desire to move in with a girl friend as the result of your ambition to become an adult, self-reliant human being.

What you really want is to leave home for the "adventure" of living with a girl friend and the freedom from parental restraint.

What I think you should do is to remain with your mother and father, and—if you are really so anxious to become domestic—ask your mother to impose domestic responsibilities upon you.

If you are really sincere in your eagerness to become a homemaker, your mother will be the first to assist you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a telephone operator and have been working here for several years. Now I am sick and tired of my job. I am thinking seriously of quitting regardless of the fact that the chief operator says it is almost impossible to get good people.

I reason that if good people are that important right now, the smart thing for me to do is to quit, come to Hollywood for a vacation, then settle down in a city where I can have an interesting life.

Could you supply me with the names of some studios that need operators?

Helma T.

Dear Miss T:

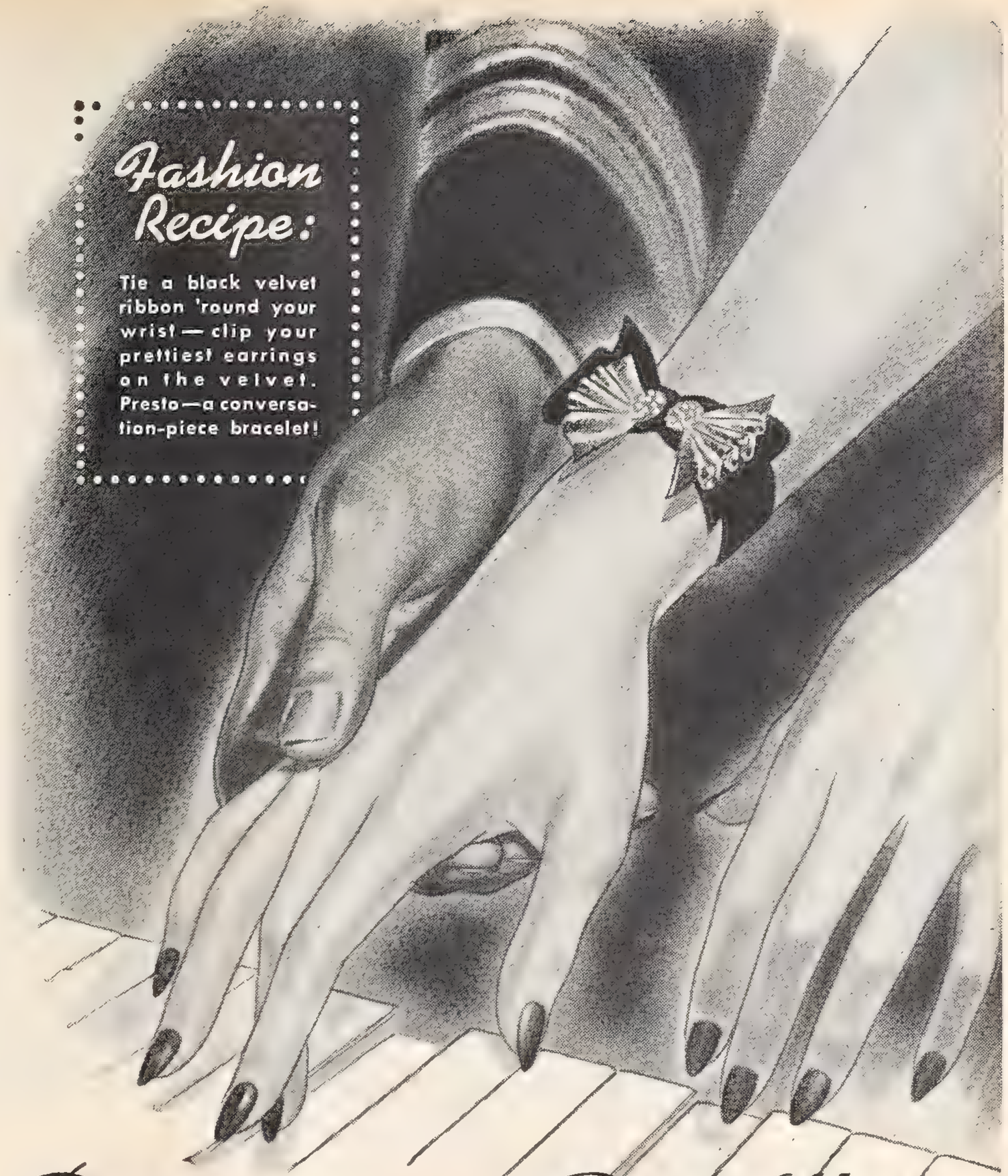
Offhand, I can think of three major reasons why you should remain where you are.

Your job as a telephone operator is a direct contribution to the war effort. I can't begin to tell you what it has meant to me when I have answered the telephone and the operator has told me that my husband was calling from some distant point. At that moment, the operator was one of the most important women on earth to me.

Two additional major reasons why you shouldn't come to Hollywood are these: The Government is begging those whose trips are not vitally essential to stay at home. Millions of men and tons of equipment must be moved to hasten victory; we must not impede this transportation. Furthermore, Hollywood is, according to latest authentic statistics, overpopulated by 33⅓%. It would be impossible for you to find a place to live.

I'm sorry to be so discouraging, but I think it is better for you to know.

Claudette Colbert.



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are being worn this season!



Use a "BRIGHT IDEA" to show off your CAMPANA LOVELY HANDS

It's fun to be tied in velvet *when* your hands are *Campana-lovely*. For Campana Cream Balm is the creamy, lanolin-rich lotion that helps keep your hands so silken-surfaced you'll be proud to show them off!

Dermatologists say lanolin duplicates the functions of the *natural* oils of your skin—better than *anything* else! No wonder Campana Cream Balm *benefits* as it *beautifies*. No wonder it protects your skin against raw winds and winter's cold, guards against dryness and roughness. This winter—be bright about your hands. Use Campana Cream Balm to keep them lovely.

In the yellow and white package.

25¢, 50¢ and $1



Campana Cream Balm

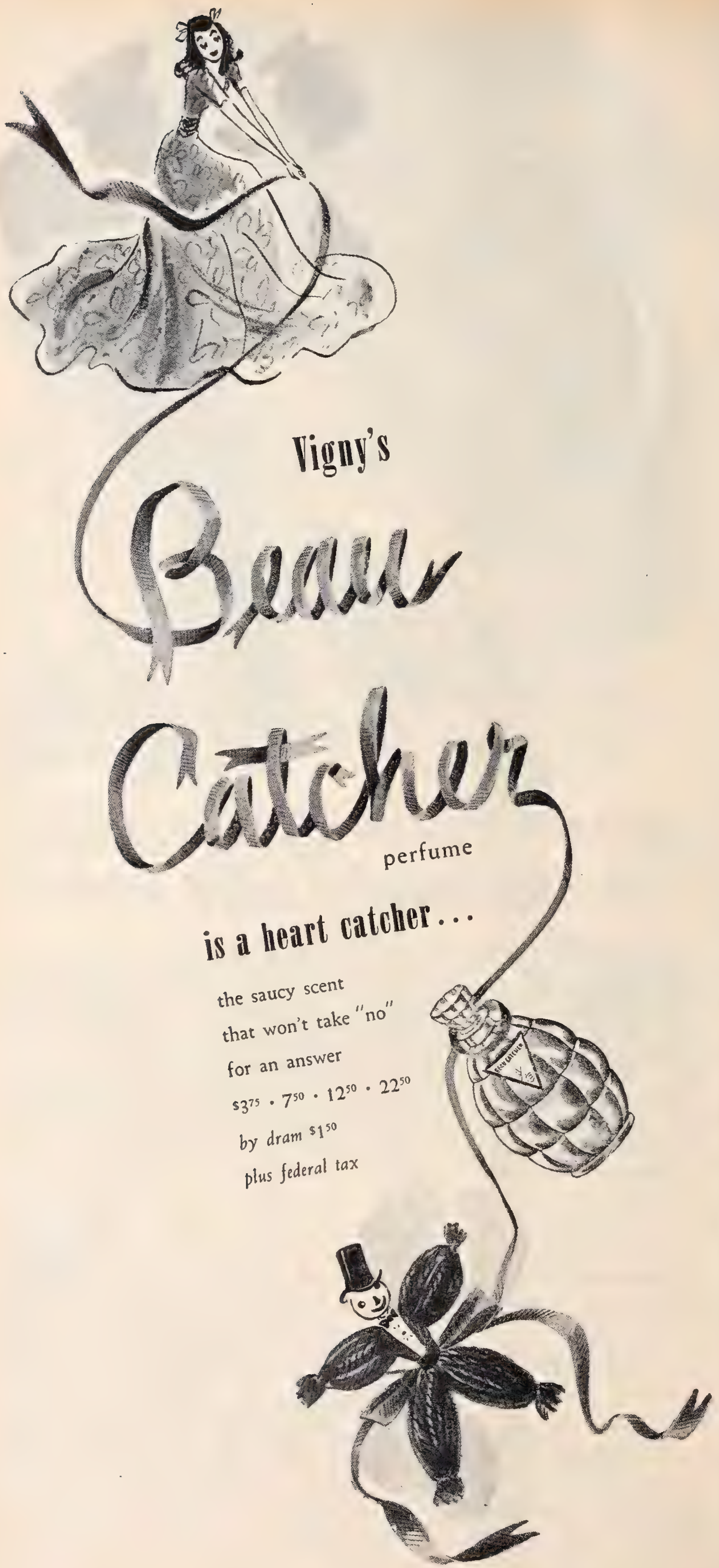
RICH IN LANOLIN

Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!



Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for *Original* Campana Balm in the *green* and white package.

25¢, 50¢ and $1.



Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of sixteen; I have two sisters, one fifteen and the other seventeen. Our mother owns a restaurant in this town, which is an Army town. Lately, because of the help shortage, we have had to work in the restaurant, so naturally we get acquainted with the Army boys.

We were always the three most popular girls in school. We have always been invited everywhere until lately. Gradually the parties grew fewer and the town dates got to be nearly none. A couple of weeks ago there was a very large party, but we weren't invited.

Our father has been dead for two years and our mother knows nothing of this. She is very nervous from working so hard so we thought we should take this matter up with someone else.

Jennie Lee R.

Dear Miss R:

It is quite right for you to help your mother in every way possible and it is right for you to be friendly and charming to the men in uniform who come into the restaurant, but all three of you girls must be careful not to give the impression that you have become emboldened or coarsened in any way by your contact with great numbers of men.

Surely there is a teacher at school whom you like and respect. Why don't you ask her advice?

I'm certain, if you will be guided by this teacher's suggestions, that you three girls will regain your place in the community.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Several months ago I met a young officer in the Army. The very first date I learned from his actions that he was a wolf.

However, I liked him and hoped he would change. Several times he took me dancing, but because I wouldn't go to his apartment afterward or let him maul me, he quit taking me out.

I think I could perhaps forget him if he would quit calling me up and asking me if I have changed my mind. When I tell him "No," he calls me a drip and a country hick.

Lucia D.

Dear Miss D:

When this man calls and asks if you have changed your mind, simply hang



Two famous grins get together: Joe E. Brown with Private Mickey Rooney

up. Don't take one word of abuse from him.

Heartiest congratulations on being a "drip" and a "country hick." Those epithets, coming from the man you describe, are medals of honor.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have strong convictions about people—either I like them tremendously or can't stand them. I get along very well with most men and am sorry to admit most girls don't care for me. I have several very close girl friends and don't give a hang for the rest.

Three years ago I met and married a boy of twenty-one. I was nineteen at the time. We had three brief dates and he was so likable and open it seemed that getting married was the logical thing.

Now he has been overseas two years and shortly after he left I started going out on dates. I don't believe in keeping secrets from your husband, so told him about it. We both agreed to go out as he was dating American nurses where he was. Then he was sent into the jungle and started to write long "love" letters.

He's a perfect husband, cute and lovable. I know any number of girls who'd love to have him. Yet, I'm bored, really. He seems childish. The only men that ever interest me are between twenty-five and thirty-five.

I was relieved when he went overseas and I could go with my crowd of smoothies and never had to endure any of his teensters. There's no one else I want, either. I don't understand why it seems such a necessity to divorce Ray when I don't believe in divorce, but I can't bear the idea of taking up life with him when he comes home—even on furlough.

Mrs. Riva O.

Dear Mrs. O.:

In the first paragraph of your letter there was a sentence that interested me: "I get along very well with most men and am sorry to admit most girls don't care for me." This is tantamount to the corny phrase, "I'm a man's girl." It is a statement for which I have never much cared. The girl who makes it is trying, in a roundabout way, to say that she is horribly, horribly popular—a very sharp number with men. But if a girl has ever had all the attention she wanted from one man, or from a group of men, she suddenly discovers what comfortable, interesting and likable people members of her own sex are.

Your husband is now in a very difficult spot—one not of his own choosing. If you are at all aware of your woman's heritage you will write to this man as tenderly and as repeatedly and as unselfishly as is possible.

You write, "He seems childish." Yet he has been overseas for two years and much of that time has been spent in the jungle. When your husband returns, you will find that he has grown up considerably. In the meantime, why don't you make an honest effort to develop—by letter—mutual interests with your husband?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married for three years. We have an adorable baby twenty months old and I really love my husband dearly.

He had been married three times bebefore he and I married and I had been married twice before. I have two children by my first husband, a girl fourteen, and a boy seventeen. My husband has a girl thirteen by his first wife.

My husband had never been with his daughter from the time she was three



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A Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

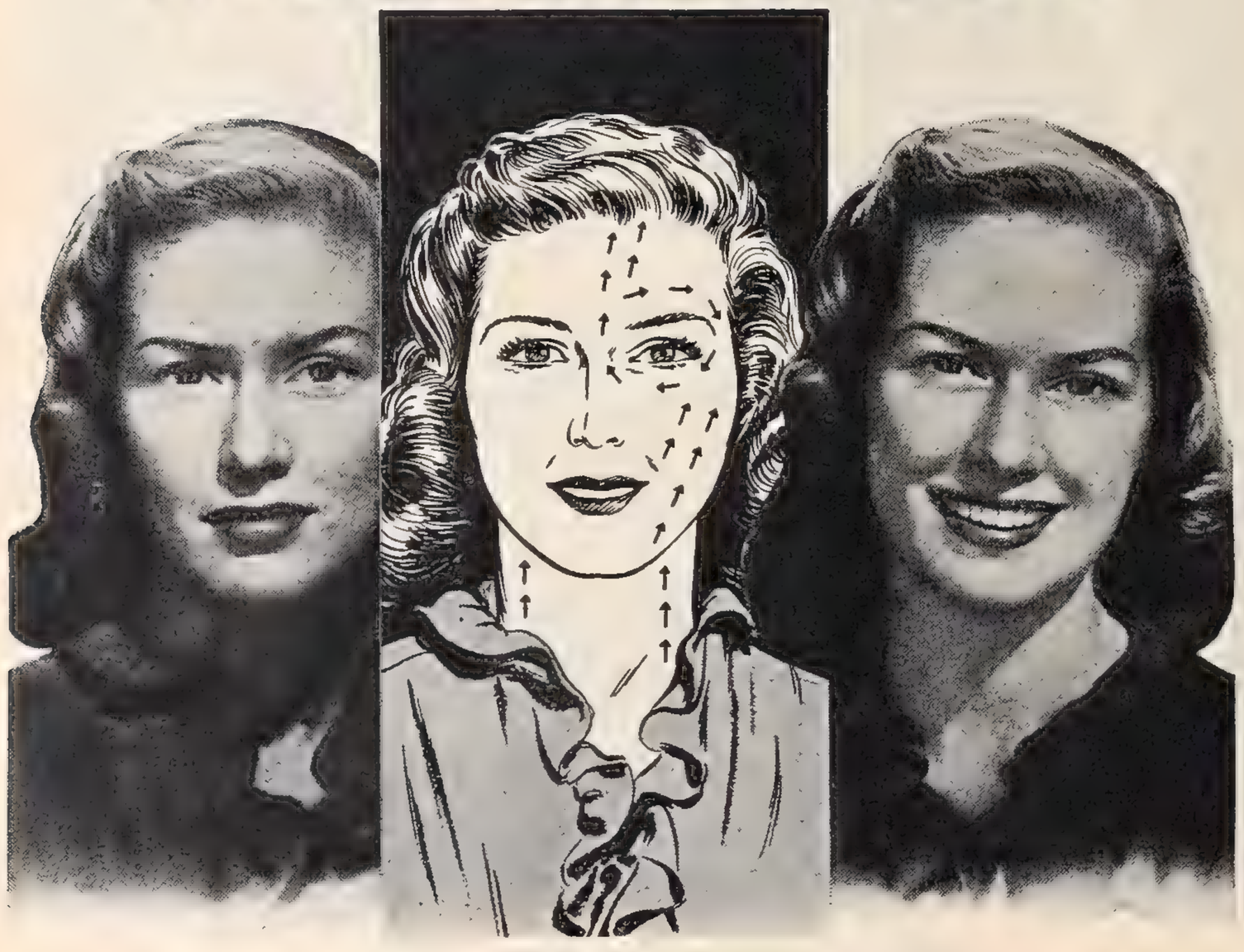
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Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and neck—always using upward, outward strokes (follow direction of arrows in diagram). Gently press an EXTRA amount of Hopper's over any wrinkles or lines. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then tissue off.

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P M M

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years old until just a few months ago. He heard then that she was in a near-by city with relatives, so went up and got her and brought her back to live with us.

For a thirteen-year-old girl, this child is the most disagreeable person I have ever seen. She has never been disciplined; she calls me horrible names, curses, blasphemes and generally behaves like a street brat. When I call on my husband to correct her, he laughs and says blood is thicker than water and that he must side with her. Our marriage was an ideal one, we never quarreled until she came along. Now there is no happiness for anyone in the house.

Mrs. Doris C.

Dear Mrs. C:

Basically, your husband paid you a great compliment when he decided that he wanted to bring his daughter into the family. He must have admired your children's behavior very much.

If his daughter is as disagreeable as it would appear from your letter, he is probably humiliated to the point where he assumes a laughing bravado in order to hide his chagrin. And, out of hurt pride, he may side with her.

This girl, on the other hand, probably came into the family feeling like an outsider. Perhaps she had enjoyed living with the relatives from whom your husband took her, and she was made rebellious and frightened by the change.

Do you suppose it would be possible to reach this girl through your own children? Couldn't you have a council, tell the children frankly how much a happy home means to you and to them and ask if they have any ideas about absorbing this prickly stranger into the group?

Claudette Colbert

BULLETIN FROM OVERSEAS

The Army men say:

We Want

Wrist watches, photographs, pocket-size books, stationery, cigars and cigarettes, razor blades, dried fruit, vacuum-packed nuts, games, cards, pipes, shaving kits (small), hard candy, soap, automatic pencils, wallets.

The Navy men say:

Send us:

Sneakers, moccasin bedroom slippers, pocket knives (the more attachments the better), pocket-size books (no war stories), pocket-size dictionaries, bibles, insect repellants, alarm clocks, snapshots, cards, toilet kits, stationery, tinned foods, fruit cake, fountain pens, sun glasses, steel mirrors, coat hangers, wash cloths, dehydrated fruit juices, foot powder, cigars and cigarettes and photographs.

Crime On My Hands

(*Continued from page* 36) Sammy beetled his brows.

I said nothing.

Lamar James narrowed his dark eyes. "Better look at the guns. Where?"

Sammy waved at a cluster of trucks.

James looked at the corpse. "Blanket."

I went to one of the wagons and started to pull out a Navajo pattern.

Underneath it was a gun.

The gun was a .38 Colt on a .45 frame, one of the pair Sammy had issued to me.

I let the blanket fall back over the gun and picked up another blanket.

Here I was again, back in the pattern. A nameless corpse, and the only clue to the killer was my gun, planted by a nameless hopeful who thought he could match wits with me. Only, this time the lines weren't written for me.

James placed the blanket over the corpse, asked Paul to remain on guard, and led the way across the sand toward the trucks. Sammy and I lagged behind.

"Why did you do it, George?" Sammy whispered.

"Do you think I killed him?" I asked. "Why? And why did you say that everybody carried .45's?"

"Well, about your guns, George, sure. I know they're .38's but I gave you a matched pair, very valuable. What I got back was not a matched pair. One of 'em was a modern .38 police special, Smith & Wesson side ejector. I wanted to ask you how come." He hesitated. "And where's the other gun?"

"That's idiotic," I said. "The guns I used in the scene were the guns you gave me. When the scene was over, I shoved them back in my holsters. They stayed there until you took them up."

"One of 'em didn't."

After all, I had only Sammy's word for this. I decided to let him do the talking, and to stay close to him. Also I didn't mention the gun in the wagon.

"What did you do with the guns, Sammy?"

"I put 'em in a safe place. I wanted to talk to you before I turned 'em in."

"Then somebody is going to ask what happened to my guns."

"We can handle that. There's a pair of .45's in the arsenal. We can say you carried them."

I stopped. "Sammy, I don't want any part of this. You're hiding evidence, and you're making me an accessory. I have nothing to hide, so let's turn in the guns."

"Now, wait, George. Let me ask you something. Suppose that odd gun was used to kill the poor egg. Suppose you didn't do it. Somebody did, and somebody switched guns on you. You're in for trouble if you can't find out who switched 'em."

"You're the obvious choice."

"I know that," he said earnestly, "but I didn't do it. So here's what I figured. Maybe you'd like to do some snooping before we mention this to the cops."

HIS suggestion had merit. If the odd gun should prove to be the murder weapon—for it was murder beyond any doubt now—and someone stumbled on the fact that I had carried it, the police might assume that I had fired it. And my own theory, that concidence had no place in the shooting, could be turned neatly against me.

I knew that I hadn't fired any but the two pistols originally issued to me. And, going back over the battle scene in my mind, I knew that I hadn't even pointed a gun in the direction of the dead man.

This latter point I might be able to prove. So far as I knew, I had been under the eyes of one or more cameras during the

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*According to recent surveys

entire scene. Though there was a possibility that I was out of camera range at one time or another and I would have no alibi for that time.

This brought up the question of who had switched guns on me. When the scene had ended, a man came up to take my horse. He could have done it. Then I had joined a group of principals and executives discussing the scene. There were Carla, Wanda Waite, Riegleman, the script girl, the head cameraman and the sound man. The switch could have taken place then.

Assuming, ot course, that somebody *had* switched guns on me. Sammy could have done it when he took them up.

If Sammy had switched the guns what could he gain by denying that I had carried .38's? It seemed to me that his best play was to admit that I had carried them, and let the law have its way. Maybe he really was trying to help me.

"O.K., I'll go along with you, Sammy."

"Then let's get over to the truck."

THE guns had been packed away in cases. There were no .38's.

I wondered why anyone should have tried to involve me in the killing. Of course, I was the only one in the cast with side arms. What better place to hide a murder weapon than in my holster, assuming that the killing had been done with a .38?

James turned to Riegleman. "You the boss here?"

Riegleman nodded.

James said, "Send 'em down one at a time. Got to find out who the guy is."

Riegleman flicked a hand at Sammy.

Sammy waddled away. I could do nothing but keep an eye on the wagon where the gun was hidden.

I was worried. At one time or another, if I could believe Sammy, the fatal gun had been in my possession.

I made up my mind to take Sammy at his word. Sammy had something naïve in his make-up which caused me to believe him.

Finally he came over.

"The body's got a name now," he said. "Severance Flynne."

"I want to see that fellow who identified him," I said.

"He can't help you, George. He never saw the guy before. He was doing Wanda Waite a favor. She didn't want to make the identification. She told him who the dead guy was, and no more."

"Let's go see Wanda, then," I said grimly.

"Aw, George," Sammy objected. "It's kind of obvious why Wanda wouldn't want to identify him. You know Wanda."

"All I know is she's a hard-working actress."

"Well, she made her name as the missionary's wife in 'China Will Wait.' She's been playing the earnest, honest, kindly, courageous girl ever since. You can see what it would do to her career if her public knew she'd identified a murder victim."

"If she knew Flynne," I said, "she might know who'd want to murder him."

WANDA was in her trailer. She always had been a good kid, not caring who saw her with her hair in curling pins. Suddenly she acted like a composite of all the sirens from Lilith to Theda Bara.

"Can I do something for you?" She sounded like a one-woman wolf pack.

She was disturbingly like an actor unsure of his lines. What was eating her?

I said, "Tell me about Severance Flynne."

"I barely knew him," she said. "Met him on the train yesterday. We talked."

"What about?"

"Him. What else? He came from Nebraska, played enough extra roles to keep him. He got into this rat race because of a hangover. Herman Smith was hired, but

he went on a bender and asked Severance to take his place. Severance had a beard, and that was all that was necessary. So—"

"Did he mention knowing anyone in this company?" I asked.

"He said he didn't know anybody. He knew you, of course, by reputation."

Out in that furious sun once more, I said to Sammy, "Let's turn in the guns and tell the sheriff the truth."

"Maybe you're right, George. I hope you don't get caught in the middle. Come on. They're in my office."

A messenger caught up with us. "The cops want to see you guys," he said. "They found the gun hidden in a wagon."

"We'll be right along," I said. He went away, and I looked at Sammy. "We're a little late. but all we have to do is tell the truth."

"I hope so," Sammy muttered.

We went into his trailer office.

He opened a drawer. He peered into it. The guns were gone!

When we arrived at the scene of the crime the authorities were shooting questions at a white-faced Carla. My gun had been in her wagon, only a few feet from the corpse.

The gun itself was inside a box so that it could be transported without disturbing fingerprints. My fingerprints must be all over that gun. And our story was that I had carried .45's.

"If you didn't know the deceased," Sheriff Callahan said doggedly, "how come you shot him?"

"But I tell you I didn't shoot him!" Carla was saying hysterically.

"Are you disputing the lady's word?" I asked.

Sheriff Callahan whirled on me. "Yep!"

"That is not the murder weapon," I said.

Sheriff Callahan asked, "You're George Sanders?"

I bowed, slightly.

"Saw you in a picture once," he went on. "You got what was coming to you."

Then he frowned at me. "I've heard of you, you're a kind of shady character. Where you from? You got a funny accent."

"If you mean where was I born—Russia."

It was easy to see what he thought of Russia.

LAMAR JAMES pushed him aside. "How do you know that wasn't the murder weapon, Mr. Sanders?"

I smiled with a confidence I didn't feel. I began to improvise, and directed my remarks at Callahan. He was the man in authority and I wanted him to clear out, so that Sammy and I could go to work on the problem of the missing guns. If Lamar James stayed here he might turn up a few facts that would be embarrassing.

"Suppose you shot the man, Sheriff?" I began.

"I wasn't even here," he bristled.

"But suppose. The next act would be to put the gun where nobody could find it. And you'd create the opportunity by planting another gun where it *could* be found, to divert attention from your act. This gun that you have found is a false clue."

The sheriff simulated thoughtfulness.

"And you will find, when your ballistics expert examines the slug," I said impressively, "that it was not fired from *this* gun. It came from a different make. This gun is a Colt .38, and the bullet was fired from a Smith & Wesson special."

"Baloney," Callahan said. "You can't tell that by lookin' at the hole."

"Why not? Our friend Mr. James can tell at a glance that the slug is not a .45. Is it any more unbelievable that I should be able to name the make of gun?"

Lamar James cut in. "You could tell—only if *you* fired the shot!"



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P M M

"But I have an unbreakable alibi."

"Let's hear it!" he snapped.

"I was—" I began. I broke off as an embarrassing thought suddenly came into my mind. It was true that I was in camera range most of the time, but it was also true that I was carrying .38's. That fact would not escape James, for in the close-ups anyone could see that the gun which he had in custody was one of the guns I had fired in the scene. This would not necessarily indicate that I had shot Flynne, but it would certainly impair my claim that I had carried .45's.

"Are you charging me with murder?" I demanded.

"Not yet," Lamar James said. "Let's hear your alibi."

"I'll produce it when the time comes."

"Where do you think the gun is hidden?" James asked darkly.

"I think we'll never find it," I said.

"Then how," Callahan wailed, "are we gonna find the murderer?"

"We don't need the gun to find the murderer," I said coldly. "We find him by psychological detection. The one we're looking for is courageous and shrewd. He is certain that he has covered his tracks. He won't run away. You might as well go check on that bullet. When you find that I'm correct, start looking for motives."

Callahan said, "Is that right, Lamar?"

"Yes," James answered. He turned to me. "I'm gonna want to see you later."

"Come over to my trailer," I invited.

THE first round was mine. I went over to Carla. "I'll buy you a coke," I said loudly.

"Thanks, George," she said in a low voice, "for rescuing me."

The Falcon, in a scene like this, alone with a beautiful woman—despite the unromantic setting of the coke stand—would have done one of two things. He would have taken her in his arms and kissed her. Or, he'd have looked at her coldly and said, "Why did you kill Flynne?"

I took a sip from my coke bottle. "Carla, why were you so scared at the sheriff's questions?"

She slid her coke bottle across the counter and said, "I'm in a jam." Then her gorgeous mouth shut like a trap and her eyes told me that someone was coming.

It was Sammy. "George," he said, "could you come and talk about the next scene?"

I excused myself and went along.

As we reached his office he said grimly, "Come in and meet Listless."

Listless sat in a huddle in front of Sammy's desk. "She's in the wardrobe department," Sammy said. "Miss Nelson, Mr. Sanders."

She said, "Hello," in a frightened voice.

"Here," Sammy said, "is your person who is full of initiative and courage."

Her great blue eyes glistened with imminent tears. "I was just trying to help," she snuffled.

"I'm sure you were," I said softly.

"I walked up here with Sammy," she went on, "and he looked at that gun and said it was sure funny because he gave you another one and what did you do with it because it was worth a fortune. So then when I heard there'd been a murder and thought about what Sammy said about the gun I took both guns out of his desk and threw 'em away so the cops wouldn't find 'em on him. And now Sammy's mad."

Shrewd and courageous. I'd had it all figured out. The murderer had taken the guns and we could expect something sensational in the way of developments.

Listless continued to cry softly. I put my hand on her head. "Where did you throw the guns, darling?"

She pointed a shaking finger. "On the

other side of that big pile of sand."

"Will you run along now and let me and Sammy do some talking?"

Dabbing at tears, she went out.

"GEORGE," Sammy said tentatively, "you've been kind of dopey on this so far, and maybe we just ought to tell that deputy sheriff what we know."

"Sammy," I told him, "you don't know how hick policemen jump at conclusions. If we told them how we'd lied about the guns, they'd toss us both in jail, as accessories if nothing worse. My private opinion is that they'd charge me with murder and give me the privilege of disproving it."

"All right, then, why don't we just clam up? If we don't know from nothing, what could they do? They'd never find the gun, and it would go down as an unsolved crime. How about that?"

"But, Sammy!" I protested. "We just can't let a killer wander about."

Sammy interrupted. "We're about to have company."

Our company was McGuire, head of props.

"I'd like to put those guns away," he said to Sammy. "We won't need 'em before tomorrow."

"I'll bring 'em over after a while," Sammy stalled.

McGuire went away.

"What am I going to tell him?" Sammy asked. "They were his responsibility."

"He'll pass the buck to you in case of trouble."

"What'll I tell the cops, then?" Sammy wailed. "Am I gonna say I gave you the guns, and I only got one back? That the other was in Carla's wagon, and you had a strange gun on you, a Smith & Wesson .38, just like the gun you claim is the murder weapon? My God, look where that puts you. You had this strange gun, and now it's gone."

"That," I said gently, "is what I pointed out to you. The inference is so obvious that they'd take their minds off the actual murderer. We must keep quiet, if we expect to find the killer."

"George, I don't want to be mixed up in it."

"You *are* mixed up in it, though," I said reasonably. "It was you who gave me the signal to say nothing when you lied about the .38. Besides, Sammy, I need you."

"Oh, hell!" Sammy growled. "Why do people have to make friends?"

"I want you to do something, Sammy," I said. "I want you to get the film that was being shot while Flynne was being murdered and bring it over to my trailer."

"The master film! I can't do that."

"Look, Sammy. The cameras recorded all the action. That film will furnish alibis for several hundred persons. If we give out the news that we have it and know that it contains a very important clue, the murderer will have to get the film."

"But George—if anything happened to that film and those scenes had to be shot again . . . And when Riegleman spends a nickel, he's got to have an aspirin."

"That's what's made him a success as a producer," I reminded Sammy. "A successful producer gets to be a rich man. And Riegleman—"

"A modest little home in the country," Sammy said softly, and grinned. "Two swimming pools. A private shooting gallery where he can show off his fancy marksmanship."

"All right, he's ambitious," I retorted. "But about this film—as a matter of fact, you might say I was doing this for Riegleman."

Sammy blinked. "How?"

"If we clean up the case tonight, we can hand over the murderer and go on with the picture, lose no time."

"Well—" Sammy heaved to his feet. "I



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hope to God you know what you're doing."

"While you're getting the film," I said, "I'll drive a couple of stakes to mark where Listless threw the guns."

AS I drove the last stake, I knew, in a fragment of time between light and darkness, that I had been hit a terrific blow on the head.

I came to in the first-aid trailer.

Sammy, Paul, Riegleman, and Lamar James were there.

Lamar James said, "Somebody smacked you with a hammer. Did you see anybody?"

"No."

"Why would anyone want to kill you?"

"I haven't the faintest notion." I closed my eyes again. Sammy had been nearest to me at the time. But I had waited for a few moments after he left me. Even so, he could have gone to the lab and returned in plenty of time.

Riegleman said, "George must have a bodyguard. If the killer has selected him as the next victim, we must protect him until the picture is finished."

Lamar James turned to Riegleman. "Tell everybody—and I mean everybody—not to leave town."

He shouldered his way out. I sat up.

Riegleman turned to Sammy. "Assign a couple of good men to stay with George."

Sammy waited for me, outside. "I've got the film, George. What about this bodyguard?"

"Not yet," I told him. "I need to find out a few things. I wish I knew where Flynne was quartered."

"I thought you might want to know. He was in room fourteen at the Olsen Hotel."

"Then I'll take off. You bring the film over to my trailer and I'll join you there."

I strolled into the hotel and located Flynne's room, found the door open and slipped in.

His room had been cleaned and his belongings put neatly away. No old letters, no initialed handkerchiefs, nothing. A handsome pigskin bag in the closet was also bare of initials, and empty. Empty, that is, at first glance. In one of the flat compartments I found a newspaper clipping.

"TRAGEDY IN MONDESLEY

"Lord Hake, head of one of our oldest families, died of pneumonia Friday at his home, the 'Woods.'

"His eldest son, Harry, met his death almost simultaneously in Mondesley when his Daimler ran over an embankment. It



Brass-button escort: Norma Shearer goes premiering with Navy husband Marty Arrouge

is believed that he was hurrying to his father's bedside."

The clipping, from an English newspaper, continued with a history of the family. It was all very dull.

A knock on the door sent the clipping into my pocket and me into the clothes closet. Wanda Waite came into the room.

She looked about with frightened eyes, and went swiftly to the bed table. She seemed to be handling and examining everything on the table.

Then she turned and almost ran from the room. Had she put something in her purse? What had she been searching for?

AMONG the gadgets I had installed in my trailer was a photoelectric cell which threw a beam across the door. It was connected to the lights, so that when I set a foot across the threshold the lights snapped on.

I plugged a 300-watt daylight bulb, with a reflector behind it, into the light circuit and unscrewed all the wall lamps. I focused this searchlight on the door. If anyone came through the door at night, he should be instantly blinded.

Presently Sammy arrived with the precious film.

"That film probably contains a fine collection of clues," I mused. "Perhaps if we could see it, we wouldn't have to set a trap."

Sammy squinted at me. "It'll prove you didn't shoot him. I remember. You were facing the camera in that scene. Flynne was behind you, in the crowd."

"If the murderer was in the scene," I went on, "he'd know that the camera would record his every action. He couldn't take such a chance. It must have been someone behind the camera."

Sammy sighed. "So that leaves the sound men, cameramen, grips, props, the boom crew, Paul, Riegleman, me, the script girl and the wardrobe people. Maybe it was an accident, George."

"Then where did the extra gun come from, the Smith & Wesson? And why did somebody conk me on the conk?"

"Yeah."

"I've thought of something," I said. "You remembered that when Flynne was shot, I was facing the camera. If the shot came from behind the camera, it had to come from almost directly in front of me. Therefore, I must have been looking in the direction of the murderer. Maybe he—or she—thinks I saw him."

Sammy's face brightened. "Say, maybe you've got something there."

"Well, don't be so cheerful about it. Now you go out and say that I have the film because I know it contains a vital clue to the murder. Everybody ought to hear about it inside an hour. Then we'll see what happens."

"How about your protection?" Sammy said. "If Riegleman finds out that I didn't provide a bodyguard for you, I'll be in the soup."

"I am prepared to defend myself. I have a gun."

Sammy hunched his shoulders and left.

I cut in the photoelectric-searchlight circuit and sat down to wait. Very soon now, the killer would have heard Sammy's fiction. So, inevitably, the killer would come through my door.

My ears caught a sound. I took my pistol from the window seat.

The door opened. The searchlight snapped on. My agent, Melva Loningan, blinked in the glare.

I flicked the switch and plunged us into darkness. "Come over here," I hissed. "Don't move!"

"Why?" she demanded.

"I'm waiting for a murderer. Let's hope he didn't see that light."

"I hope my Fred saw it, George He

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wouldn't like our being unchaperoned in the dark."

"Oh, Lord," I groaned. "Did you have to bring your boy friend with you?"

I fixed up some lights and glared at her.

Shoes crunched on the sand outside, and Fred Forbes came in. "The lights go out, the lights come on, the lights go dim. What goes?"

"George has another invention," Melva said.

Fred grinned. "I never have been able to decide whether he's trying to be a poor man's Edison, or just Don Ameche."

"Don't scoff," Melva admonished.

"How's that telephone gadget coming on," Fred asked, "the one with a loudspeaker and mike in every room?"

Melva waved Fred to silence. "We heard that somebody had got himself killed. So we came—I to protect you; Fred, to ruin you!"

"If you'd switch roles, I'd have more fun," I said.

"Where did you get that bandage?" Melva demanded. "What's under it?"

"A lumpy head, darling. The murderer bopped me."

Melva gave a stricken moan.

"You stay out of this murder, you hear? I can't afford it."

Fred said, "But—"

Melva cut him off with a savage gesture. She directed slit-eyed suspicion at me. "Are you playing detective on this?"

"I'm not playing," I said bitterly.

"Then I'm going to stay right here and see that you keep hands off," she said grimly.

"What have you found out so far, George?" Fred asked.

"Look, Georgie," Melva broke in, "you came to me only a few days ago saying you'd never take another role as a gumshoe. But I knew different. It's in your blood, and I knew you'd be in it!"

Fred took her by the shoulders and pushed her onto the window seat. He turned to me, ignoring her. "You're on the track of the killer?"

"Or vice versa," I said, touching the bandage.

"George's got to get out of this thing," Melva screamed angrily.

"I can't," I said. "I'm a suspect."

"Oh, Lord!" Melva moaned.

I went to the door. "I'm going out. I'm hungry."

"We accept with pleasure," Melva said. "Shall we go in your car or ours?"

"Going out?" asked a voice from the door. It was Lamar James. "I'm glad I caught you," he said to me.

"Caught him?" Melva echoed.

James ran an appreciative eye over her.

I made the introductions. "My agent, and press agent," I explained.

"Will you talk in front of 'em?" he asked.

I sighed. "Show me an alternative."

"How," James asked me, "do you know Miss Folsom couldn't have shot Flynne?"

"She isn't the type," I said.

James shook his head.

"That girl is scared. You knew it, and you rushed in to defend her. You'd have kept out of it if you didn't have some concrete reason to believe she didn't fire the shot. What is it?"

"My faith in her," I said gravely.

"All right. You said the slug came out of a Smith & Wesson .38. What made you think it was a Smith & Wesson?"

He had me there. "It's very simple," I said. "The characteristics of small arms are definite. . . ."

James snorted. "Look, you're going to have to tell all this to a coroner's jury tomorrow. So you'd better make a better story of it than that. I'm the coroner, too."

"If I so choose," I said, unfairly, "I can order you out. I'm not under arrest."

He sighed. "Yes, you are too under arrest. I hoped I wouldn't have to do this. But I'm trying to nab the person who killed Flynne. I hoped you'd tell me what you know. But since you're so troublesome, you're under arrest."

"On what charge?" I asked quietly.

"Illegal parking," he said. "We got a city ordinance that says nobody can establish living quarters on our beach. Sure, you can be bailed out or pay a fine, but not before tomorrow. Come on!"

I LOOKED at Lamar James. "Look here," I said, "if you—all of you—hadn't come charging in here like the Light Brigade, I'd have had your murderer all wrapped up by now. If you'll be quiet for a few minutes, we'll test the trap I laid for the murderer again."

"What kind of a trap?" James asked.

I explained that Sammy was out spreading a story that was designed to draw the murderer here. "It's possible, of course," I said, "that he has been scared off by the convention we've been holding, but it's also possible that he hasn't started yet."

Without waiting for permission, I brought darkness again and cut the searchlight back into the circuit.

"I'm between you and the doors, Sanders," James said evenly. "Don't make any break."

I tried to put myself in the murderer's place. He had shot Flynne and planted the gun on me. The next development was almost inevitable: The gun would be found on me, I would be arrested, and the issue so confused that the killer might escape notice. But Sammy had taken the gun and the investigation shot off on an unforeseen tangent. What had the murderer done then? As nearly as I could see he hadn't done anything. But

his interest had revived when I was driving in that stake. Why?

Unless the killer was Sammy, he couldn't have known what I was doing.

The question now was whether he had been scared away by the lights and voices, or whether he would arrive in search of the film. . . .

I HEARD footsteps beyond the door. The door softly swung outward. I held my breath. Silhouetted against the moonlighted sand outside was a tall, slim figure. Her foot intercepted the photoelectric beam and the daylight bulb gave us a vision—Wanda Waite.

She wore a shining black satin sheath and a black fur. Her hair was sleeked back over her ears.

I fixed the lights. Wanda examined us with defiant, if frightened, blue eyes.

James said, "What are you doing here?"

"*Must* I explain?" she asked, feigning embarrassment.

James' envy showed near the surface.

"I'd like to have your fingerprints," he said to Wanda.

Wanda was frightened. Her lipstick fell from her hands.

James retrieved the lipstick and put it in his pocket.

Wanda's hand began to shake. "I'll have that."

"Later," James said. "Maybe." He went out.

"What have I done now?" Wanda whispered.

She turned and ran from the trailer.

"We may as well go," I said. "The killer must have been scared off by this time."

Melva took up a position between me and the door. "George, you run along and tell that cop what he wants to know."

"He'd arrest me if I did."

"Why? You said you didn't kill him!"

"I didn't kill him," I said patiently. "But the very proof which I can offer will incriminate me to some extent."

"All right then, keep quiet."

"But I can't sit idly by and let the killer escape. You may as well save your breath, Melva. I'm in this and I'm staying in. How about some food?"

"I'll fix up a series of releases," Fred said. "Police baffled, but Sanders promises developments."

"I don't want the story in print," I said.

Fred was incredulous. "You must want publicity; that's what you hired me for. And this thing is a natural. Every editor on the Coast would go for it."

"But I'm not doing this for publicity, and wouldn't I look silly if in the end I didn't solve it? I'm not *Superman*. I'm not even the *Saint*. I'm just Sanders."

We went to the hotel, so that Fred and Melva could register.

Almost everybody was in the bar. Everybody except Sammy. There were Paul, Riegleman, Curtis, the boss cameraman. I stopped at Riegleman's table.

"Is there a decent eating place around here?" I asked.

"I tried that counter joint down the street," Paul answered. "I ordered a filet. When I stuck a fork in it, it whinnied."

"I say," Riegleman objected, "you didn't really get horse-meat?"

"Then why did it flinch when I rattled my spurs?"

Riegleman stared for a moment. "You're having me on."

I thought that now was as good a time as any. I gave Riegleman an apologetic smile. "I've removed the reel of film that was being shot at the time of the murder and put it in a safe place. But don't worry about it, it's hidden in my trailer."

"But why?" Paul demanded.

"It points out the murderer," I said. "As soon as I get that film into Hollywood and get it developed and a print made, I'll be able to call in the police and say, 'There's the man.'"

"Who do you think did it?" Riegleman asked idly.

"It must have been someone behind the cameras. I have it narrowed down to two. You're both alibied, I suppose."

Riegleman smiled. "You're guying us."

"Maybe. But I do think that reel will point out the murderer."

"Where is your bodyguard?" Riegleman demanded.

"Fred and Melva," I told him. "They just came up."

As Fred, Melva and I went out, we met Sammy coming in.

"I had carburetor trouble," he said, "and I've been in a garage since I left you. I haven't told anybody."

"I told Riegleman and Paul, Sammy. You get the others."

WHEN we were at Fred's car, I staggered a little. Melva was at my side in something less than a second.

"Sorry," I gasped. "I'm desperately tired. Not much sleep last night, and now—all this. And I *must* be made up by eight tomorrow."

She fell for it. "Never mind about dinner, George. We'll take you back to the trailer."

Melva and Fred helped me into the car. I pulled myself together at the trailer door, looked at my watch and said, "I'll be able to get six hours sleep. Just don't disturb me in the meantime."

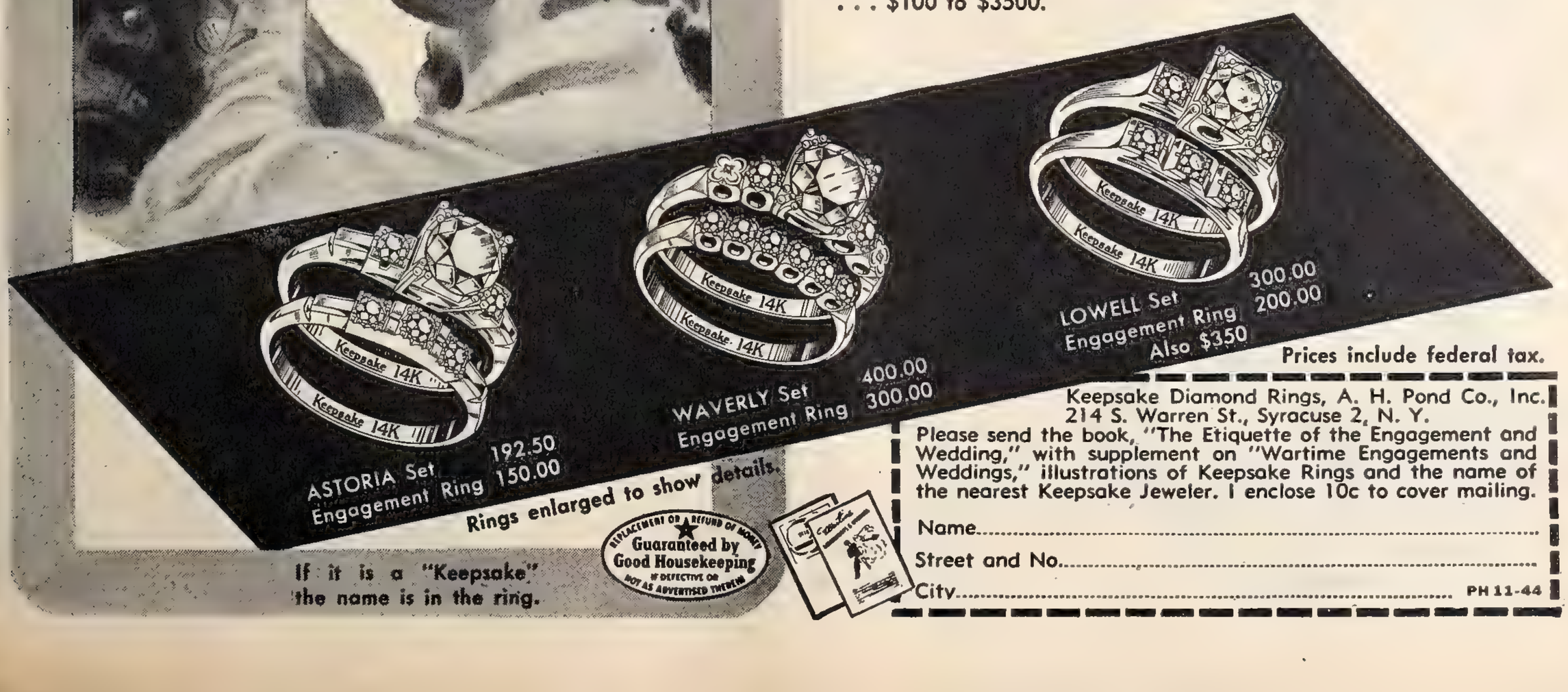
I watched them drive away. Then I went inside, put the searchlight back into the photo-electric circuit. made sure the film can was still there, got my gun and sat in the dark. Since Sammy hadn't spread the story, it was not yet too late.

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Herself: *Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?*

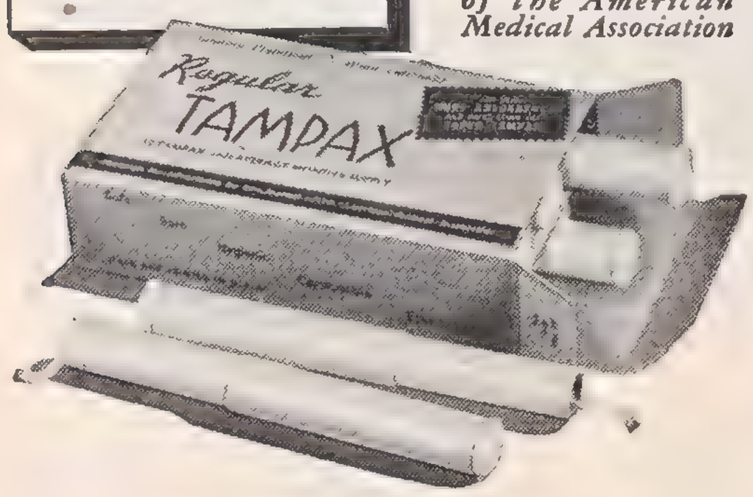
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Why had Wanda come, then? Her implied explanation just didn't make sense. In fact, I couldn't see Wanda in this at all. Why was she suddenly out of character? She didn't fit into this new siren role at all.

Because it was definitely a role, and she was proving to be a definitely bad off-stage actress.

Why? Why was she deliberately taking on that role?

What had she been doing in Severance Flynne's room? What was the business of the fingerprints?

Why had she showed up here, slipping through the dark to my door?

I had to shrug off the questions, for somebody else was coming through the dark to my door.

The light switched on. Listless Nelson shielded her eyes with a furred arm.

I fixed the lights. "Come in," I said wearily.

"I've got to talk to somebody," she whispered. "Sammy stood me up! He was supposed to see me tonight and it's almost ten o'clock."

"Did you come over here just for that? Slipping into my trailer when it looked empty? Really?"

"I got so worried," she said tearfully. "I thought he might be here. And when I saw it was dark, I was just going to come in out of the cold. I wasn't even going to turn on your lights."

I looked at her until she dropped her eyes. Was she telling the truth? If so, she was a liability here. All I could do was accept her story and give fatherly advice.

"The moon won't sulk," I said. "It'll be around tomorrow night. Sammy has been working with me tonight. But he should be finished by now. He may be waiting at your place." She turned and ran.

I sighed and began fussing with the searchlight again

MY next visitor was Riegleman.

"Turn that bloody thing off!" he yelled.

I suddenly felt as if my heart had been packed in shaved ice. This was the first time I had ever faced a murderer and it wasn't like in the movies at all.

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you," he shouted.

I did things about lights. I held the gun in my jacket pocket, though.

"People don't usually come slipping into dark houses," I pointed out, "to talk to absent occupants. You knew I was intending to eat dinner."

"Does that gun mean that I must elevate my hands?" he demanded.

I took my hand out of my pocket. I said, "Did you kill Severance Flynne?"

He stared at me.

"I just wanted to know," I told him. "You see, I have contrived a ruse to trap a murderer. You knew about it, for I told you myself. When I saw you come in that door, I felt that you could be after only one thing—proof of guilt."

Riegleman's gloomy eyes were accusing. "I'm here to ask you—again—to give up this detective nonsense. You're too valuable. . . ."

"Let me clarify my place in this situation, Riegleman," I said. "I am in a position to learn who killed a man. I must do what I can."

"Go on. . . ."

Could I tell him that I had had the murder gun in my possession, had lied to the police, had withheld evidence?

"Very well," he said calmly. "I should imagine your contract has a clause covering such an impasse. We can invite you to give up your professional career and starve as a private detective."

"I suppose," I said, lightly, "that you could dismiss me if I jeopardized the picture against orders."

"Quite right."



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"I promise you I won't jeopardize the picture. If at any time I give a performance affected by my activity in this matter, I will give up my investigations."

"A fair compromise, George. Righto?"

WE parted friends once more. But when I turned off the light again, I puzzled over Riegleman. Had he told the truth? It was likely that his first consideration would be my welfare—because of the picture. On the other hand, had he come in to wait in the dark for me, to kill me when I came in from dinner?

I couldn't fit any of the persons who had been apparently caught in my trap into the role of murderer. Listless had the opportunity, perhaps, but she was miscast as a killer. Wanda hadn't known it was a trap. Melva was an almost impossible choice, and Riegleman, if he hadn't lied about not knowing Flynne, had no motive.

Again I heard my door begin to open cautiously. But I was becoming inured to facing murderers. I was not even amazed at my steady voice when I said to Paul:

"I have you covered."

"What is this, a police line-up?" he replied.

"Breaking and entering might lead to one."

"Who's breaking and entering?" he demanded. "I came over here to wait for you. I want to talk to you."

"One would think I was the producer on this job," I said, "the way people seek me out. Did you kill Severance Flynne?"

His black eyes were a trifle insolent. I said, "Sit down, Paul."

"Yeah," he said. "I just had a thought. It's funny that the only guy who wasn't hired on this picture, the only guy who had a phony work slip, was killed."

"It seems strange that you would come out here and slip into a dark trailer only for that. And why not tell the sheriff?"

"Hell, you're the great detective. I wanted to see if you'd thought of that angle." He vanished into the darkness.

Even before I could rearrange the lights, I had another visitor, Curtis, the head cameraman.

"I hope I'm not intruding," he said apologetically.

"You're the first person who has given the matter a thought, Mr. Curtis."

"I came about the film," he said.

I offered him a cigarette. "I'd like to keep it a while longer."

"It would be all right with me, Mr. Sanders. But you know Mr. Riegleman."

"He was here only a few minutes ago," I said. "He knows I have it."

Curtis looked unhappy. "But it's got to be expressed to the studio by midnight."

"I'll bring it over by then," I promised.

He thanked me, grinned, and went away.

I went back to my vigil, which was beginning to seem useless. It was unreasonable to suppose that the murderer, if he hadn't already been here, wouldn't have seen my lights blinking on and off like signals. And if he had intended to steal the film, he'd have given up by now.

I ran over the list. All who had been behind the cameras and were accordingly the principal suspects had wandered in except Carla and Sammy.

I considered the point raised by Paul. It did seem odd that Flynne, out of three hundred accredited persons, should have been in the way of that one shot. The fact admitted several interpretations, however. The death of Flynne, as such, could have been an accident. The murderer could have aimed at someone else and missed. Not daring to risk another shot, he could have got rid of the gun. In that case, he was biding his time, and we would have another killing.

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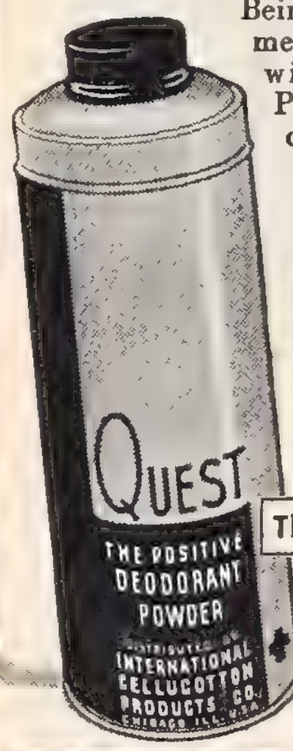
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I dozed off.

The lights brought me awake, blinking in unison with my caller. Covering a yawn, I said, "Carla. Tell me—what kind of a guy was Flynne?"

It caught her off guard. "He was full of dreams," she said reminiscently. "He wanted to be a great engineer once. After that, a great financier, a star salesman and, last, a great actor. He was never a great anything."

She realized that she had told me that she had known him well.

"Let me tell you how it is with me," she said slowly. "I was clerking in a dime store and one day a talent scout came up and asked me if I wanted to go to Hollywood. I didn't even go home to mend the run in my best pair of stockings."

She grinned wryly. "That's how sick I was of everything. I looked like a siren. But I had to learn to act like one. I did! And it's the thing I'm most proud of. And I can't stand to have it taken away from me."

"Who would try to take it from you?"

"Everybody, if I'm connected with poor Sev's killing. . . . "

"I love beautiful women, baby," I said. "Every time I see one, I want to battle a windmill. But this is serious. . . ."

I wanted a cigarette. I wanted a drink, and I was hungry as a flame. I dared not move. Maybe she'd tell, and we could wind this up in a few moments.

"George." Her voice was a hoarse whisper. "Why can't it be forgotten?"

"A man is dead," I reminded her. "And you knew him well enough to refer to him as Sev." In a spot like this, *The Falcon* tapped a cigarette against his thumbnail. I tried it. Half the tobacco spilled out.

"Why shouldn't I call him Sev?" she demanded, almost defensively. "He was—"

There was a soft, gentle tap on the door. I thought "Damn!" and said, "Come in."

Carla rose, smooth and poised. "Hello, Sammy." She turned to me. "Thanks so much, George," she said warmly. "We'll see how the scene plays tomorrow."



A hand to an old favorite: Jimmy Durante dances with Mrs. Joe Pasternak

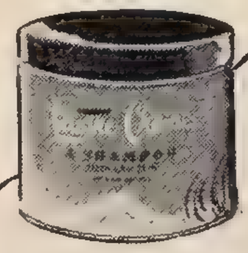


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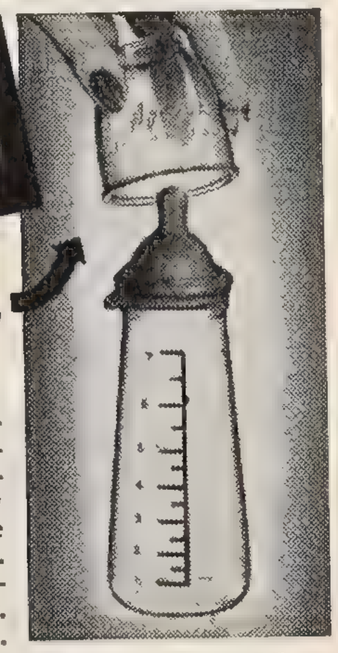
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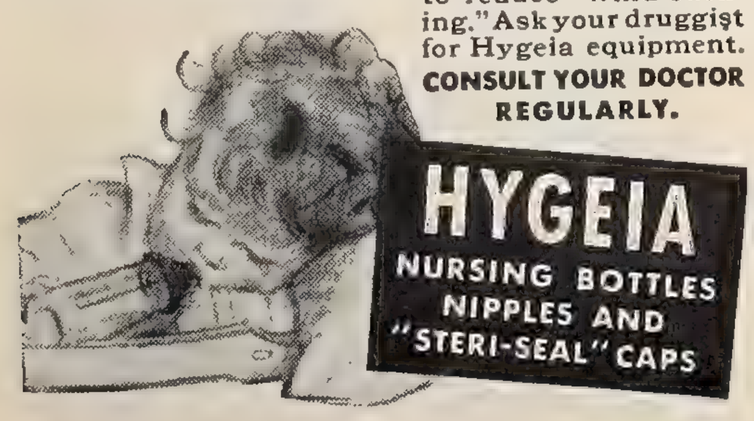
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Sammy looked after her. "Well?" he said.

"This trailer," I said wryly, "had all the aspects of a drugstore telephone booth this evening. Everybody came, for one good-sounding reason or another."

I told him in detail. He shook his head. and left.

I cut all the lights but one and sat thinking.

I wasted no time on guessing at Carla's relationship to Flynne. I tried to deduce from her attitude the facts that would tag the killer. I was convinced again that I had all the facts necessary to point out the killer, and deduction alone could do it.

But I was tired, and my thoughts wandered. I found myself concentrated on my own telephone problem.

One of the necessary evils of our civilization is that instrument invented by Don Ameche and Alexander Bell. You may be in the middle of your bath, but if the phone rings you draggle out to answer it.

I have had my share of such invasions and I had installed a loudspeaker and microphone in each room of my Hollywood apartment, connected respectively to the receiver and transmitter of my phone, through an amplifier. When my phone rang, a relay was set in motion that, in effect, lifted the receiver. All I needed to do was answer in a clear voice. The microphone in the room ran it through the amplifier to the telephone to the caller. When the caller answered, his voice came through the loudspeakers.

But I couldn't hang up. . . .

IT wasn't a sound that woke me, some time later, it was a presence. Someone was in the trailer.

"Hey," I said angrily.

Wanda Waite stared at me and turned white. She was dressed in stout walking shoes, a sheer nightgown and a massive fur coat.

"George—I came in to talk to you, and you were asleep."

"Twice tonight you've sneaked in here. *Why?*"

"It wasn't important," she said nervously. "Good night."

A new voice came out of the darkness outside. "Do you live here?" Lamar James asked.

Wanda went into her act again. "Please, Mr. James, don't give us away."

"You're under arrest," James said.

"What's the charge?" I demanded. "She didn't kill Flynne, and I can prove it."

"You'll have your chance," James said. "She isn't to be charged—yet. She's to be held for questioning in connection with the killing of Severance Flynne. Her fingerprints were all over his room."

Wanda glanced down at her costume. "May I go to my room and change?"

James said, "All right. Come on."

"I'll get you out, Wanda," I said.

"Thank you, George," she said. "Dream of me—a little."

I sat there in a numb state until I thought of the time. I looked at my watch and leaped up. I had about ten minutes to return the film, under the deadline.

I looked in the window seat that opens into a bed when you press the right button. The reel of film I'd counted on to prove my innocence was gone.

I had an uneasy feeling that it had left the trailer under Wanda's fur coat.

THE next morning, J. Brewster Wallingford, our producer, came sorrowfully into my trailer.

"It ain't enough," he said sorrowfully, "to get a poor extra killed and pay off his relatives. We got to lose a scene."

"I'm sorry, Wally," I said. "I looked where I thought the can of film had to be, and it wasn't."

"I went from size 40 to SIZE 14!"

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I thought of my search of Wanda's room. I'd done everything but take off the wallpaper. The film hadn't been there.

"What do you want to do about it?" I asked.

"You made a deal with Riegleman," he said, "so you got to drop whatever you're doing about this murder."

The loss of that can of film certainly had jeopardized the picture. I'd have to stick to my word. What, then, of those two guns on the sand dune? What of my fingerprints on the gun found in Carla's wagon? What of my lie about having carried .45's?

We couldn't shoot the scene over with me carrying .45's, for in the earlier sequence I had been shown clearly with pearl-handled guns. It wouldn't matter to James what I carried in the retake, but it would to the script girl. Peggy Whittier never missed a trick. She would point out the oversight and everybody would remember that the gun found in Carla's wagon had a pearl handle.

"All right," I said. "I made my agreement. I'll stick to it."

A knock on the door caused me to reflect that somebody was being amazingly polite. I opened it to a messenger.

The telegram read:

"CAN YOU VERIFY WANDA WAITE ARRESTED IMMORAL CONDUCT IN MALE ACTOR'S ROOM? TELEPHONE REVERSE CHARGES."

It was signed "Smith." If the situation had been otherwise, I would have grinned. "Smith" was the city editor of a Los Angeles newspaper and his name wasn't Smith. He happened to be a friend of mine.

I put the telegram into my pocket. "Can we visit Wanda in jail?" I asked.

"She ain't in jail," Wallingford said. "I told that sheriff I would see personally to his losing the next election, so he turned her out and offered me a drink."

"Let's go see Wanda, then."

WANDA'S face was scrubbed and shiny. "Hello," she said, like a little girl.

"You should ought to be ashamed," Wally said sorrowfully, "going to George's trailer in a nightgown."

"But a girl would certainly be safe with George," she said plaintively.

Aside from the veiled insult, she had switched her act completely around. Now she was that fresh young thing known to millions, not the flaming temptress.

I handed her the telegram.

"Who would report such a thing?" she pleaded. "But after all, it's true. All except the immoral conduct!" She spread her hands.

Wally snatched the telegram.

"Who sent in the story?"

"Believe me," I said, "I didn't."

"Well, I'll stop it!"

"Can you?" Wanda said, in a little-girl voice.

"Only," Wally said, "who sent it in?"

She spread her hands helplessly. "Somebody doesn't like me, I guess."

Wanda was overacting again. And a speculative gleam entered her eyes when Wallingford said he could stop the story.

We left for a public phone in the lobby. While Wallingford called, I loafed outside the booth. Paul and Carla went along the walk outside. I hadn't known they knew each other.

Sammy came in from the elevator.

"I told you I'd catch hell," he said. "Riegleman is steaming."

"I'm devilish sorry," I said, "but there isn't anything I can do about it. I may be able to find the film."

"You were going to trap a murderer last night, too."

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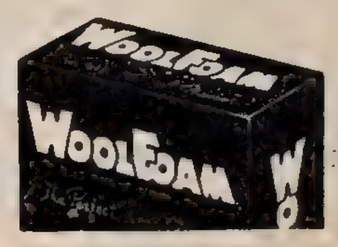
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"I did."

"Who?" Sammy snapped.

"I don't know. But I'll stake my life that the killer was among my visitors."

Sammy peered into the phone booth. "What's Mr. Big doing?"

"Squelching, he hopes, a story about Wanda's arrest."

"My God, did somebody give it to the papers?"

"Let's forget it for a moment. Listen, Sammy, we've got to figure out something on those guns. If we retake that scene today, I'll be sunk."

"Me too," Sammy said gloomily. "I'll have Listless go look for 'em."

Wallingford stuck his head out. "He wants to talk to you, George."

I took up the phone. "Sanders here."

"This is Carl Miller of the *Morning Star.*" I recognized "Smith's" voice.

"About this story," he said. "I'd like a confirmation or denial from somebody who was on the scene."

"The story is untrue," I said. "She was in my trailer last night. She didn't remove so much as a piece of lint from her person. She left with the deputy sheriff."

That was the literal truth.

"I see," he said. "I won't use the story, then. But I'd like to have a break on the yarn when you catch the guy."

"Uh—what—was—that?"

"Fred Forbes wired me that you were working on the Flynne killing. Our readers will be agog over that."

"I say," I said, "be a good chap and don't print it, will you?"

"I already have," he said. "In three editions."

"Oh, Lord! I'll strike a bargain with you then. If you will tell all the other papers there is nothing in this Wanda Waite story, I'll try to see that you receive special consideration on mine."

"It's a deal. Thanks."

I boiled out of the booth, mayhem in each hand for Fred.

"Kill the story?" Wallingford asked.

"Yes." I went over to the desk. "Is Mr. Forbes in his room?"

The clerk glanced at the register. "Nope. Said he was goin' back to Hollywood.

"IF THE film turns up," Riegleman said quietly, "then we've wasted time and money in shooting the scene again. And we can't hope to duplicate that splendid performance of yesterday."

"But if the film don't walk up and say Papa," Wallingford murmured, "we're fish in a kettle. We'll shoot it over!"

"I feel certain that I can locate the film, Wally," I said. "I think I know where it went."

"George," Wallingford said, "you play detectives good, my boy, when somebody writes the dialogue. But this ain't play. We got to take the scene over."

Wallingford went out. Riegelman looked at Sammy.

"All right," he said with a set face. "Let's get at it."

Sammy came up to my room as I finished making up. He carried two holstered .45 Colt revolvers on a cartridge belt.

"Listless couldn't find the guns," he said.

I buckled on the belt. "And Peggy'll spot the change of guns."

"What do you want to do, then? Throw in your hand?"

"I can't. James would arrest me sure as hell. All I can see to do is go out there and hope."

"If I can keep Peggy's eye off you, maybe we can get away with it."

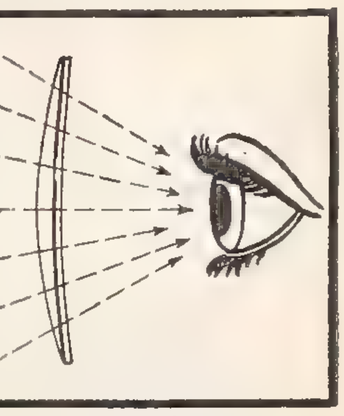
I thought of my past life as I went out to get my horse. It had been a good life: Manchester Technical School, cotton brokerage, four years in Patagonia and finally this ridiculously overpaid profession. I had fun with my sideline of inven-

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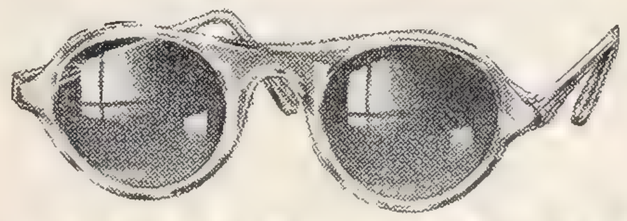
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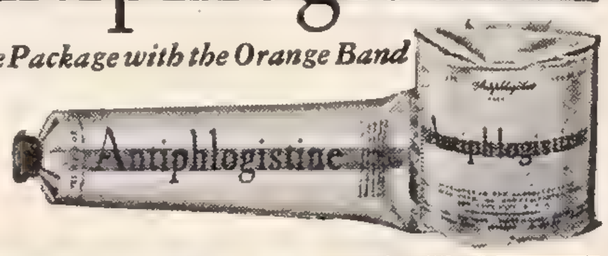
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tions, I had made enough money, I knew an adequate number of people. That, I suppose, constitutes a sort of happiness. At any rate, I was willing to continue indefinitely along those lines.

But I could get into serious trouble this morning. It was not inconceivable that I could be charged with and convicted of the murder of Severance Flynne. The circumstantial evidence, once it became known, could be twisted all sorts of ways. The photographic proof of my innocence was missing.

I was not gay.

Nor was Riegleman. His dark eyes were sullen, and his long face was grim.

"You may remember," he said, "my instructions of yesterday . . ."

He turned to me. "George, you feel certain that your band is strong enough to throw off the attackers. Foremost in your thoughts is Carla."

WE took our places. I became *Hilary Weston,* and the sight of Carla roused a flame in me. But I could not put the script girl and what she even then might be checking from my mind.

Sammy was beside her. She checked her notebook. When her plain little face turned toward me, Sammy brought it back with a query. Sammy was doing his part.

Riegleman, Curtis, Paul and a couple of electricians were a scattered group around that focal point. I noticed them in passing, and fastened on Peggy and her notebook.

Cameras began to turn, and the red horde poured over a sand dune toward us.

Any moment now, Peggy would stop the picture and point out that my guns were wrong.

The flat, staccato fire of the short rifles shattered the desert's ancient peace. I flung passion at Carla and lead at redskins.

Now the climax of the scene approached when the tide turned and carried away the ignoble redmen, while we pelted them with death. Still, no sign from Peggy.

Was it possible that she had missed an important detail? I began to hope.

If she allowed the scene to run its course, the odds were in my favor that nobody would notice the discrepancy.

The moment arrived when I was to face the camera—represented by Carla on the screen—and express passion in the midst of danger. I was so caught up in the part that I didn't remember that this was the instant of Flynne's death on the day before. I faced the big black box, with my eyes on Peggy Whittier, and registered.

I saw her throw up a warning hand. She was about to stop the scene. Then she pulled her hand down, flattened its palm against her mouth. She stopped what she was about to do, and fear screamed from her eyes. Then she toppled forward, out of her chair, face down in the sand.

I spurred my horse toward the camera. I half jumped and landed running.

Riegelman met me. "What the hell are you doing?" he shouted above the din.

I pointed behind him. Between Peggy's shoulder blades was a circle of blood, slowly spreading on her organdy blouse. She was dead.

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The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 25*)

Lost In A Harem (M-G-M)

ABBOTT and Costello trek over to M-G-M to display their wares and make no sale. The boys had better stay right out in their valley studio, Universal, and keep away from the big city if this is the result.

Along with Marilyn Maxwell (a luscious eyeful) the boys play members of a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient. John Conte, who has evidently listened to too many of Frank Morgan's yarns on the radio, pretends to be a deposed prince who promises to get the three vaudevillians back to America if only they'll steal a hypnotic cat's-eye ring which will help John regain his lost kingdom from his wicked uncle.

And listen, wait till we tell you this—in the uncle's screwy old palace guess who and his orchestra are lurking about—none other than Jimmy Dorsey, so help me! Now honestly!

Douglass Dumbrille is unk the lunk, and we're uts the nuts, and who are you, do tell?

Your Reviewer Says: Umbriago!

Enemy Of Women (Frank-Monogram)

BOO and hiss to Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels of Nazi Germany. These soul-killing salutations we throw in for the simple reason that this little picture doesn't paint him black enough. It reveals Goebbels' life from the time old rat-tail was a private tutor and a would-be playwright to the time he became propaganda head for guess what wretch. The usual girl stuff is dragged in with Paul Andor turning in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels.

Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods, bless his heart, her husband. H. B. Warner, Ralph Morgan and Sigrid Gurie get all embroiled in it.

Your Reviewer Says: These nasty Nazis make us boil.

San Fernando Valley (Republic)

EVERYBODY in this picture keeps threatening in song to go back to the San Fernando Valley until the audience feels like saying, "Well, for heaven's sake, go and get it over with!"

The story (and there's an exaggeration) has Roy Rogers and his pal Ed Gargan seeking jobs on a ranch owned by Dale Evans in order to ferret out the thugs who stole Rogers' bank roll. All the cowhands are girls (what are we saying?) because Dale is trying to thwart her sister's romantic tendencies. But little sissie, played by Jean Porter, cooks up a horse-stealing stunt in an attempt to get the cowboys to return, and that's where everybody tries to get back to the San Fernando Valley as fast as they possibly can.

The story is too frail for Roger's capabilities and his fans should scream their heads off about it.

The music as usual is first-rate and Trigger all but steals the show. That's our horsey dream boy.

Your Reviewer Says: They oughta do right by Roy.



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Correction Please!



Confidences: Alexis Smith with her new husband Craig Stevens

Photoplay wishes to extend sincere apologies to Craig Stevens and Craig Reynolds for the error which appeared on page 65 of the September issue.

Now to get the record straight—it was Craig Stevens who, in a delightful ceremony, married the no less delightful Alexis Smith, and not Craig Reynolds as Photoplay said in one instance. Stevens is an up-and-coming actor who first met Alexis when they were under contract to Warners, became engaged to her and then left for the Army. Home again with a medical discharge, he married Miss Smith and at present is touring the country with her—on celluloid—in "The Doughgirls."

Craig Reynolds, well known about Hollywood, was recently invalided home after having been wounded on Guadalcanal.

Photoplay sincerely regrets the confusion in the names.

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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 26*)

Deanna Durbin, who marries Gene Kelly, a self-confessed weakling, and ignores his philandering and weak excuses until he commits murder. Gene Kelly as the killer is terrific, even walking off with the story that was meant for Deanna. Dean Herens registers strongly and Gale Sondergaard as Gene's mother is so good.

DIXIE JAMBOREE—PRC: When Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks try to escape the police, they take refuge upon Guy Kibbee's showboat. Eddie Quillan is the trombone player who's in love with chief songstress Frances Langford and Charles Butterworth is Kibbee's cohort in selling patent medicine on the side. Frances sings divinely and Ben Carter and Louise Beavers go along for the ride.

✓✓*DOUBLE INDEMNITY*—Paramount: Grim and realistic, this psychological-crime story takes hold of the onlooker and holds him fascinated and spellbound. Fred MacMurray is a likable insurance salesman up until the time he meets Barbara Stanwyck who wants to murder her husband and defraud the insurance company. You'll applaud the intelligence and brilliant work of the writer, director and the cast.

✓✓*DRAGON SEED*—M-G-M: A magnificent picture, dealing with China and its peasants and farmers who grow from simple kindly people through stages of subservience to their Jap conquerors to a united people of strength and purpose. Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Turhan Bey, Katharine Hepburn and Akim Tamiroff are all outstanding.

✓✓*EVE OF ST. MARK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: This story of those lads drafted before Pearl Harbor, their life in camp and then the sudden plunge into war on an island in the Pacific is a poignant one, beautiful yet incomplete. Bill Eythe, the boy from the farm, Michael O'Shea, a Brooklyn toughie, and Vincent Price, the disillusioned Southerner, are outstanding. Anne Baxter is splendid as the girl Eythe loves.

FALCON IN MEXICO, THE—RKO: Tom Conway, the *Falcon,* goes to Mexico to solve a mystery, people get killed all over the place, and everyone in the cast is suspected. Nestor Paiva is clever as the Mexican detective, Martha MacVicar is cute as the artist's daughter, Mona Maris is very good, and Conway is the same old smoothie as the *Falcon.*

✓✓✓*GASLIGHT*—M-G-M: A treat for those who appreciate intelligent, adult entertainment, with superb performances by Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in this fine psychological thriller. The gradual disintegration of soul, mind and spirit of Bergman under the subtle and calculated scheming of Boyer is something to behold. Joseph Cotten is given too little to do and Angela Lansbury makes a gem of her role as a cockney maid.

✓*GHOST CATCHERS*—Universal: It's fun and laughter and nonsense when Olsen and Johnson are called in from their night club to a house next door which Martha O'Driscoll, Gloria Jean and Walter Catlett have rented after it has stood empty for ten years. Andy Devine, Lon Chaney and Leo Carrillo are the heavies; there's plenty of singing and it's all a lot of laughs.

GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST—R-K-O: Hal Peary as *Gildersleeve,* is running for police commissioner and two ghosts who are supposed to be family relations decide to plunge him into a mystery in order that he may solve it and prove his marked ability. Besides this, there's a crazy scientist in it and a gorilla running around. It's all very silly, but it has some laughs.

GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART — Republic: A scandalmongering newspaper reporter, Robert Livingston, buys a small town paper and rips apart all the honest people of the community, including Judge Thurston Hall. Livingston invents a blonde on whom to lay all the blame and then finds himself arrested on suspicion of murder of the fictitious blonde. Ruth Terry helps complicate matters still more.

GREAT MOMENT, THE—Paramount: Written and directed by Preston Sturges, this purports to tell how Joel McCrea, as *Dr. William Thomas Green Morton,* invented a practicable anesthetic and what he eventually did with it. Betty Field, as his wife, and Harry Carey wander on the outer edges of the story and William Demarest is as violent as always in Sturges pictures.

✓✓*HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO*—Paramount: A warm and homey story about a boy who joins the Marines only to be discharged because of hay fever. He's ashamed to go home so he pretends to his mother that he's fighting overseas instead of working in a defense plant. Eddie Bracken gives this role a humanness and sincerity that makes him a true-to life character. With Bill Demarest and Ella Raines.

✓✓*HAIRY APE, THE*—Jules Levey-U.A.: Bill Bendix comes into his own as a dramatic actor in his role of a ship's bullying coal stoker who meets a ruthlessness to match his own in the beautiful and wealthy Susan Hayward who goes slumming in the ship's hold. John Loder is the second engineer who also falls for Susan and Dorothy Comingore plays her friend. A picture that grips the imagination.

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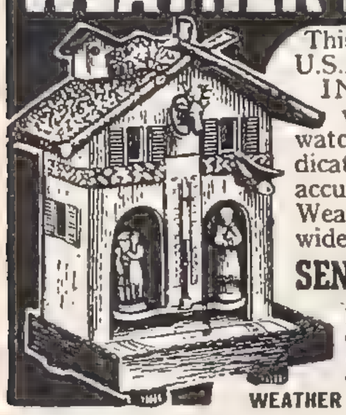
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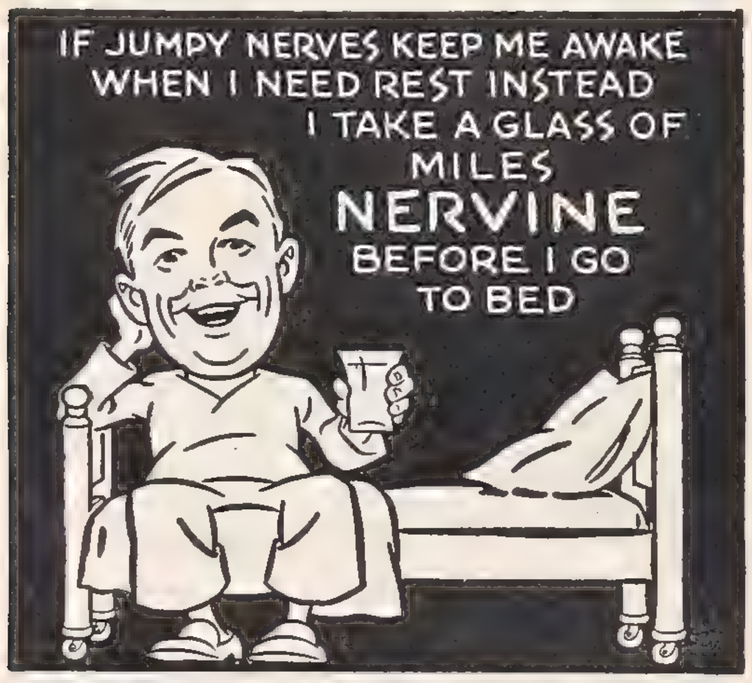


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✓✓*I LOVE A SOLDIER*—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's a shipyard welder who works by day and dances every night with service men but refuses to get serious with any of them. Then Sonny Tufts, just back from the Pacific, sets out to change Paulette's ideas about marriage and the ensuing fun is enjoyable. Mary Treen, Walter Sande, Barry Fitzgerald and Beulah Bondi contribute some very good bits

✓*INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE, THE*—Universal: Jon Hall wants revenge on Lester Matthews and Gale Sondergaard, so scientist John Carradine renders him invisible and he haunts the couple through some really swell camera tricks. Evelyn Ankers is their daughter and Alan Curtis her fiance. Leon Erroll as Hall's friend gives a very interesting performance and John Hall is very credible.

✓✓*JANIE*—Warners: Young, gay, heart-warming and so funny! You'll love this picture. Sixteen-year-old Janie, played delightfully by Joyce Reynolds, keeps her family in a constant uproar due to her beaus and her sister Claire Foley's tattling and when a company of soldiers moves into town it becomes a furor. Robert Hutton is Janie's boy friend and Edward Arnold and Ann Harding her parents.

JOHNNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE—Monogram: When William Terry goes off to join the Marines, defense worker Simone Simon persuades him to rent her his apartment. But Terry forgets to tell her he's also given keys to various of his friends who keep dropping in on Simone unexpectedly. The most attractive is sailor James Ellison. Minna Gombel, Chick Chandler and Alan Dinehart are also in the cast.

JUNGLE WOMAN—Universal: Acquanetta is an ape girl who is transformed into a beautiful girl by means of a magic drug. But when she escapes and returns to her kindly doctor as a beautiful girl she falls in love with the boy friend of the doctor's daughter and the fur flies in all directions. J. Carrol Naish, Evelyn Ankers and Lois Collier are in on the monkey business.

LADIES OF WASHINGTON—20th Century-Fox: A parade of young talent, with Sheila Ryan best as a fickle adventuress who uses a young doctor, Robert Bailey, to help another of the victims, Anthony Quinn, who has been shot in the very act of spying. Trudy Marshall and Ronald Graham carry the romantic leads, but the best character of all is John Philliber who's the proprietor of a boardinghouse.

✓*MADEMOISELLE FIFI*—RKO: This is a story of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 and a mighty good little story it is, too. Simone Simon proves herself a fine little actress as the French peasant who suffers humiliation and scorn from the Prussian officers and Kurt Krueger is really one of the most loathsome villains you'll ever meet up with on the screen.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED—Warners: This corny story deals with that old servant problem again. Alan Hale and his wife, Irene Manning, don't have any; so Hale hires detective Jack Carson and his gal friend Jane Wyman to act as butler and maid by pretending his life is endangered by Nazis. Carson is much too good for his silly role.

MAN FROM FRISCO—Republic: Michael O'Shea plays a shipbuilder who meets opposition at every turn in his plan to speed up ship production, but he plunges ahead anyhow in his methods. Anne Shirley plays the girl who first opposes and then encourages him. Gene Lockhart, Tommy Bond and Dan Duryea contribute some nice moments, but on the whole it's pretty dull.

MARINE RAIDERS—RKO: Lots of action, all about the Marines in camp, in combat and in love. The battle scenes are terrific, but the Leathernecks deserve a better picture. Pat O'Brien plays the role of the colonel as though he were coach of a varsity eleven, Ruth Hussey's the girl with whom Robert Ryan is in love and Frank McHugh, Barton MacLane and Richard Martin have too little to do.

✓✓*MASK OF DIMITRIOS, THE*—Warners: A knockout chiller with Peter Lorre, mystery story writer, setting out to unravel the life story of the evil, unscrupulous *Dimitrios*, played by Zachary Scott. In Lorre's travels he encounters some fabulous characters, among them Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, an employer of spies, and Faye Emerson, *Dimitrios'* former sweetheart.

✓✓*MEMPHIS BELLE, THE*—War Department-Paramount: The flying fortress, "The Memphis Belle," on her twenty-sixth mission flew from England to drop her bomb load over Germany. This is the story of that mission, of men at grim work, the exciting and heart-breaking story of the job being done by our 8th Army Air Force and a picture for us all to see.

✓*MERRY MONAHANS, THE*—Universal: Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan cavort against a backstage setting and it's mighty entertaining over halfway through the picture. Then the old corn moves in, but until then it's a lot of fun. Jack Oakie plays the kids' father who likes his liquor, Ann Blyth is Donald's sweetheart, John Miljan is the passe actor, and Isabel Jewell the meanie.

✓*MINSTREL MAN*—PRC: A simple, tender, nostalgic story, this has minstrel-man Benny Fields leaving his newly-born daughter in the care of Roscoe Karns and Gladys George. When the girl, played by Judy Clark, grows up and learns of her real father's profession she wants to don blackface and become

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a minstrel woman. The music is good and Fields is superb.

✓✓*MR. SKEFFINGTON*—Warners: Although this runs entirely too long, the fine performances of Bette Davis and Claude Rains keeps your interest high. Bette is the vain, selfish woman who marries Rains for his money only to divorce him later. Surrounded by admirers, Bette goes on her merry way until an illness destroys her beauty and she finds herself utterly alone. With Walter Abel, Marjorie Riordan and Douglas Drake.

✓✓*MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR*—Columbia: An appealing movie, with timid, hen-pecked Eddie Robinson going off to war. In the Army he heckles his sergeant until he gets into the combat mechanic unit and finally sees action. Ruth Warrick, as his wife, Bob Haymes, Richard Lane and Robert Armstrong, his Army pals, all contribute to this whimsically different story you won't want to miss.

MUMMY'S GHOST, THE—Universal: This is another one of those silly, dead-as-a-doornail Egyptian things with Lon Chaney all wrapped up in those ridiculous mummy wrappings and pretty Ramsay Ames, John Carradine and Robert Lowery all involved in the thing.

✓*MUSIC IN MANHATTAN*—RKO: A cute, snappy little yarn, not very original in idea, but shiny with smart polishing, aglow with humor and enhanced with good acting. Anne Shirley proves herself a fine comedienne, Phillip Terry as the war hero who moves in on Anne is so good and Dennis Day is a riot as Anne's suitor. Jane Darwell and Raymond Walburn are in it too.

✓*NIGHT OF ADVENTURE, A*—RKO: Plenty of drama with Tom Conway defending a man for murder when he has facts and evidence that might easily point to Tom himself as a suspect, for he was there when his wife's lover was killed. Nancy Gates, Addison Richards, Jean Brooks and Edward Brophy are good and Audrey Long as the wife is a most pleasing newcomer.

✓✓*OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY*—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are perfect choices for the roles of the two innocent young girls who set out for Europe alone and practically throw the continent into an uproar. James Brown and Bill Edwards as the young men involved couldn't be better and Charlie Ruggles and Dorothy Gish as Gail's parents fit into the story beautifully.

✓*PARDON MY RHYTHM* — Universal: Gloria Jean is quite a young lady now and very pretty, too. The story she graces is about a hepcat drummer Mel Torme, whom Marjorie Weaver tries to lure away from a juvenile band so he can play with Bob Crosby's orchestra. Patric Knowles and Evelyn Ankers are easy on the eyes and Gloria Jean's singing is mighty fine listening.

✓*ROGER TOUHY—GANGSTER*—20th Century-Fox: This is the life story of Touhy, the ex-Capone mobster who was sent to prison for kidnapping, escaped and was finally trapped by the FBI. Preston Foster has a lot of punch as Touhy, Victor McLaglen as his henchman, and others of the gang include Horace MacMahon, Frank Jenks, Anthony Quinn and George E. Stone. Trudy Marshall and Lois Andrews are in it too.

SECRET COMMAND—Columbia: Nazi spies again, this time in an American shipyard. So Pat O'Brien, Federal agent, pretends he's broke in order to land a job in the shipyard's crew of his brother, Chester Morris. To make his story more credible, Pat has Carole Landis and two refugee children pose as his wife and family. Ruth Warrick and Barton MacLane are in it too.

SECRETS OF SCOTLAND YARD—Republic: The men of Britain who decode German secret messages are aware that a German spy is among them; and when Edgar Barrier, the best of the code busters, is killed, his twin brother from Scotland Yard takes his place. Suspicion falls on everyone in the picture, including C. Aubrey Smith, Stephanie Bachelor, Henry Stephenson and Lionel Atwill.

✓*SENSATIONS OF 1945*—U. A.-Andrew Stone: Some mighty terrific entertainment is hung upon a weak little story in which stage dancer Eleanor Powell takes over as head of a publicity office just to show junior partner Dennis O'Keefe how to run his job. W. C. Fields, Eugene Pallette, Sophie Tucker, Dorothy Donegan and several good bands including Woody Herman and Cab Calloway really liven it up.

✓✓*SEVENTH CROSS*—M-G-M: Seven men attempt to escape from a German concentration camp and what happens to them is tops in adult entertainment. Spencer Tracy is wonderful as the harrassed, tortured escapee who is helped along the way by factory worker Hume Cronyn, whose performance is a brilliant one. Signe Hasso, Felix Bressart, Agnes Moorehead and Jessica Tandy are all so very good.

✓✓✓*SINCE YOU WENT AWAY*—Selznick: Overly-long and repetitious in spots, this story of the experiences of one family in the year the husband and father is at war is an emotionally moving one, with moments of poignant tenderness and heartbreak. Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple her daughters, Monty Wooley, their lodger, Joe Cotten, Robert Walker, Agnes Moorehead as the busybody, and Hattie McDaniel are all standouts.

✓*SONG OF NEVADA*—Republic: Dale Evans, daughter of ranch owner Thurston Hall, is about to



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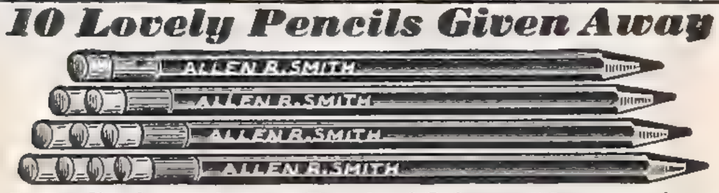
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marry a wealthy playboy, John Eldredge, when Roy Rogers thwarts him in his plan to get the ranch for himself. It's a good Western with Mary Lee and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers are in the cast, too.

SOUTH OF DIXIE—Universal: David Bruce is a Brooklyn-born writer of Dixie songs so his press agent, Jerome Cowan, has him pretend to be a member of an old Southern family in order to profit through movies. So, with Anne Gwynne, they all go South where David meets up with Ella Mae Morse, juke singer, and daughter of a real Southern Colonel. There's lots of singing as a background for the film.

STARS ON PARADE—Columbia: Movie stand-ins Larry Parks and Lynn Merrick decide to organize a show to prove they're as good as the stars for whom they stand-in, but a misunderstanding results when Larry imagines Lynn is giving him the brush-off for Ray Walker. Jeff Donnell is certainly a cutie but has too little to do and the musical numbers are none too good.

✓✓*STEP LIVELY*—RKO: Frank Sinatra is very pleasing in this remake of "Room Service," the oldie about a stranded theatrical troupe that refuses to be ejected from their one hotel room. George Murphy is the producer who tries to persuade Frankie to sing with the troupe, Gloria De Haven is the girl, Adolphe Menjou the hotel efficiency expert, and Walter Slezak is the harassed hotel manager.

✓✓*SUMMER STORM*—Angelus-U.A.: Odd, fascinating and different, with Linda Darnell giving the performance of her career as a selfish, seductive temptress who takes what she wants. George Sanders is magnificent as the judge who succumbs to the illicit love offered by Darnell; Hugo Hass as her patient husband holds his own; and Anna Lee as Sander's fiancee and Edward Everett Horton as the decadent nobleman all give excellent performances.

✓✓*TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT*—20th Century-Fox: Taken from the radio show, the bulk of this picture is made up of scenes from old Twentieth Century-Fox films to which contestant Eddie Ryan, whose wife is going to have a baby, must guess the right answers. Phil Baker, of course, plays himself and you'll enjoy seeing whole screen sequences of Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Shirley Temple and others from various former films.

✓*THREE LITTLE SISTERS*—Republic: A cute, pleasing little picture, even restful in its own way, and certainly nothing to jar the tired nerves. Mary Lee, Ruth Terry and Cheryl Walker are the sisters who pretend to be what they aren't for the sake of a visiting soldier, though you'd think they could have found something less strenuous than laundry work to do. Their boy friends are Bill Terry, Jackie Moran and Frank Jenks.

✓✓*TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR*—M-G-M: What a refresher for weary minds and pepless bodies is this gay and entertaining movie! Cutie-pie June Allyson and lovely Gloria De Haven are a team M-G-M can well be proud of and Van Johnson is perfect as the sailor both girls fall for. Harry James and his orchestra, Jose Iturbi, Gracie Allen, Jimmy Durante, Xavier Cugat and Tom Drake are all in there pitching too to make of this a film that is really standout entertainment.

WAVE, A WAC, AND A MARINE, A—Monogram: Despite the title, it's not a film about the service: instead it's about two Broadway stars and their understudies who are signed by rival Hollywood agents, with all sorts of mixups resulting. Elyse Knox, Anne Gillis, Sally Eilers, Marjorie Woodworth and Ramsay Ames do the best they can with the amateurish plot.

WATERFRONT—PRC: Nazi spies are all over the place again, one of whom is that elongated string bean, John Carradine, who's trying to recover a stolen code book. J. Carrol Naish is all mixed up in the mess and Terry French is too. There's a lot of shooting going on almost all of the time, but you won't get too excited about it.

✓✓✓*WILSON*—20th Century-Fox: One of the outstanding pictures of the year, this is gripping, intelligently conceived and bound to create controversy. Alexander Knox plays Wilson with complete conviction and the story of this great Democrat, his term as president and his fight for the League of Nations is truthfully and brilliantly told. Charles Coburn, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Thomas Mitchell are just a few of the long and impressive cast of this impressive picture.

✓✓*WING AND A PRAYER*—20th Century-Fox: At last a war story, devoid of Hollywood bunkeroo, becomes an almost factual document that holds the interest because of its deep sincerity. It tells with quiet conviction the story of a carrier and its cargo of planes. Dana Andrews as the squadron commander, Don Ameche as the flight officer, Bill Eythe, Richard Jaeckel and Kevin O'Shea all turn up with fine performances.

✓*YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS*—Republic: Roy Rogers plays a cowboy who joins in a showboat troupe and courts the leading lady, Dale Evans, with the idea that she may lead him to her father who's escaped jail. Both Rogers and Miss Evans sing well, Roy's work has improved enormously and it's a pretty good show

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Cast of Current Pictures

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Warners: *Mortimer Brewster,* Cary Grant; *Elaine Harper,* Priscilla Lane; *Jonathan Brewster,* Raymond Massey; *O'Hara,* Jack Carson; *Mr. Witherspoon,* Edward Everett Horton; *Dr. Einstein,* Peter Lorre; *Lt. Rooney,* James Gleason; *Abby Brewster,* Josephine Hull; *Martha Brewster,* Jean Adair; *Teddy "Roosevelt" Brewster,* John Alexander; *Reverend Harper,* Grant Mitchell; *Brophy,* Edward McNamara; *Taxi Cab Driver,* Garry Owen; *Saunders,* John Ridgely; *Judge Cullman,* Vaughan Glaser; *Dr. Gilchrist,* Chester Clute; *Reporter,* Charles Lane; *Gibbs,* Edward McWade.

ATLANTIC CITY—Republic: *Marilyn Whitaker,* Constance Moore; *Brad Taylor,* Brad Taylor; *Jake Taylor,* Charles Grapewin; *Jerry,* Jerry Colonna; *Paul Whiteman,* Paul Whiteman; *Carter Graham,* Robert Castaine; *Belle Baker,* Belle Baker; *Gallagher and Shean,* Jack Kenney, Al Shean; *Van and Shenck,* Gus Van, Charles Marsh; *Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong,* Louis Armstrong; *Buck and Bubbles,* Buck and Bubbles; *Joe Frisco,* Joe Frisco; *Singer,* Dorothy Dandridge; *"Miss America,"* Alma Carroll; *Bar Maid,* Adele Mara; *Architect,* Larry Steers; *Orange Queen,* Barbara Slater; *Jockey,* William Chaney; *Girl at ticket window,* Pat Hogan; *Girl at race track,* Ricki Van Dusen; *Bartender,* Howard Mitchell; *Patron,* Wilbur Mack; *Lifeguards,* Stubby Kruger, Robert Thom; *Maids,* Lena Torrance, Daisy Lee Mothersh; *Sherman & Oaks,* Harry Tyler, Donald Kerr; *Businessmen,* Dell Henderson, Maj. Frank Pershing, Ben Taggart, Harrison Green, Larry Williams; *Girls on train,* Tebel Randall, Dolores Massey; *Rogers,* Stanley Andrews; *Conventioneers,* Philo McCullough, Ralph Linn, Brooks Benedict, Don Forbes, Paul Power.

BARBARY COAST GENT—M-G-M: *Honest Plush Brannon,* Wallace Beery; *Lil Damish,* Binnie Barnes; *Duke Cleat,* John Carradine; *Bradford Bellamy III,* Bruce Kellogg; *Portia Adair,* Frances Rafferty; *Sheriff Hightower,* Chill Wills; *Pete Hanibal,* Noah Beery Sr.; *Colonel Watrous,* Henry O'Neill; *Johnny Adair,* Ray Collins; *Alec Veeder,* Morris Ankrum; *Bradford Bellamy I,* Donald Meek; *Wade Gamelin,* Addison Richards; *Elias Porter,* Harry Hayden; *Tim Shea,* Paul E. Burns; *Jake Compton,* Paul Hurst; *Curry Slake,* Victor Kilian; *Jack Coda,* Cliff Clark; *Bedelia,* Louise Beavers.

CLIMAX, THE—Universal: *Angela,* Susanna Foster; *Franz,* Turhan Bey; *Dr. Hohner,* Boris Karloff; *Seebruck,* Thomas Gomez; *Roselli,* George Dolenz; *Jarmila,* Jane Farrar; *Marcellina,* June Vincent; *Luise,* Gale Sondergaard; *Carl,* Ludwig Stossel; *Brunn,* Erno Verebees; *Mama Hinzl,* Lotte Stein; *Leon,* William Edmunds; *King,* Scotty Beckett; *King's Aide,* Maxwell Hayes; *Miss Metzger,* Dorothy Lawrence.

ENEMY OF WOMEN—Monogram: *Maria,* Claudia Drake; *Goebbels,* Paul Andor; *Dr. Traeger,* Donald Woods; *Col. Brandt,* H. B. Warner; *Magda,* Sigrid Gurie; *Wallburg,* Robert Barratt; *Quandt,* Ralph Morgan; *Jenny,* Beryl Wallace; *Herta,* Gloria Stuart; *Levine,* Erskine Sanford; *Frau Bendlar,* Marin Sais; *Hanke,* Crane Whitley; *Brieger,* Emmett Vogan; *Krause,* Byron Fougler.

GREENWICH VILLAGE — 20th Century-Fox: *Princess Querida,* Carmen Miranda; *Kenneth Harvey,* Don Ameche; *Danny O'Mara,* William Bendix, *Bonnie Watson,* Vivian Blaine; *Hofer,* Felix Bressart; *Tony and Sally De Marco; The Revuers,* Themselves; *Brophy,* B. S. Pully; *Specialty,* Four Step Brothers; *Kavosky,* Emil Rameau; *Ordway,* Frank Orth; *Butler,* Torben Meyer; *Young Man,* Herbert Evers; *Cashier,* Hal K. Dawson; *Dance Director,* William B. Davidson; *Set Designer,* Eddie Dunn; *Assistant Set Designer,* Sherry Hall; *Milkman,* Paul Hurst; *Bootlegger,* Tom Dugan; *Ballyhoo Man,* Billy Wayne; *Authors,* Charles Arnt, Oliver Prickett, Charles Williams.

GYPSY WILDCAT—Universal: *Carla,* Maria Montez; *Michael,* John Hall; *Tonio,* Peter Coe; *Anubi,* Leo Carrillo; *Baron Tovar,* Douglas Dumbrille; *Valdi,* Curt Bois; *Rhoda,* Gale Sondergaard; *Capt. Marver,* Harry Cording.

IMPATIENT YEARS, THE—Columbia: *Janie Anderson,* Jean Arthur; *Andy Anderson,* Lee Bowman, *William Smith,* Charles Coburn; *Judge,* Edgar Buchanan; *Bell "Boy,"* Charley Grapewin; *Henry Fairchild,* Phil Brown; *Minister,* Harry Davenport; *Minister's Wife,* Jane Darwell; *Hotel Clerk,* Grant Mitchell; *Top Sergeant,* Frank Jenks; *Coffee Shop Counter Man,* Frank Orth; *Marriage License Clerk,* Charles Arnt; *Attorney,* Robert Emmett Keane.

IN SOCIETY—Universal: *Eddie Harrington,* Bud Abbott; *Albert Mansfield,* Lou Costello; *Elsie,* Marion Hutton; *Peter,* Kirby Grant; *Gloria,* Anne Gillis; *Mrs. Winthrop,* Margaret Irving; *Pipps,* Arthur Treacher; *Drexel,* Thomas Gomez; *Mr. Van Cleve,* Thurston Hall; *Mrs. Van Cleve,* Nella Walker.

KISMET—M-G-M: *Hafiz,* Ronald Colman; *Jamilla,* Marlene Dietrich; *Caliph,* James Craig; *Grand Vizier,* Edward Arnold; *Feisal,* Hugh Herbert; *Marsinah,* Joy Ann Page; *Karsha,* Florence Bates; *Agha,* Harry Davenport; *Moolah,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Alfife,* Robert Warwick.

LOST IN A HAREM—M-G-M: *Peter Johnson,* Bud Abbott; *Harvey Garvey,* Lou Costello; *Hazel Moon,*

(Continued on page 133)

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(Continued from page 131)

Marilyn Maxwell; *Prince Ramo,* John Conte; *Nimativ,* Douglass Dumbrille; *Teema,* Lottie Harrison; *Bobo,* J. Lockard Martin; *The Derelict,* Murray Leonard; *Chief Ghamu,* Adia Kuznetzoff; *Crystal Gazer,* Milton Parsons; *Mr. Ormulu,* Ralph Sanford and Jimmy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

MAISIE GOES TO RENO—M-G-M: *Maisie Ravier,* Ann Sothern; *"Flip" Hennahan,* John Hodiak; *Bill Fullerton,* Tom Drake; *Winifred Ashbourne,* Marta Linden; *Roger Pelham,* Paul Cavanagh; *Gloria Fullerton,* Ava Gardner; *J. E. Clave,* Bernard Nedell; *Jerry,* Roland Dupree; *Tommy Cutter,* Chick Chandler; *Elaine,* Bunny Waters; *Parsons,* Donald Meek.

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR—M-G-M: *Theo West,* Lana Turner; *Captain Miles Lancing,* James Craig; *Lieutenant Tom West,* John Hodiak; *Sissy Mortimer,* Frances Gifford; *Joseph I. Murdock,* Hugh Marlowe; *Mrs. Selworth,* Natalie Schafer; *Major Bob Wilton,* Kennan Wynn; *Ted Mortimer,* Herbert Rudley; *Mr. Selworth,* Paul Cavanagh; *Mr. Scofield,* Morris Ankrum; *Martha,* Jane Green; *Bill Rice,* Tom Drake; *Mary Saunders,* Shirley Patterson; *Minister,* Rev. Neal Dodd; *Nurse,* Nana Bryant; *Senora Guizman,* Cecilia Callejo; *Mrs. Courtland West,* Virginia Brissac; *Ned Bolton,* Byron Foulger; *Colonel Ryder,* Addison Richards.

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—Universal: *LaVerne* Laverne Andrews; *Patty,* Patricia Andrews; *Maxene,* Maxene Andrews; *Pasqualito,* Leo Carrillo; *Lou Ferguson,* Elyse Knox; *Tom Garrison,* Tom Seidel; *Stubby* Eddie Quillan; *Slugger,* Murray Alper; *Punchy,* Shemp Howard; *Lucky,* Tom Kennedy; *Ogala,* Frank Lackteen, *Abigail,* Minerva Urecal, and *Mitch Ayres Orch.*

OH, WHAT A NIGHT!—Monogram: *Rand,* Edmund Lowe; *Lil Vanderhoven,* Marjorie Rambeau; *Valerie,* Jean Parker; *Gordon,* Pierre Watkin; *Norris,* Alan Dinehart; *Petrie,* Claire DuBrey; *Boris,* Ivan Lebedeff; *Sonya,* Karin Lang; *Sutton,* Carl Miller; *Wyndham,* Olaf Hytten; *Rocco,* George Lewis; *Sullivan,* Crane Whitley; *Murphy,* Charles Jordan; *Healy,* Dick Rush.

PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE, THE—Samuel Goldwyn: *Sylvester,* Bob Hope; *Margaret,* Virginia Mayo; *Featherhead,* Walter Brennan; *La Roche,* Walter Slezak; *The Hook,* Victor McLaglen; *Pedro,* Marc Lawrence; *"Bucket of Blood" Proprietor,* Hugo Haas; *Landlady,* Maude Eburne; *Don Jose,* Adia Kuznetzoff; *Mr. Pelly,* Brandon Hurst; *Alonzo,* Tom Kennedy; *Captain "Mary Ann",* Stanley Andrews; *The King,* Robert Warwick.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Republic: *Roy,* Roy Rogers; *Trigger,* Trigger; *Dale Kenyon,* Dale Evans; *Betty Lou,* Jean Porter; *Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers,* Tim Spencer, Hugh Farr, Karl Farr, Ken Carson, Shug Fisher; *John "Cyclone" Kenyon,* Andrew Tombes; *Keno,* Edward Gargan; *Oliver Griffith,* Chas. Smith; *Hattie O'Toole,* Dot Farley; *Cowgirls,* Maxine Doyle, Helen Talbot, Mary Kenyon, Pat Starling, Cay Forester and Marguerite Blount; *Dusty,* Pierce Lyden; *Matt,* LeRoy Mason.

SEVEN DOORS TO DEATH—PRC: *Jimmy McMillan,* Chick Chandler; *Mary Rawlins,* June Clyde; *Charles Eaton,* George Meeker; *Capt. Wm. Jaffee,* Michel Raffetto; *Henry Butler,* Gregory Gay; *Claude Burns,* Edgar Dearing; *Mabel De Rose,* Rebel Randall; *Donald Adams,* Milton Wallace; *Timothy Green,* Casey MacGregor.

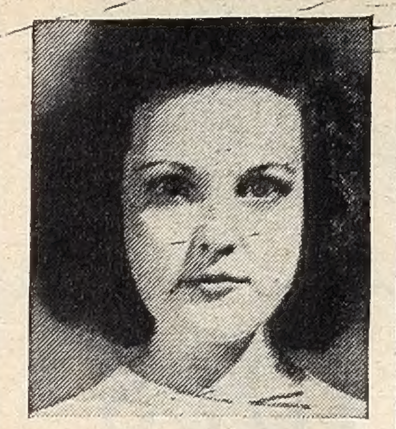
STORM OVER LISBON—Republic: *Maritza,* Vera Hruba Ralston; *John Craig,* Richard Arlen; *Deresco,* Erich von Stroheim; *Alexis Vanderlyn,* Otto Kruger; *Blanco,* Eduardo Ciannelli; *Bill Flanagan,* Robert Livingston; *Evelyn,* Mona Barrie; *Murgatroyd,* Frank Orth; *Maude,* Sarah Edwards; *Agatha,* Alice Fleming; *First Street Singer,* Leon Belasco; *Henchman No. 2,* Kenne Duncan.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN—20th Century-Fox: *Benny Goodman and His Band,* Themselves; *Trudy Wilson,* Linda Darnell; *Pat Sterling,* Lynn Bari; *Popsy,* Jack Oakie; *Johnny Birch,* James Cardwell; *Lester Barnes,* Allyn Joslyn; *Dixie Zang,* John Campbell; *Skeets McCormick,* Roy Benson; *General Carmichael,* Dickie Moore; *Tony Birch,* Buddy Swan; *Helen Birch,* Beverly Hudson; *Mrs. Birch,* Dorothy Vaughan; *Norman Wilson,* George Lessey; *Coroner,* Ray Mayer; *Major Ellis,* Billy Dawson; *Colonel Wiseman,* Harry McKim; *Tivoli Owner,* Robert Emmett Keane; *Matron,* Hope Landin; *Blonde,* Cara Williams; *Friend,* Roger Clark; *Escort,* William Colby.

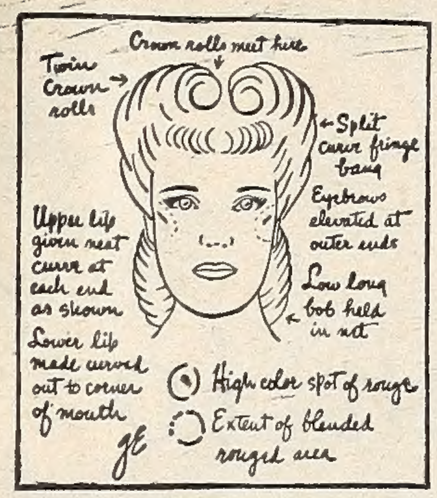
TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Paramount: *Sister Clothilde,* Barbara Britton; *John,* Ray Milland; *Vitrey,* Walter Slezak; *Mother Superior,* Lucille Watson; *Major Krupp,* Konstantin Shayne; *Cabeau,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *Waiter,* George David.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: *Millie,* Kim Hunter; *Paul,* Dean Jagger; *Fred,* Robert Mitchum; *Blake,* Neil Hamilton; *Houser,* Lou Lubin; *Charlie,* Milt Kibbee; *Old Man,* Lee Lasses White; *Woman (Front of House),* Janet Shaw; *Middle-aged Woman,* Claire Whitney; *Middle-aged Man,* Edward Keane; *Prescott,* Dick Elliot; *Newsstand Man,* Dewey Robinson; *Barker,* George Lloyd; *Mailman,* Nick Vallon; *Bus Driver,* Billy Nelson; *Girl on Train,* Rhonda Fleming.

Before LONESOME! Now ENGAGED!



"I blushed when I met people," says Alice Ruth Major of Lowell, Mass. "I weighed 139; had wide hips, thick thighs, oily skin, dry hair and stooped shoulders."

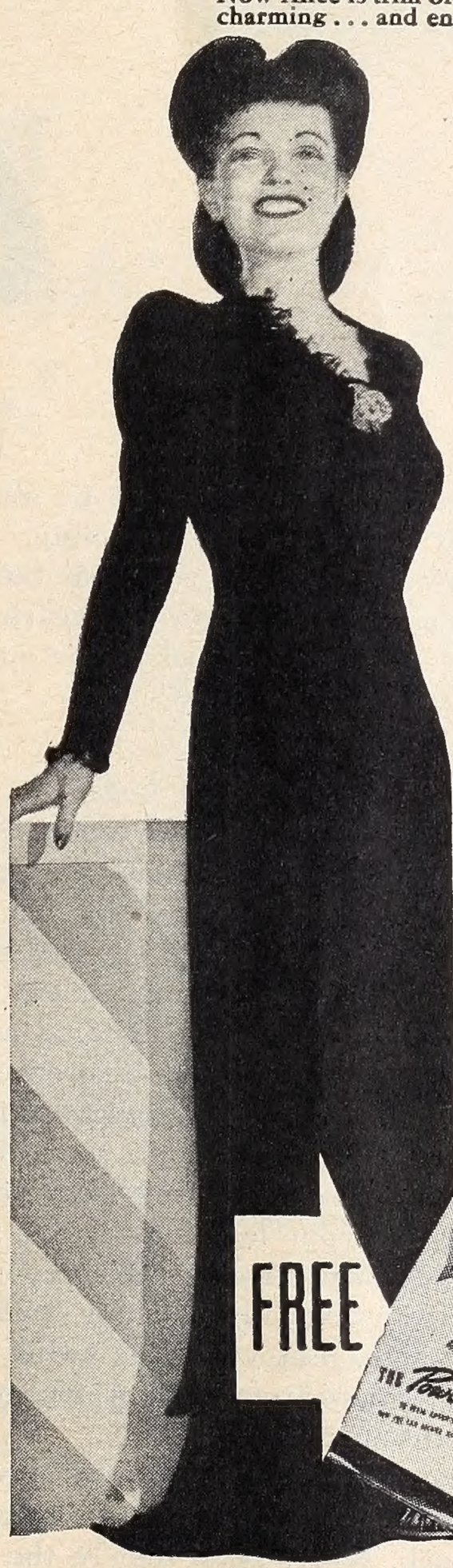


Alice's "Photo-Revise" (above). Just one of 60 individualized helps from the Powers Home Course. See how it helped Alice reveal her true loveliness.



"'Most every time Johnny looks at me *now* he tells me how beautiful I am. That's all I ask . . . coming from the man I expect to marry!", says Alice . . ."And my sister, a mother of two children, is so envious of my size-12, Powers Model figure that she, too, is enrolling in your wonderful Powers Home Course."

Now Alice is trim of figure; charming . . . and engaged.



How YOU, in 7 short weeks, may have NEW CHARM— A "MODEL" FIGURE

If you're worried about *your* problems, take heart. You *can* become the person you want to be . . . the sparkling, attractive, desirable person you ought to be.

In the privacy of your own home, you discover the *personalized* beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls," the world's most envied women!

Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as 7 days, you see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.



Before she *started* the Home Course, Alice "bulged" in all the wrong places!

In less than two weeks, many Powers Home Course students have astounded their friends with new attractiveness, new appeal.

Why deny yourself the day-after-day admiration this famous Powers Training can win for YOU? The complete course, including personalized faculty advice, is so little you're amazed.

You owe it to your future self to send the coupon for complete information today. There's no obligation.

Exclusive Advantages of Personalized "POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home!

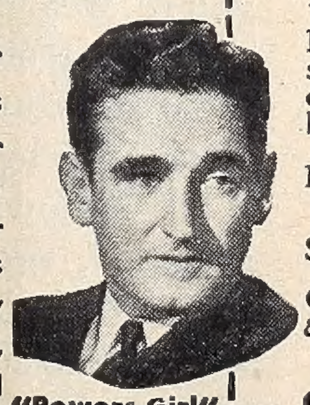
Individualized treatment for every student—figure, make-up, grooming, styling! Your voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous Powers formula for charm and magnetism! Your own "PHOTO-REVISE," actually drawn for YOU! 60 individualized features! Free personal consultation, through correspondence.

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P M M

Beauty Workshop
by Betsy Sanford

From Hem to Toes

Gleam in his eye? Here are ways to make any leg look good and good ones perfect



"Rave" legs: Leslie Brooks of "Tonight And Every Night"

YOU can make your legs lovelier by proper grooming, the right kind of hose and, yes, by the way you see them. This—from Willys, Hollywood Stocking King, who introduced the first beige and suntan shades of hose, who created the lastex mesh dancing hose for Ginger Rogers, the gossamer sandal-foot stocking for Marlene Dietrich. After twenty years devoted to leg loveliness of Cinemaland's brightest stars, Willys knows how.

Basic . . . The loveliest hose in the world isn't nearly so lovely on rough-skinned, hairy legs. Keep legs sleek and silken by use of a depilatory, dry-hair-remover stone or razor. Regular defuzzing pays dividends in glamour, like brushing your teeth, creaming your face, brushing your hair. When you bathe, give the backs of your legs extra scrubbing, a rough drying for circulation's sake and a polishing-off with lotion. Don't forget foot powder. It helps save your stockings as well as your shoes.

The Right Hose For You . . . Light hosiery shades are for thin-legged girls like Alice Faye, Rita Hayworth and Judy Garland. For the gals with fuller legs, the darker tones give a slimming effect. Very heavy legs shouldn't try to hide beneath black, dark gray or gunmetal hose—they're too conspicuous. For the short girl—especially if her legs are plump, only small mesh stockings are good. The tall girl, however, wears the large mesh type successfully with heels that are higher and more obvious. Thin ankles need a wider heel but thick ones are slimmed by a heel that's wide at the bottom and tapers up to a point. But no stockings flatter unless they fit smoothly. Washing new ones before you wear them and sudsing them after every wearing will make hose fit and feel better and look lovely longer.

How You Use Your Legs . . . Never, never stand with feet apart, weight evenly distributed. That's for tomboys and fishwives and is anything but graceful. Instead, stand tall, one foot slightly ahead with most of your weight on the foot in back. Practice standing and sitting in various postures before a mirror. You'll quickly see how awkward it looks to curl your feet under your chair or spread knees apart, frog-like—how unattractive your legs look if one is flattened against the other. When you walk, walk rhythmically, tummy pulled in, head high. Let your legs swing gracefully forward from the hips, toes pointing straight ahead.

Knees should not make a public appearance below your skirt. Viewed front or back, Willys says, they're the ugliest part of any leg, good or bad, unless you're wearing shorts. As for stocking seams, no one has to tell you to keep them straight.

Because leg loveliness is his business, Willys knows the importance of well-groomed, pretty legs. To the stars of the screen, they mean box-office appeal. To you—a bright gleam in the right man's eyes.

Five leg mistakes that ruin appeal of even the most alluring legs . . .



Knees showing below hem



Stockings baggy

Knees spread in sitting position





Crooked seams



Feet-wide-apart stance

Enchanting!

Your Skin's Softer, Smoother

with just One Cake of Camay!





Tests by doctors prove Camay is really mild

How lovely it is—the softer, clearer complexion that comes with just *one* cake of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions took on sparkling new radiance! Looked fresher, more delicate!

it cleanses without irritation

With such dramatic *proof* of Camay's mildness . . . proof it can benefit skin . . . don't you want to try this *tested* beauty care? *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* Get Camay today.

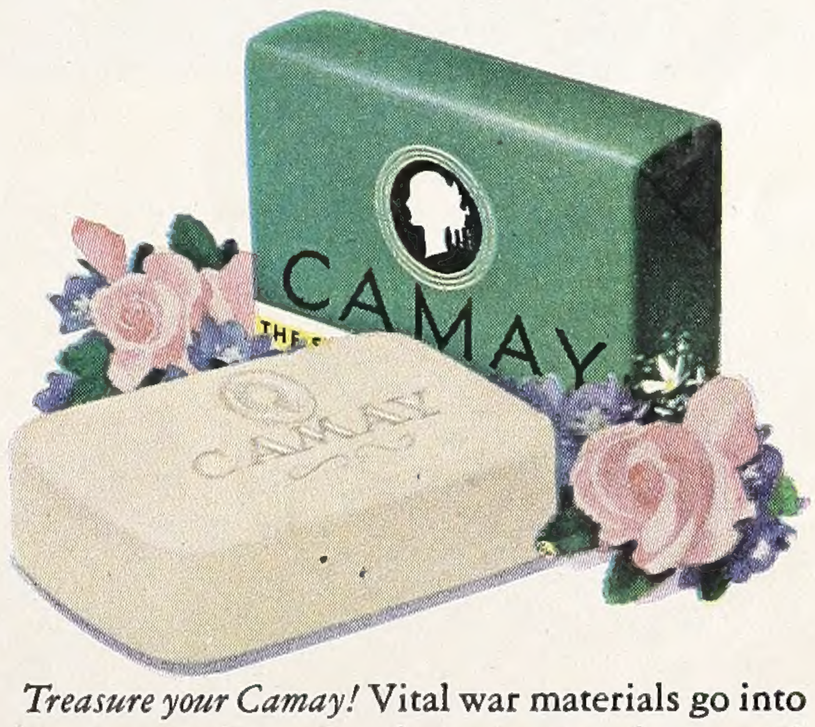
Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—night and morning. Pat that *mild* Camay lather over your face—forehead, nose, chin. Rinse warm. And if your skin is oily, add a cold splash. With that first cake of Camay, you'll see a lovelier bloom of beauty in your skin.



Mrs. Robert D. Buckalew **Montclair, N. J.**

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet worked magic for my skin," says this lovely bride. "Try it—see the softer, lovelier look that comes to your complexion . . . with just *one cake* of Camay!"



Treasure your Camay! Vital war materials go into soap, so make each cake L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T!

On Duty

Fragile pink—thoroughbred with tweeds.



Off Duty

Flame-swept red that sparkles in the evening.



At Ease

Mauve flatterer—wonderful with serene colors.





Alert

Audacious red to electrify grays, blacks, navys, green



Fashion Futures in Color

Exquisitely *different* nail shades by Cutex—precious stone tones to jewel your fingertips in luxury. Smooth, long-lasting—no wonder Cutex is the world's most popular nail polish!



OTHER CUTEX COLOR-SCHEMERS

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HONOR BRIGHT, Grape-kissed;

YOUNG RED, Daring;

SADDLE BROWN, Subtle;

BLACK RED, Midnight-dusted;

More women choose *Cutex* than any other polish in the world